

JUNE 22, 1946

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Liberty

In This Issue—

PAUL GALICO

GEORGES CAROUSSO

SEWELL P. WRIGHT

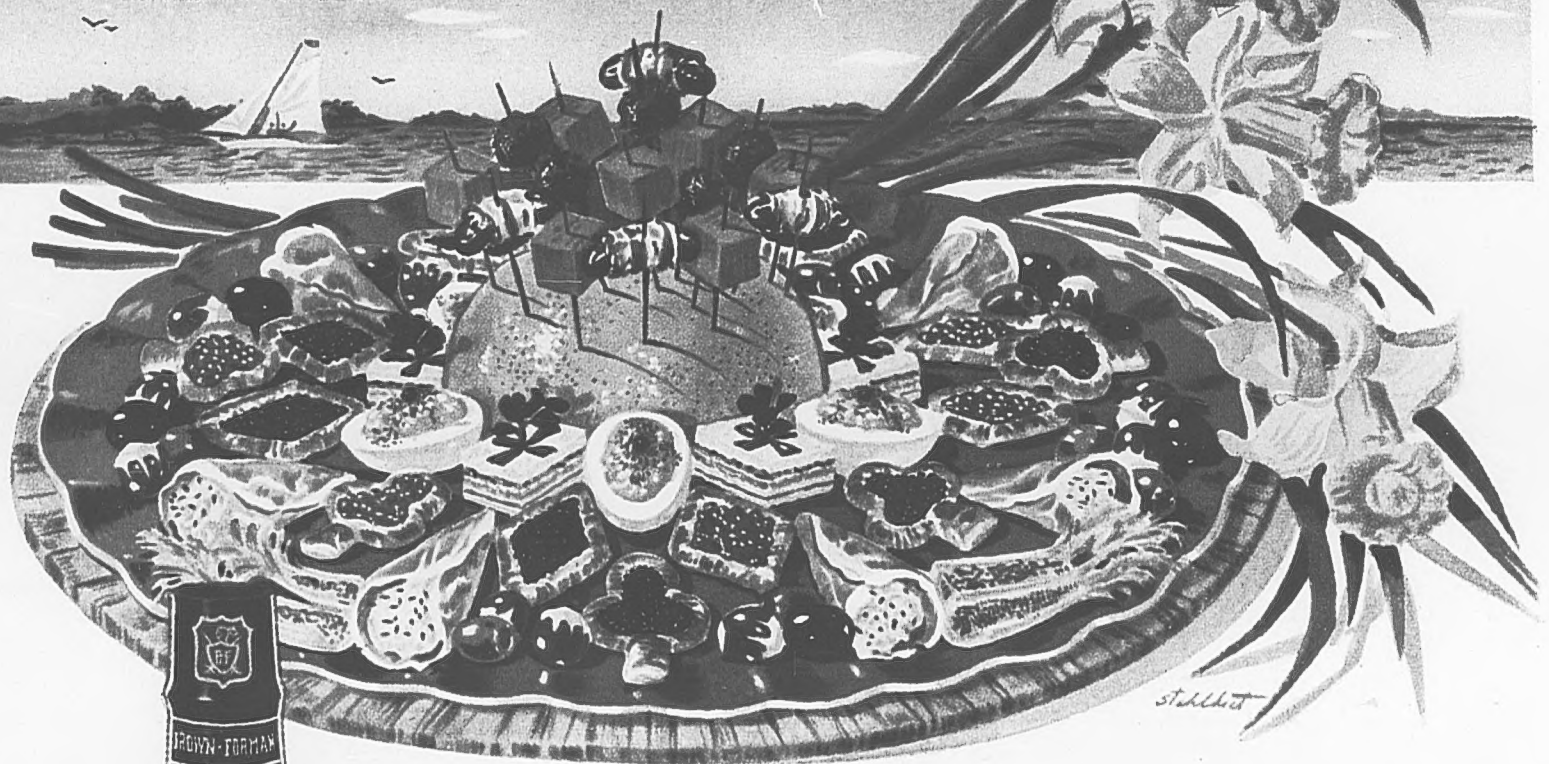
MARTHA OSTENSO



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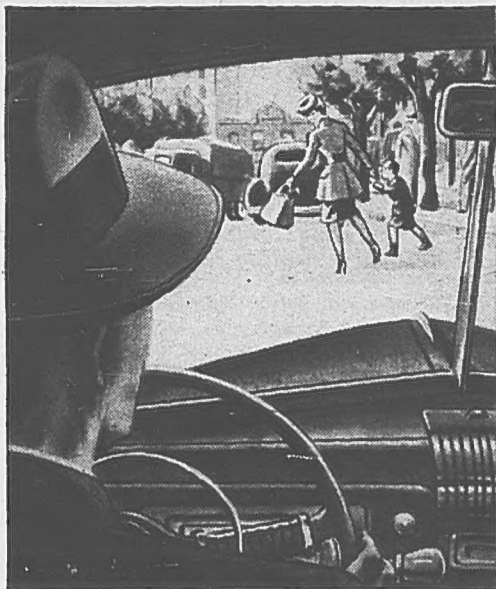
Could you pass
this driving test?



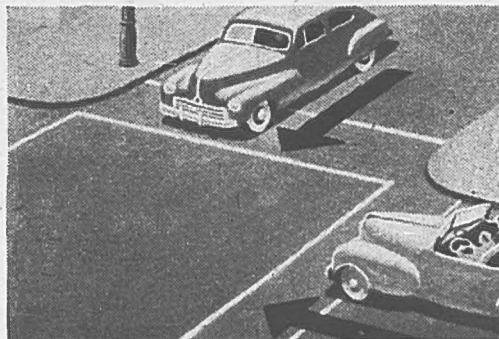
Many states give driving examinations before they grant a driver's license. Well-trained and experienced drivers can readily pass these official tests. But here's a test that will make even you experts think a bit. Three answers right out of five is good — four is excellent — and if you get them all perfect, you're either a wonderful driver or you peeked at the answers at the bottom of this page.



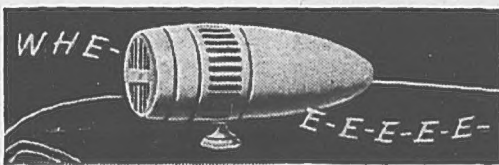
1. You are driving fifty miles an hour in open country. You come over the crest of a hill and see this cow about 150 feet ahead. Could you stop in time to avoid a cow-lision? ☐ Yes ☐ No



2. A woman and a child start to cross the road ahead of you. You are driving 35 miles per hour, and you blow your horn when you are 100 feet away (about half a city block). How many seconds have they to get out of your way if you do not slow down or stop?
1 second 2 seconds 5 seconds 10 seconds



3. Which of these two cars has the right of way? *The sedan* *The convertible*



4. What is the best thing to do when you hear a siren?
A Stop where you are.
B Keep on going.
C Listen to determine where the sound is coming from and then decide what to do.
D Pull over to the right and stop.



5. At which of these two pumps would you stop to get this service station's highest quality gasoline?

The pump on the left. The pump on the right.

ANSWERS



1. No. You would travel about 75 feet before you could get your foot on the brake, and under average road conditions it would then take at least 148 feet to stop—a total of 223 feet.
2. Barely 2 seconds.
3. The sedan. Unless there is a traffic signal, stop sign or other regulation, the car on your right has right of way . . . but remember it's always better to yield the right of way than take a chance.
4. "D" is right—emergency vehicles should be given the right of way without question. Generally this means pulling over to the right and stopping—so long as you do not block an intersection.
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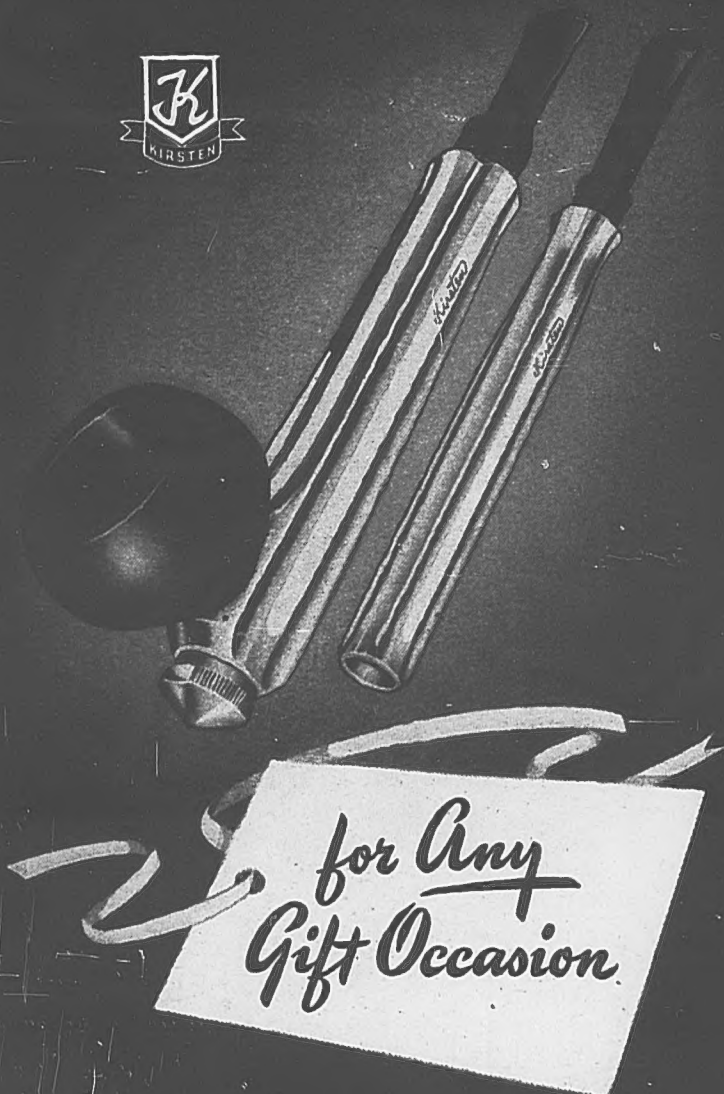
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Painted by Monte Crews

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LIBERTY

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

BEHIND THE BY-LINE



REDHEADED, green-eyed Alyce Canfield is as glamorous as most of the Hollywood stars she writes of, but still, she says, she'd rather see than be one. As a child actress, she shuttled between studio

lights and school on the lot. Then, at thirteen, she sold an article to a national magazine, and a new career was cut out for her. After drifting from reporting to modeling to publicity to editing, she took to freelancing with a vigor that pays off now at the rate of more than ten articles a month. Her latest, **DIAMOND-DECKED DRUDGE**, is on page 20. . . . At seven, Martha Ostenso

was just a towheaded Norwegian girl, transplanted to the United States and struggling to learn words like *pail* and *laughter* and *scratch*. From there she jumped to writing for the Junior Page of the Minneapolis Journal. And finally, at twenty-four, she



copped a \$13,500 prize in a Dodd Mead contest for a first novel. You'll find one of her short stories, **GIRL OF MY CHILDHOOD**, on page 28. . . . **HOW DO YOU KNOW YOU'RE YOU?** (page 24) Sewell Peaslee Wright, although a writer, ought to know. He recently joined the International Association for Identification, the one great organization of fingerprint experts which admits only authorities to its ranks. Mr. Wright, after being recommended by a member was first checked by his state bureau, then by the F.B.I., and was finally personally examined and qualified by his state vice-president.

NEXT WEEK



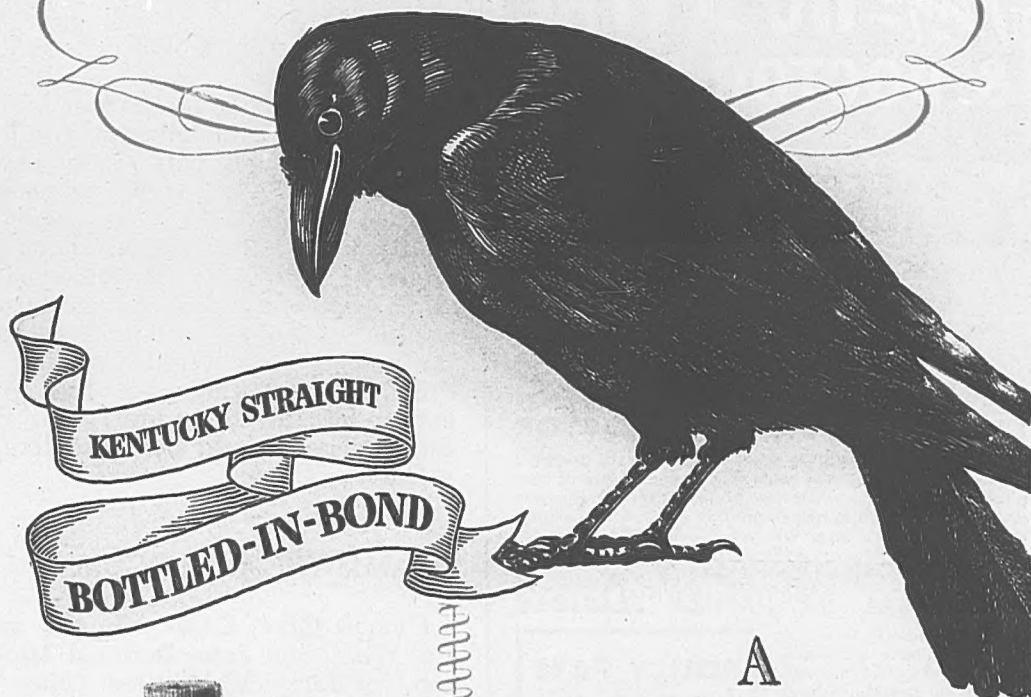
BIG-LEAGUE baseball is one of the greatest American institutions, but when some of its coolies flew the coop to Mexico, the lid bounced off. John Lardner exposes a mighty myth in **THE GREAT BASEBALL BAMBOOZLE**

. . . In **CONQUEROR'S GIRL**, Pearl S. Buck writes a tender love story of a G.I. and a beautiful Japanese girl that's bound to stir up a storm of controversy. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, **THE GAUNTLET**, by James Street, is a novel that has restored the faith of millions—of a belief that triumphed over despair.

JUNE 22, 1946

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“The Voice of the People”

DETROIT, MICH.—In Something for the Boys (April 27), Elizabeth Wilson says Rita Hayworth never wears nail polish. And yet, in a current movie magazine there's a picture of Rita with bright red polish on. Who's trying to fool whom?—*Dianne Young.*

And who cares?—VOX POP EDITOR.

BENSENVILLE, ILL.—I'm not a lover of golf, but still I am not ready to take over the golf courses for building purposes, as R. L. K. suggests in Vox Pop (May 11). You might as well talk of making apartments out of bowling alleys, or constructing homes on tennis courts, race tracks, and parks. Nobody seems to think of draining swamps and building on them, or of taking over the many empty lots in this country for real estate. That would be more like it.—*Dolores Carter.*

CULVER CITY, CALIF.—In the article, When the Japs Bombed Michigan, by Jerry MacMullen (May 4),



one line reads: "It looked as if he *was* right."

Sir, you hurt my feelings. When I pay a dime for a magazine, I expect correct grammar. Remember, my children read it!—Oh, hell! What's the use?—*J. J. Slocum.*

Some readers will question whether Mr. Slocum's own language is, in this case, fit for his children.—VOX POP EDITOR.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I cannot understand how the traditionally generous American people can disregard the starving humanity of a war-torn world. Today 500,000,000 people face starvation and are dying at a faster rate than they did under the brutal Nazi scourge. Here is a case where

unorganized indifference is killing more people than organized brutality.

It's time for each one of us individually to snap out of our let-down and organize to feed the less fortunate.

Cut down on cereals and bread-stuffs, write our senators and representatives urging them to support the President's program for food relief and price protection, and make a direct personal food contribution through some relief organization, or mail food parcels directly to individuals in the hungry countries.—*Lenore Ferber.*

NEWARK, N. J.—I have never read anything which has incensed me



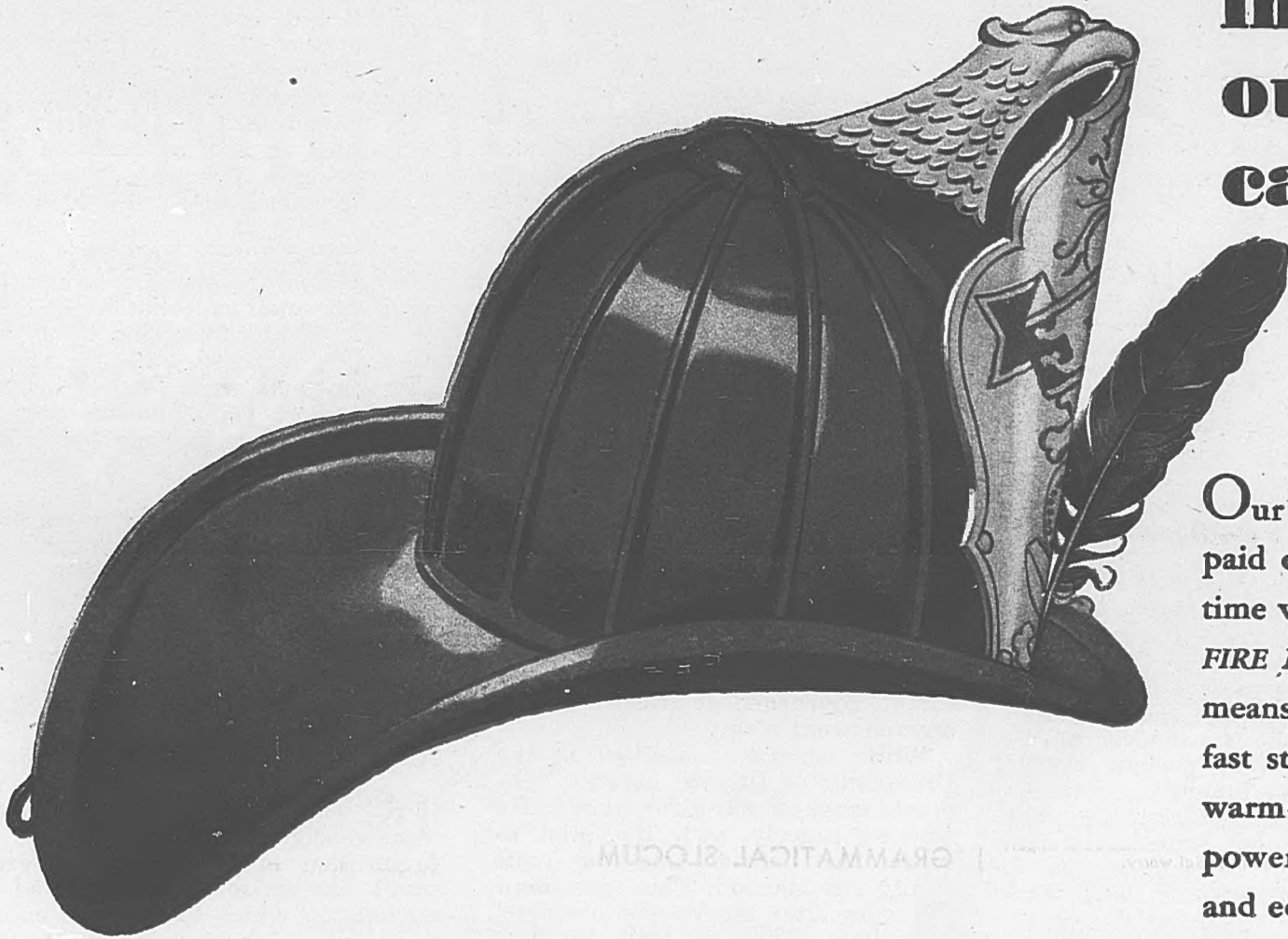
more than Paul Hunter's editorial on The Why of the Housing Shortage (May 4). He utterly disregards the real problem behind the housing shortage. Tell me, if 25 per cent are forced to live in a park now, how will raising rentals make more apartments so that these 25 per cent can give up their benches? He has completely disregarded the human element in his reasoning. If rents go up, apartments will merely be taken by people who can afford them, and still leave 25 per cent either doubled, tripled, or quadrupled up on that same park bench.

The only way to more housing is just that: more houses.—*Frank Greenberg.*

And the only way to get more houses is to provide an incentive to build them, something which evidently is lacking in the present situation.—VOX POP EDITOR.

TEMPLE CITY, CALIF.—I accept Francis A. Brogan's invitation in Vox Pop (April 27) to take "the long view of history." If I do, he says, I'll agree that "The meek shall inherit the earth." I'd still like to know what part of the earth the meek have ever inherited that the strong were not willing to give them. —Herbert R. Smith.

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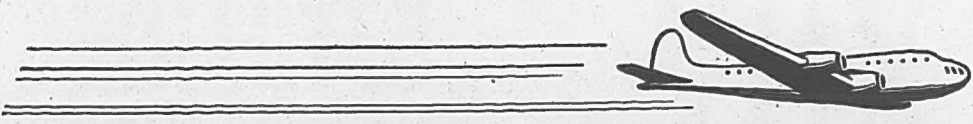


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ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Aviation only seven years ago—and now! A glimpse of a modest pioneer who did much that prepared it to meet war's demands

BACK in the summer of 1939 I visited the home of C. E. Woolman in the quiet little Louisiana town of Monroe. In the August heat under big shade trees we ate fried chicken and watermelons and talked aviation. War seemed remote at that time. We thought aviation was really beginning to go places—but neither of us even dreamed of how far it was to go in the next seven years.

A few weeks ago I paid another visit to Woolman, this time at his home in Atlanta, Georgia. Few men in aviation have changed as little as Woolman, but how different the problems of the airplane today!

Chances are you have never heard of Collett Everman Woolman, but that's because he is a modest, hard-working man who prefers to let others seek the limelight. Actually he is one of the real aviation pioneers of the United States and symbolizes, as well as anyone else I can think of, the hard work, the heartaches, and the warm feeling of accomplishment that have gone into the development of civil aviation in our country. He is made of the real stuff out of which American aviation has been built.

In 1939 Woolman was vice-president and general manager of a husky little air line called Delta which operated small transport planes across the South from Charleston, South Carolina, to Dallas and Fort Worth. There were only about 200 employees and several small hangars, and the main offices were in a few small wooden buildings in Monroe. Part of the business consisted of cotton-dusting operations throughout the South. In those days the air line didn't more than break even.

Today the headquarters are in a brick building on Atlanta's airport, there are more than 2,000 employees, and the company has seven 44-passenger DC-4s in operation in addition to fifteen 21-passenger DC-3s, and has added Chicago-Miami and New Orleans-Dallas service to its routes, plus a number of important extensions in the Southeast. The 5,700 passengers carried in 1935 looked like good business in those days, but last year Delta Air Lines carried 274,823. Passenger miles

jumped from 1500,000 in 1935 to 104,747,686 in 1945.

Part of this remarkable record of growth is the safety record—more than 353,000,000 revenue passenger miles without a fatality. That's an eleven-year record. And in May of this year Delta carried its millionth passenger.

The personality of Woolman quietly dominates the organization. Ruddy-faced, big of stature, and known to the entire aviation fraternity as a square shooter, Woolman is just plain home-folks. And as a result the Delta organization is just home-folks deeply rooted in the southern territory it serves.

Aviation lured Woolman when he was in knee pants. He and a group of friends built a kite fifteen feet high with the intention of hauling passengers. The kite was so big it took four kids to hold it. Fortunately for all concerned, it crashed before anyone went aloft.

While he was a student at the University of Illinois, a crude airplane crashed on the campus. He worked eagerly with the pilot to repair the damage and the craft finally did take off. This was about six years after the Wright brothers' first flight. Then in 1910 the first world aviation meet was held in Reims, France, and Woolman took advantage of his summer vacation to attend.

It was crop dusting that brought him into a leading position in aviation. As a staff member of the extension department of Louisiana State University, he studied means of controlling such pests as the cotton boll weevil and it became clear that the airplane was the only real answer. With a few associates, he developed a satisfactory technique and organized the first commercial airplane crop-dusting company, Huff Daland Dusters, in 1925 at Monroe, Louisiana. This company gave

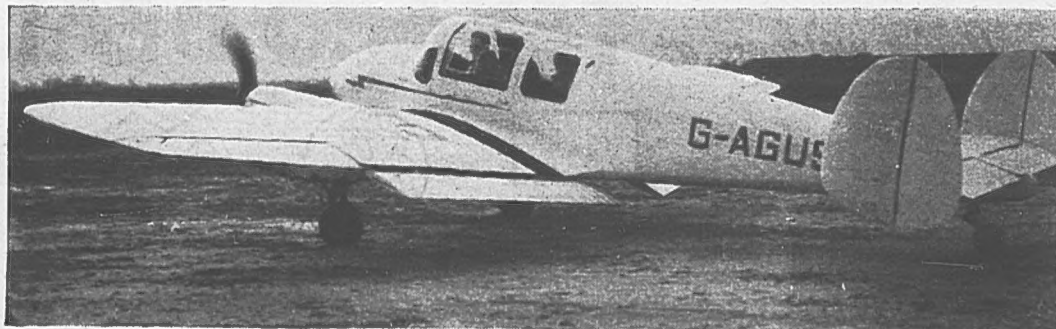
Wright Aeronautical Corporation its first large commercial order—eighteen airplane engines. Today, crop dusting is still a flourishing part of the air-line corporation's activity.

Few know that Woolman was the original American air-line operator in South America. He and his flyers did the first crop dusting in Peru, and he inaugurated the first international air-mail and passenger route on the west coast of South America in 1928. This route was sold later to Pan American Grace and Pan American Airways, forming the nucleus for the present Panagra system.

It was in 1929 that Woolman inaugurated an air line between Fort Worth and Jackson, Mississippi, later extended to Birmingham and Atlanta. The air line grew satisfactorily until it was squeezed out in the political maneuvers which led to the air-mail cancellations of 1934. It was a heartbreaking loss, but Woolman retained faith and when new contracts were let out for bid by the Post Office Department in 1935, Delta came back on top. It has grown steadily ever since.

Almost every supervisor and department head in Delta has grown up with the company. Catherine Fitzgerald, Woolman's secretary and assistant treasurer of Delta, has a twenty-year record. L. B. Judd, comptroller, joined up in 1928. George Cushing, vice-president in charge of operations and one of the top pilots and operating men in American aviation, joined in 1935.

THE war zoomed aviation to such new heights that one is prone to forget that in 1939 it was a very small enterprise. That we had a nucleus on which to build an enormous war enterprise was due to the courage, tenacity, and foresight of a relatively small number of men. There were real pioneers in the Army Air Corps, there were a few in aircraft manufacturing, and numerous hardy souls in local operations who struggled through mighty lean years teaching people to fly and selling a few private airplanes. And there were a few like Woolman who, through crop dusting and modest air-line operations, provided the first air services and kept our manufacturing plants alive with a few orders. The jump from 1930-40 to 1946 has been steep indeed. Delta and Woolman have done their part in creating a big industry of the air.



This British postwar personal plane, the Miles Gemini, can be used as an air taxi.

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

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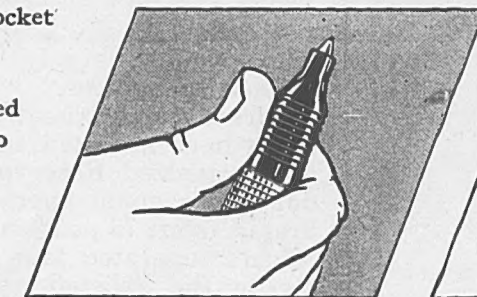
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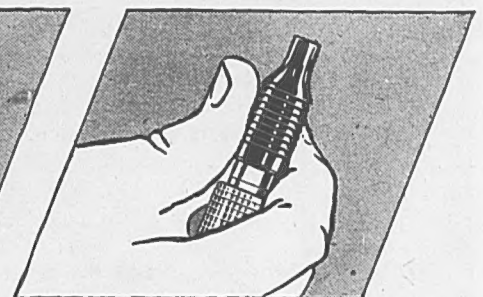
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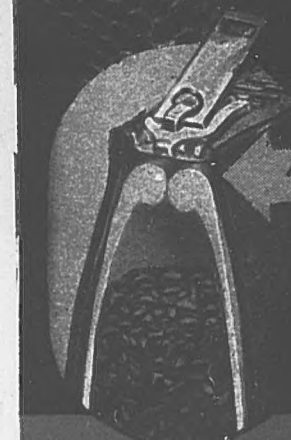
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VETERANS Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

SUPPOSE, even after last week's pep talk, re-enlisting is the last thing you want to do. But suppose you *would* consider maintaining some contact with the armed forces if it were to your personal advantage to do so and it did not interfere with civilian pursuits. We've unearthed some facts about the reserves and the National Guard for your information and guidance.

The War Department wants an "over-all balanced force" of 4,500,000 men. Reports are that included in this number it wants a Reserve Corps of at least 3,000,000 men. While all this depends upon Congress, which must furnish the funds, it also depends upon the veterans,



Considering it

who would largely furnish the trained manpower.

Already approximately 330,000 officers have accepted commissions in the Organized Reserves. Without a doubt, it's going over big with the brass. About 75 per cent of all Army officers separated join the reserves. As for the enlisted men, latest information reveals that more than 370,000 of them have joined the Enlisted Reserve Corps.

Probably more ex-G.I.s would join but for certain unfounded fears about the reserves. The following information, as passed on to us by the War Department, ought to clear up those fears:

As a member of the reserves, you cannot be called up for active duty in peacetime without your consent. You are not subject to the whims of your local draft board. If you are called up, it will only be in a time of national emergency as proclaimed by Congress—in which case you

would probably be subject to the draft anyway. If you do go in, you go in at your current rank.

Training objectives of the various reserve components will be accomplished through (1) Active duty, (2) Attendance at Service Schools, (3) Inactive duty training, (4) Army extension courses. Every opportunity will be provided for enlisted men and officers to advance and earn promotion. Eventually, the War Department hopes to have its full units meet once a month and train for two weeks in the summer. It would have a second classification of units with a full complement of officers and a cadre of key enlisted personnel meet monthly and train two weeks every other summer. It would have officer-only units train every third summer.

New regulations on the Enlisted Reserve Corps now permit enlistment in the grade held at separation until August 13, 1946, for men separated after May 12, 1945, or within six months of the date of separation, whichever is later. You join the ERC, if you have not done so at the Separation Center, at your nearest Army Recruiting Station. Here the various reserve components will be explained, too.

The Navy, proud of its officers' war record, 87 per cent of whom were in the reserves, is also setting up a reserve program, one which enables its enlisted naval reservists to advance through the ranks and possibly attain warrant or commissioned status. Navy training plans call for a "Ready Reserve" of 25,000 officers and 175,000 naval enlisted men. Units of the "Ready Reserve" will receive two weeks' annual training in combatant vessels of the fleet, plus one evening's instruction and training a week. While on training duty aboard, reserves will receive full pay and allowances appropriate to their rank or rate. Supplementing this, the Navy will have a closely informed "Standing Reserve."

The Air Forces Reserve, with its 82 airfields already selected, is planning on 19,000 National Guard and ROTC officers—and 14,300 men. It would maintain reserve units with 22,500 pilots and 100 college ROTC units turning out 15,250 trained pilots a year.

The Navy and Marine Air Reserve Training program calls for a "ready air reserve" of 6,100 Naval and Marine aviators, 2,800 ground
(Continued on page 84)

IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!



WHEN YOU TEE OFF NERVOUSLY... AND
YOU EXPECT TO SLICE INTO THE ROUGH
...AND INSTEAD YOU DRIVE A LONG ONE
RIGHT DOWN THE FAIRWAY... IT'S A
WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!

94.4 PROOF
DISTILLED FROM 100%
GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
*-so smooth you can
drink it straight!*



WHEN YOU CALL FOR A DRY MARTINI AT THE
19TH HOLE, BUT WILL SETTLE FOR ANY KIND
...AND YOU GET ONE MADE WITH KINSEY, THE
GENIAL GIN, SO SMO-O-OTH, SO GO-O-OD, SO REALLY
DRY...IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!

KINSEY the Genial GIN



MR. WEBSTER (THE BIG DICTIONARY MAN) SAYS:
"GENIAL: CONTRIBUTING TO CHEERFULNESS AND
LIFE; AGREEABLY WARM AND CHEERFUL."

Distilled Dry Gin. Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL GIN-TRY IT!



"Sounds like opportunity to me!"

If you are looking for a career, your Bell Telephone Company may have exactly what you want—work that's interesting, important and pleasant.

Right now in many places Bell Companies need young women to help meet the demand for telephone service.

Wages and working conditions, good. Associates, friendly. Annual vacations with pay. Benefit payments. Attractive openings of many kinds.

Ask the nearest Bell Telephone employment office to tell you what opportunities there are in your community.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Europe's Children



The actors in the greatest tragedy of modern times: wistful, starving Czech children haunt ancient cities of a world they never made.

WHEN the first batch of Hitler's smallest victims arrived at Kloster-Indersdorf in Bavaria, from concentration camps, they had to be taught what it is like to laugh and talk and sing without being beaten.

No wonder many of them found it difficult to laugh again. Two Polish boys of sixteen, for instance, had worked in the crematorium at Auschwitz, stoking the fires. And a sixteen-year-old Jewish boy's job was to cut down the bodies of people who had been hanged.

The experiences of these boys are common throughout Europe. They emphasize a problem that goes beyond UNRRA's job of feeding the millions of homeless and orphaned youngsters. It is the terrific task of helping mend the wounded minds of Europe's children and of giving them a sense of security that most of them have lost or have never had.

The experience of the UNRRA staff at Kloster-Indersdorf relief station, which has been set up in a twelfth-century monastery, can be duplicated almost anywhere in the war-ravaged lands. The emaciated victims of Nazi brutality do want food—they want it desperately—but they want to be free to laugh and talk again. Those who were brought to the monastery wanted to talk so much that even between bites they sought to tell their frightening stories.

"It was as if they wanted to talk all the fear and horror out of their minds," the director at Kloster-Indersdorf said. "And many of the older children followed us about, begging us to listen to them."

But some can't talk away their fears. Take the case of a young Jewish boy named Tomasz in Münster. He has a heart condition that may kill him at any time. He cannot push from his mind the horror he felt when the Germans forced him to turn on the gas in the death

Rebuilding the
starved minds and
bodies of the young
in war-ravaged
lands is not just a
matter of nutrition.
Some have to be
taught how to laugh

BY
**HARRY
EDWARD
NEAL**



In Italy's slums, only the inevitable pot of weak, sour soup stands between children and their Creator.



Centuries ago, man emerged from the caves, and in Europe he is now returning to them. Five hundred men, women, and children in a cave, near Naples.



Gay, lovely Paris, where children are allowed one pair of shoes a year with a wearing lifetime of a month. French children have no strength to walk far.

chamber where his own parents had been locked up to die. And his friend, Wincenty, is actually seventeen but looks twelve in size and in age a hundred. His Jewish parents, to save his life, threw him off a cattle car bound for Oswiecim.

And there's not much for Fabio Costello, five, to grin about when he walks into daylight, because he still lives in one of the eight caves of Naples which UNRRA is now evacuating. Fabio begs on the streets, loots garbage cans. He crawls with disease, but this is the only life he has ever known.

As for toys, to the children of Europe they are something from another world. In Moravia, four-year-old Marenka Tanova, whose father is a miner, has never had a toy to play with, or enough to eat. She has known nothing but war—and tuberculosis, which eats at her lungs.

HUNDREDS of thousands of orphaned children are still running wild throughout Europe, eating scraps where they can find them. Many are dying for lack of proper nutrition. The lack of wholesome milk has helped spread tuberculosis among them. Lack of medical care after bombings, frozen hands and feet, a hand grenade picked up as a plaything, a thoughtless excursion across a field from which land mines have never been removed—all these and more bring tragic consequences to war orphans.

Poland estimates that more than 500,000 of its youngsters are orphans or half-orphans; Yugoslavia also sets its figure at 500,000. Greece reports

between 50,000 and 60,000; and tiny Albania has 4,000. And in the ravaged "Black Belt" of eastern Slovakia, 50,000 war orphans have been found.

In many cases parents died that the children might live—died of starvation while the youngsters ate, or were killed protecting them with their own bodies from shellfire. Other children were orphaned by mass executions of adults.

And when relief officials and workers say the job of providing food and shelter for the millions of homeless and orphaned children of Europe has just begun, they point up still another grave problem, one that concerns the D.P.s—displaced persons. Countless thousands of children are among the D.P.s who roam the roads of the world in search of relatives and friends.

The whole problem is further complicated because many of the youngsters have forgotten their own names, the names of their parents, and the places they once called home. Thanks to Miss Dorothy de la Pole, an American business woman of New York City, many children are being reunited with relatives and friends through the unique Central Tracing Bureau at Arolsen which she set up for UNRRA.

Miss de la Pole, formerly with the Travelers Aid Society, accepted a post in mid-1945 as Displaced Persons Specialist for UNRRA and was assigned to the German headquarters of the World Relief and Rehabilitation Agency in Frankfurt. Soon after her arrival she was handed three letters, two addressed to Gen-

eral Eisenhower and one to Winston Churchill. The letters were pleas for help in locating people who had vanished in the European maelstrom. As though by magic, other letters began to pour in, and by last fall the daily intake was 1,000 letters. Today it is close to 2,000. They come from all over the world—more than one half from the United States.

In enterprising American fashion Miss de la Pole established a cross-indexed card file—a file which in ingenuity, scope, and operation is as typically American as an assembly line. From that beginning UNRRA has helped to set up a network of tracing bureaus in most of the important countries of the world, and adults as well as children are daily being reunited with relatives or friends.

IN America, all inquiries from citizens of the United States about relatives or friends in any part of Europe should be sent to co-operating agencies in their communities, such as the American Friends Service Committee, the Unitarian Service Committee, the National Council of Jewish Women; and in Canada, the Canadian Location Service at 4221 Esplanada Avenue, Montreal. After careful screening, if the inquiries are not productive, they will go to the Central Location Index, 165 West Forty-Sixth Street, New York 19, New York. Give the full name and last known address of the person you want to find, the date and place of his birth, his nationality, relationship to you, and any information you
(Continued on page 64)



Mother doesn't like it, but a young attractive daughter has ways of getting food, and one must eat.



The children of Greece have learned to walk barefooted across the snows: it doesn't hurt after a few minutes of it, when numbness relieves the cold.

I Hate Cocktail Parties!

BY PAUL GALlico

FAIR WARNING: If you are an addict and lover of that most dreadful of modern social conventions, that waster of time and destroyer of health, appetite, and moral fiber, that poor relation's debut known generically as the "Cocktail Party," then skip this essay. But should you be numbered among those who look upon the cocktail party as a species of refined torture; if you break into a cold sweat when the cooing voice on the other

A sufferer from canapé fatigue lets fly a body blow against that insidious destroyer of appetites and good dispositions: the 5 to 7 P. M. Martini Menace

dignity, called together between the hours of five and seven in the late afternoon, and at which refreshments are limited to Martinis and Manhattans, Old-Fashioneds, and Scotch when there is any, and trays of utterly revolting assortments of swill which pass under the name of canapés, and about which I shall have more to say later.

The cocktail party is a social racket pure and simple. It is the refuge of hostesses with minor social debts to be discharged, ladies with nothing better to do, people stuck with poor relations or visiting firemen whom they want to impress at minimum cost, book publishers, and advertising promotion men with little imagination, and movie and theatrical press agents with even less.

I have written that to be asked to a cocktail party is an insult, and I hold to the thesis. For when you get one of those invitations in the mail, or it comes treacled at you out of the Bell Telephone system, it means but one of two things: The hostess wants you for window dressing and has no shame about making use of you and your constitution to further her shady ends, or you are not sufficiently important or high up on her list to be asked to dinner or a smaller gathering of intimate friends.

When the little lady gets that look in her eyes and says to her husband, "Dear, we ought to entertain more. There are so many people we ought to do something about. But most of them are such bores. Oh, I know what we'll do! We'll give a

ness and curiosity, I have gone to them because of social pressure, and for business reasons, and I hereby proclaim my emancipation. I will go to no more. To be invited to one is an insult, and to be present is a bore. I must have attended more than a hundred in my lifetime and cannot once remember having had a good time.

Let it be made clear at the outset that I am not against the warmth and hospitality of the cocktail hour or the gathering of a few friends for drinks before dinner. I am loading the literary cannon with grape, canister, and the scrap metal of righteous indignation only against that Thing or Racket which has come to be known as the cocktail "party."

And for further clarification, I am referring to that planned and staged shindy given for some sinister purpose and involving from fifty to a hundred human beings crammed into a smoke-filled enclosure meant to hold twenty with comfort and



... the moment which the hostess usually picks to introduce you to the one good number at the party.

end of the telephone begins with "We're giving a little cocktail party"; if your digestive system has gone down to defeat after defeat in the battle of the Martinis and the Canapés, and you believe you would care to be present when the cocktail brawl is taken apart, then come over here and sit by my side, because we have much to say to one another.

THE AUTHOR.

I HATE cocktail parties! I'm out to get them! I have attended them of my own volition, out of weak-



... and before you know it you are drunk and insulting the guest of honor.



... when you get there, nobody pays the slightest attention to you, nobody knows you have arrived, and nobody cares.

cocktail party and get rid of them ALL that way!"

I have a peculiar theory that the only reason the cocktail party is able to flourish in the face of the host of people who swear that they despise them, is that, to date, no man has been able to invent a successful lie concocted on the spur of the moment to cover his activities between the hours of 5 and 7 P.M. when the cocktail party flourishes.

I have not yet been able to figure out what it is about the character of the cocktail party that makes the hostess organizing one so cloying,

indefatigable, and undefeatable. If a lady calls you up and invites you to luncheon, dinner, supper, a box at the opera, theater or concert, and with the proper modulation of sorrow in your voice you regret that you have a previous engagement, or you are going to work, that usually ends it, whether it is true or not.

But not for the lady engaged in lining up suckers for the cocktail party. She simply refuses to be brushed off. You MUST come or the whole thing will be a dismal failure, because it is really YOU who will make the party. You finally fall,

picturing yourself as THE celebrity upon whom the success of the brawl depends and visualizing the hostess presenting you to the assembled multitude as the Man of the Hour.

When you get there, nobody pays the slightest attention to you, nobody knows you have arrived, and nobody cares. The hostess gives you a limp hand and a glassy look, as if she were trying to remember where she had encountered you before, murmurs, "So glad you could come. Have you met Mrs. Umph?", steers you over to some broad-beamed bat-

(Continued on page 87)

ROLLING HOME



Even in a desert, the modern trailer is a self-contained home, and many trailerites manage an orchid existence on a dandelion income. In this two-ton job, the author and her husband traveled 4,000 miles and lived like kings for a month on a total outlay of \$205.26.

HI, HO, and away they go! Up and down the highways, merrily rolling; papa, mama, the kids, and the family pets—in a house on wheels.

Great stuff! Or is it?

My husband belongs to the "Yeas have it" class. He is a confirmed trailerite and would ask for nothing better than to spend the rest of his years in the delightful confines of a house-trailer. He is a man—and adventure is his ambition and his dream.

For a woman, there is always one insurmountable difficulty with a trailer as a permanent abode: No matter how perfect a trailer it is, it still will never have room for that beautiful Renaissance dining suite handed down by Great-Aunt Martha, or the priceless big rug Grandfather Nichols bought in Persia. There can never be the luxury of a tiled bath and gallons and gallons of steaming perfumed water.

If for no other reason than the tiled bath alone, a woman will always hold out for a house—some day—and cherish that dream through all her adventurous wanderings.

A man is different. To him, the main purpose of a house anyway is "shelter, warmth, and convenience"—and, incidentally, a place to get something good to eat. To him, all these things are spelled perfectly with the magic word "house-trailer," for it's a home that goes where he goes.

Practically speaking, he is right. For a trailer will never let you down

Most every car owner has, at some time or other, toyed with the idea of buying a trailer.

Listen to the sage advice of a lady who lives in one

BY VIOLET VINCENT

when you enter that inevitable locality where every apartment, barn, chicken coop, and doghouse are already rented.

But let it be remembered that there are trailers and trailers—ranging from nightmare to de luxe. We learned about house-trailers the hard way, by trial and error.

Our first trailer was a neat job but too small for continuous living. We tried it out on a few camping trips and it was a dream. Nestling high in some mountain wilderness, it really was *home*. A few pine cones and dry sticks in the little heater and the trailer would be warm as toast—and so would we.

Here was a gas stove to cook on instead of a campfire; a cupboard to keep the ants out of the jam and sugar; four solid walls to discourage snakes, mosquitoes, bears, and cata-mounds; and a bed far enough from the bosom of old Mother Earth to

be warm, dry, and comparatively soft.

And when my husband's business (he is an illustrative photographer) took him into a large "defense" community, we felt no qualms about living conditions. I soon discovered, however, that there is a big difference between "camping" in a trailer and "living" in it constantly—especially in rainy country.

Twenty-four hours of daily confinement produced an intimacy with our little house-trailer which not only bred contempt but developed a violent case of claustrophobia. I soon discovered characteristics which made life miserable.

One of these was inside sweating. Another was the reversal of the prescribed method of living: keep your feet warm and your head cool. Actually, it was around 115 degrees in the vicinity normally occupied by heads, while I kept butter in fine condition in the floor cupboards.

We began having trouble with our little heater, too. Piling wood in all day long became a monotonous chore with fluctuating results. Coal briquets worked better, until the chimney became choked with soot and our next-door trailer neighbors complained that they were tired of wiping cinders out of their eyes.

There was another little matter which had never given us any concern on our short camping trips. That was our convertible bed-table. With constant repetition this combination became a nightmare of taking down the table and making up the bed and reversing the process



The Vincents at home—and free from housing woes. Compactness is everywhere. Camps provide current; on the road, the car battery supplies it.



Gasoline cooking takes a gallon a week. The faucet at left hooks up to camp pipe-lines.

far, far into many dreary weeks. But it was the hot-head, cold-feet combination that did for me. This I determined not to endure. Surreptitiously I entered our name on the long waiting lists for a court cabin, and then, after interminable waiting, the great day arrived.

When my husband returned that evening, he walked into a cold, empty little trailer.

"We just don't live here any more," I said gently as he stared at me.

"This will cost us money," my husband said weakly.

"I know, dear, but it is the first time my feet have been warm for five months."

When our trailer was snapped up

by an enthusiastic customer that very night, I believed I had forever wiped house-trailers from my list of "living" possibilities. Not so my husband.

I had moved out of our trailer without consulting him, so I couldn't very well complain when he bought another trailer—without consulting me.

"This one is different," he beamed.

He was right. To begin with, it was much larger, containing a small private bedroom with sliding door, and a heavenly-soft bed that could never be made into a table, no matter what.

There was commodious storage space, with four full-length closets, all fitted with full-length mirrors.

The walls were of grained hardwood, and Venetian blinds were at the windows.

The most remarkable thing, however, was the even temperature throughout. This was accomplished by a small oil heater with air conditioner. Fresh air was drawn in from outside, heated, and evenly distributed throughout the trailer by means of a small concealed fan. This type of heating unit, we were to learn, is the one thing absolutely indispensable to comfortable trailer living.

Looking at the swank appointments, I said, fixing my husband with a doubtful eye, "This cost you money, dear."

(Continued on page 82)



The ice refrigerator is amply large.



All the comforts. Screens keep out the bugs, and the radio brings in the world.

PHOTOS BY DALE VINCENT

Diamond-Decked Drudge

BY ALYCE CANFIELD

To sighs of "Oh, for the life of a movie star!" Vivian Blaine snaps, "There must be an easier way to make a million dollars"

WHEN Vivian Blaine, Hollywood's glamorpuss de luxe, recently O.K.'d plans for a \$75,000 Beverly Hills mansion, she consulted her diamond wrist watch, pulled her \$5,000 mink coat tightly around her, and shivered. A reporter, thinking of jewels, furs, and mansions, asked, "Has it been worth it?" Miss Blaine answered, in all honesty, "I wonder?" She wasn't being coy.

Mrs. America, reading next morning that a mere girl was getting herself a swank establishment, would no doubt sigh enviously, "Oh, for the life of a movie star!" But Mrs. America is happily unaware of the price paid for that life. For Vivian was thinking of things like getting up at five thirty every working morning of her life, with exactly ten days off in the past year; of being at the studio from 6 A.M. to six at night; of memorizing up to fifteen pages of script after her working day was over; of giving interviews at luncheon and dinner; of always being on display and never able to relax.

She was thinking also of the way the studio had treated her naturally blonde hair, dyeing it a lighter blonde, cherry red, and blonde again. Then most of the weird mixture had to be cut off and she views her cropped head just as unhappily as Mrs. America would.

Nor would the average American

housewife accept today the gladsome smiles of people who only yesterday had snubbed her. Vivian remembers many blunt brush-offs Hollywoodites gave her when she was a nobody; but she must be diplomatic. Retaliation would result in mysterious items in gossip columns: Vivian Blaine can't afford remarks like that, for the public doesn't like its heroines to be difficult, and the public is her boss. Also, she's generally tired, but she can't let it show, either in close-ups or when signing autograph books at the studio gates. For Vivian must not only master the Hollywood way of life. She must also work like mad.

Had she foreseen how hard that work was to be, she might have turned around and gone back to New York. In the first place, she weighed a roly-poly 150. This not only barred any teen-age dreams of a Hollywood career; it also gave her a Grade A inferiority complex that is still with her. Despite almost perfect features and a pin-up figure, when she looks in the mirror

it is not to admire herself but to see what's wrong and how she can correct it.

The first talent scout to notice her was Twentieth Century-Fox's Meyer Mishkin in New York. After he heard her sing at the Governor Clinton Hotel, he phoned her and asked her to see him. Vivian thought it was a gag. She said, "Oh, sure, pal. I'll be right over." And went right back to bed. That night Mishkin went to see her at the Clinton. She had on a black evening gown and thought she looked rather well. Mishkin thought otherwise. He heckled her, made unflattering cracks about her displacement. He said, "Look here, girly. Lose some weight and then give me a buzz." After that, Vivian wanted no part of Mr. Mishkin or Hollywood. Three months later he called again, asked the same old question: "Have you lost any weight?" She hadn't.

About this time she started taking singing lessons. She had been earning fifty to seventy-five dollars a week singing with dance bands since



Movie stars, like mill hands, go to work in the feeble light of dawn. At 6 A.M., Vivian says good-bye to her husband, Manny Frank, at the 20th Century-Fox gate.



Each day her hair must be shampooed and set to match yesterday's scenes.



Next comes the make-up session with Alan Snyder. Her youth makes it easy.



Extra-curricular but necessary: wardrobe fitting by designer Yvonne Wood.



Down to 102 pounds with hair dyed a cherry blonde for stardom in Nob Hill.



No day goes by without five minutes of exercise to keep that figure trim.



And every night, there's script to be studied—three to fifteen pages of it.

she was fourteen, and she thought it was time she improved her voice. Her singing teacher also wanted her to take Mishkin seriously, so she went to Joe Pincus, talent chief in the New York office of Twentieth Century-Fox. Pincus liked her looks but not her weight. He asked her to sign a thirty-day option. Vivian signed the option, entertaining no great hopes. "I was a fat girl and I had yet to hear of a fat girl who wound up as a glamorous movie star," she says. Nevertheless, her option was picked up after thirty days. Vivian was supposed to be working with the drama coach, but she broke appointment after appointment with him. "I figured I was just a singer," she explains.

After four months, still signing options, she went on the road. For nine months she traveled all over the country with such bands as Bobby Byrnes', Al Kavelin's, and Charlie Barnett's. "We did one-night stands in dance halls and gymnasiums," she recalls. "Each time I went back to New York those op-

tions would be shoved under my nose. I never took them seriously. What interested me more was an offer to go into the Glass Hat as a single in the floor show, singing."

She went into the Glass Hat. Her mother was failing rapidly, and Vivian promised her she'd do something about the screen tests she was being offered. She was tired of one-night stands, and had read the mink-coat propaganda, too.

SO for ten weeks she went to Burke Symon, Twentieth's New York drama coach. From several scripts the inexperienced Vivian chose a scene from Stage Door.

She arrived at the studio at eight-thirty, her heart pounding. "They say they allow for nervousness," she grimaces, "but they just say that. In reality, they expect you to be damn good."

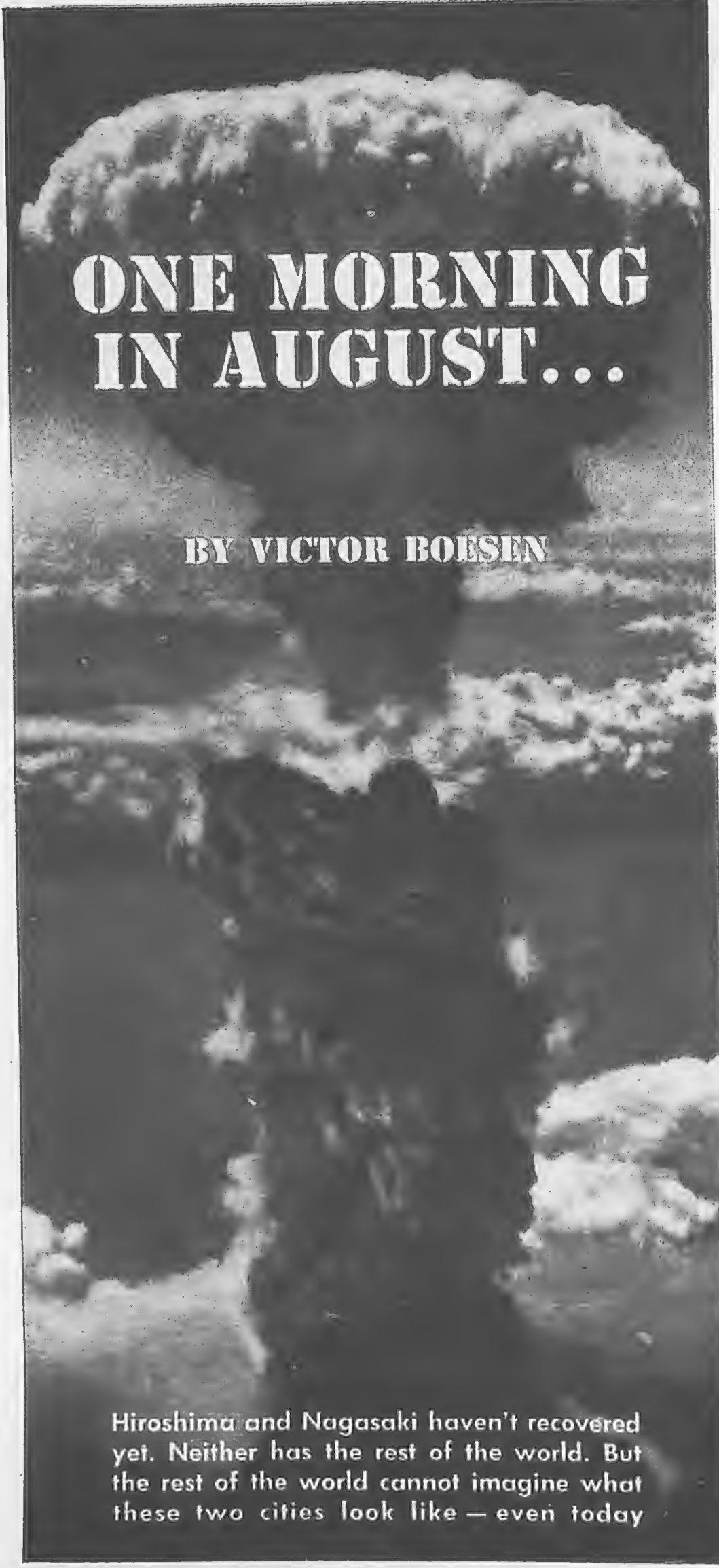
She went to the make-up department. "I sat in this chair with what seemed like a million lights on me. The artist put grease paint on me, and I felt like I was carrying five

pounds on my face. Next he put on eye shadow, then eyebrows. He shaded my cheeks to make me look thinner. He powdered me, then dusted it off with a brush. He put on my mouth with a lipstick brush, and then false eyelashes. My eyes felt weighted down with lead. The hairdresser had done my hair, but she had botched the job. It looked a wreck. I wore my own dress—black, to make me look thin."

In ten weeks of study she had learned to relax and to avoid grimacing. Her stage training had accustomed her to working before people. But despite all that, she was about ready to burst into tears by the time she went down to make the test. It was a confusing welter of lights, stands, and cable. "I sat there and thought, All this is going on just for me. For the moment, I was a star, and it scared me to death."

She got home that night dog-tired. The next day they shot the rest of the test. All the time she was aware

(Continued on page 76)



ONE MORNING IN AUGUST...

BY VICTOR BOLESIN

Hiroshima and Nagasaki haven't recovered yet. Neither has the rest of the world. But the rest of the world cannot imagine what these two cities look like — even today

NEARLY a year after the atomic age burst on the world in a frightening blast of supersonic wind and solar heat over Hiroshima and Nagasaki, those two victims seemingly offer little to encourage the hope of eventual recovery.

Except for leveling the wreckage of the thousands of buildings destroyed, both cities remain in general aspect largely as they were after the cataclysm. For two miles in all directions from the center of the explosion in each city the vista is a mottled brown-and-black carpet of granulated roof tile and cinders, sliced at right angles by the rubble-banked pathways of former streets. Along these, like flies on a corpse, slowly move the figures of survivors.

The charred trunks of vanished trees, frizzled where the blast snapped them off, stand here and there like the nude trunks of Arizona's Petrified Forest, dead to the roots.

Only the tombstones in the frequent tightly packed cemeteries, occurring like patches of mushrooms throughout the towns, remain as before, though many monuments lie flat or lean against their neighbors. The burial grounds have grown no larger, for the masses of dead from the bomb were stacked and burned. Thousands of dead have never been found.

But there are signs of an effort toward municipal revival. Small unpainted houses are rising. There is commerce of a sort. Some of the new buildings are souvenir shops, catering to the rubbernecking Allied troops. "The Shop of Taste," reads the sign on one souvenir place in Hiroshima. There is a bookstore and a "bar ber shop," with the name parted in the middle. Near the rail-



Nagasaki, a third of which vanished
tion is confined largely to industrial

LIBERTY

road station the Japan Travel Bureau has set up shop in a frame barracks.

The five or six modern store and office buildings left in downtown Hiroshima, though badly toasted, are doing some business. A few streetcars glide up and down the main thoroughfares. The children are back in school, mostly in temporary buildings thrown up in the surrounding countryside.

Health is under control in both cities. Hiroshima has less food than Nagasaki. To supplement rations, patches of garden are flourishing amid the wastes of the two cities where, by the word of certain American "experts," nothing could grow for seventy years.

BUT plans for complete municipal rebirth remain tentative, for there are still too many obstacles and imponderables to reckon with. Materials are scarce; transportation is crippled. What will the peace settlement be? And before a factory can be rebuilt, it is necessary to know what it will be allowed to make.

Aside from these retarding factors, there is the immensity of the job itself. And probably some allowance should be made, too, on psychological grounds. For there is the haunting fact that all this which it is now proposed to restore—a task that will require years and vast materials—was destroyed in the twitch of a muscle, and without the usual wartime intimations of a catastrophe about to strike. The destruction came from an empty blue heaven. People tell of a single plane or two, high up; they saw a parachute. Some say it was 1,500 feet up. If there had been a skyful of bombers, the truth

would have been easier to accept. And it was more than catastrophe that struck; it was millennium, and it had things about it never before seen by men on this earth.

It is still incredible. Tokuichi Mito, a former Civil Service employee in Hawaii and now working for the American Military Government in near-by Kure, tells about "the bomb" on Hiroshima as he serves drinks behind the bar of the officers' club. The left side of his head is a glistening expanse of scar tissue, made so by Roentgen or X-ray radiations. His hair on that side is gone, and his left eye is red and bulging from the taut tissue around it.

It was 8:16 A. M., Mito said. He had just opened the window in his home at the edge of town, two miles away, to admit the bright morning sun, and resumed his place at the breakfast table. There was an intense blue flash, hot and blinding, like a searchlight in one's face. Then came a shrieking blast of wind that swept all before it. Mito remembered nothing after that until he woke up fifty feet away. He was lying on the floor of another room, and the house around him was gone. The sun had vanished behind a curtain of strange darkness, and out of this came thunder and lightning and huge drops of muddy rain, so heavy that they drove through paper umbrellas.

In the moments spanned by the flash and blast described by Mito, nearly 7,000 houses were slapped flat and blown away in bits, like leaves before a hurricane. Four thousand more houses, farther out, on the perimeter of the bald spot made by the bomb in the center of town, were left splintered.

A few moments later followed the fire. The city simply burst into flames

spontaneously, for the heat as the bomb burst equaled the temperature on the sun. Fifty-five thousand houses went up in flames. Two thousand more were half consumed, and no public building escaped gutting, by blast, flame, or both. Where 78,838 buildings had stood before, now remained 12,345. The property loss was 763,430,000 yen.

HOW many lives the blast alone accounted for there is no way of knowing. Mostly, the two agencies, fire and concussion, worked together. Those who lived through the blast but were unconscious, died when they failed to revive ahead of the flames. Doubtless many disintegrated, blowing up in the near vacuum behind the blast wave like deep-sea fish brought into the lesser pressures above the surface.

Fifteen thousand people are still missing. Forty-seven thousand corpses were found in the embers, and 20,000 to 25,000 died later. Injured in varying degrees were 64,670. With a population in 1940 of 343,968, this means that upward of half the population was killed or injured.

The terrific force of the bomb is evident on every hand. The houses in the triangle formed by the joining of the Honkawa and Motoyasu rivers were hurled en masse into the water. Of the 800 people who had lived there, nine are alive today. One is Shigeichi Oda, who was in his vegetable garden two miles away. The flash left the strap of his undershirt photographed in white across his shoulder, and a white line at his temple where the stems of his glasses fitted. His daughter, Tamae, eighteen, alone at home, was never found.

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MONKMEYER PHOTO



INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

Hundreds of unpainted one-story houses have been built in Hiroshima, but they're few compared with the 62,000 destroyed. Dead trees still attest to the bomb's fury.

in a puff, still looks like this. Restorations, leaving residential sections bare.



These men are William West, left, and Will West. When Will entered Leavenworth in 1903, a record clerk said, "You've been here before." Will denied it. Bertillon (cranial) measurements were virtually identical with those on William's card—but the card also proved William was already a lifer. The men's fingerprints, of course, differed widely. This case discredited the Bertillon system.

How Do You *Know* You're You?

BY SEWELL PEASLEE WRIGHT *

How would you identify yourself if you had a sudden attack of amnesia? If your fingerprints were on file it would be easy. But fingerprinting is for criminals, you say. Five million Americans don't think so

inal identification, and probably for that reason alone a good many of us feel that there is something degrading in being fingerprinted.

As a matter of simple fact, being fingerprinted is simply the best possible means of anchoring your identity to something which cannot be changed. It's comparable to your signature card at the bank—only your signature can and does change, and even the experts will disagree over the validity of a signature.

"But there's a reason why I establish my identity at a bank!" you

protest. "The tellers must know whether a check with my name on it actually was signed by me. But why should I have my fingerprints taken and filed with my State Bureau and in Washington?"

Well, you're not always among friends who can identify you. You do not always have papers with you to prove that you are the person you claim to be. You are not always able, even, to speak for yourself. The bum, the common criminal who has had his prints taken as a matter of routine, may get a better break if

YOU ought to be fingerprinted. If you served in the armed forces, or if you worked in a war plant, you *are*. And maybe you didn't like the idea. A good many people objected to being fingerprinted, some of them quite emphatically and vocally.

"Here I am, an honest American citizen, trying to do my duty," they said, "and I'm being treated like a common criminal!"

At first glance, that would seem like a reasonable complaint. Criminals and suspected criminals *are* fingerprinted. But criminals are also photographed, full front and profile, yet only savages and a few cantankerous celebrities object to being photographed.

Fingerprinting was introduced to us as a phase of the science of crim-

[*EDITOR'S NOTE: The author acknowledges the co-operation of T. P. Sullivan, Director of the Department of Public Safety of Illinois; and of Tom Piper, Superintendent of the Bureau of Criminal Identification and Investigation, both of whom have made valuable contributions to this article.]



When FBI men exterminated Dillinger, they found he had mutilated his fingertips to conceal his identity. It didn't work. A dozen tiny details provided proof.

anything happens to him than you, an honest citizen.

Scores of instances could be cited to prove that point. An amnesia victim is picked up. He doesn't know who he is or where he lives. He carries no clue to his identity. His prints are taken and sent to the State Bureau and to the FBI. If he has a criminal record, his prints are almost certainly on file, and his relatives can be notified. But if he's not a criminal, and was not in the armed services, and did not work in a war plant, the chances are that the fingerprints taken just now will be of no value—*unless* he was previously foresighted enough to have his fingerprints made and properly filed.

THE citizen whose prints are not already on file should take steps, immediate steps, to see that they are placed on file, for his protection and the protection of his family. That this is a good idea is demonstrated by the fact that *well over five million* of your fellow citizens have already voluntarily had their prints taken and sent in to the Federal Bureau of Investigation—just in case.

That seems like a good many fingerprints, but it's no more than a small fraction of the total. The FBI at present has on file 100,500,000 fingerprint cards, representing the prints of about 60,000,000 persons. There are, of course, many duplications.

John Edgar Hoover, director of the FBI, says that ordinarily a fingerprint card received for search is handled in "less than thirty-six hours," but it is generally understood among fingerprint experts that, working under test conditions, it would be possible for the FBI to



To identify a dead person the finger is rolled on a paper in the bowl of a spoon.

make an identification *within three or four minutes.*

That seems impossible. Imagine the situation. A fingerprint card comes into the FBI offices. Someone wishes to know if there is, somewhere among more than 100,000,000 cards, another set of identical prints. How, in the name of all that's reasonable, can that be found out quickly? To answer that question, it's necessary to understand just a little about fingerprints.

Look at the tip of your right forefinger. Tilt it so that the light falls

somewhat obliquely across its surface. You'll see there a pattern of fine lines, and if you'll study that pattern a moment, you'll see that the lines form a rather intricate, definitely organized design.

The chances are, since this is the most common pattern, that the design on your right forefinger is built around a sort of hairpin arrangement of lines, with both legs of the hairpin slanting off toward the little-finger side of your hand. If so, it's an Ulnar Loop; if the hairpin slants the other way, it's a Radial Loop, a much rarer pattern. But there may be no hairpin in the pattern; it may be formed by a series of concentric ovals, or a spiral. If so, you have a Whorl there. And if the lines simply run from one side of the finger to the other, with a gentle upward curve in the center, you're the proud possessor of an Arch pattern.

THERE are in all only seven patterns: Loops, Arches, Tented Arches, Whorls, Central Pocket Loops, Twinned or Dual Loops, and Accidentals. Accidentals are combinations of two or more patterns which defy classification under other heads.

A large percentage of people, when they have their fingerprints taken, seem to feel that the prints should reveal something about character. But the fingerprint expert is no fortune teller. Efforts have been made to trace criminal tendencies by the types of prints, but without results. Some progress has been made in showing that certain races have predispositions toward certain types of patterns, but the evidence is not conclusive, nor is the evidence that women tend to produce certain patterns more often than men.

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Hollywood's Margaret O'Brien filled the 100,000,000th fingerprint card in the FBI files months ago. Minus duplications, that represented about 60,000,000 persons.

The Camera Eye



Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



PART-TIME PILOT—Lieutenant Commander Wayne Morris, Navy ace during the war, is back on the Warner Brothers lot but he's still doing plenty of air work as a reservist. Here he's piloting a Hellcat at the Los Alamitos air station in California.

ACME



IN ONE PIECE—This big stack at Parlin, N. J., lasted but five years. It served a powder plant in wartime, and was razed to make room for a new plastics factory. That's not a last defiant puff; it's only dislodged soot.

INTERNATIONAL

GROW YOUR OWN—The new garter shown here is a fashion idea devised by Max Factor's make-up people. It's made of the wearer's own hair, and called Wolf Bait. She of the pretty ankles? Mary Tharp, a movie starlet.

PRESS ASSOCIATION



CAMERA CHIMERA—Frank Pender, nine, who spars at the San Diego "Y," shows how boxing seems to him.

WIDE WORLD



SPRINKLE, SPRINKLE, LITTLE STAR—Betty Hutton, in a black wig and Tahitian sarong, had to endure a simulated South Seas hurricane for *The Perils of Pauline*. Above, director George Marshall assures her the water's not cold. Below, completely drenched, she's ready for the camera.

WIDE WORLD

GIRL OF MY CHILDHOOD



WE knew there would be changes in that little river-valley town where we had spent our childhood, changes which we might resent; but it was my brother Phil's idea that we go back and have a look. Phil had always been the sentimental one of the family—so unlike my older brother Henry, who had no time for turning a wistful eye to the past.

It was almost time for supper, but Phil said, "Let's drive down and see if our old house is still standing."

"And look at Firefly Swamp," I added.

Almost before we knew it—how incredibly the distance had shrunk!—we were past the old Methodist church and on the edge of the flats, where a sandy road wound indolently away among the red willows. The swamp lay mysterious as ever, with velvety cattails.

On our right, when we stopped the car, stood our old house where Phil had been born. It was the same, except that it had been newly painted and a buxom young woman was hustling three small children in to an early supper.

Phil was looking across the road at what had been the old Bradshaw house. It was gray and scabby from lack of paint, as it had been when I was a little girl. It had been eyeless then, with drawn blinds. It was eyeless now, because the windows were tightly boarded up.

There was no way of telling what Phil was thinking just then, but for me the story of Minot Bradshaw and Blackie Murdock seemed to be written in that sagging roof.

I DON'T know when it was that Esther Clyde and I took it upon ourselves to become guardian angels to Minot Bradshaw. Nor do I know why, because Minot was two years older than we. But I have a feeling it began very soon after Minot and her mother came to Sun Rock to live with Minot's bachelor uncle, Nate Wilkes, in the narrow-shouldered house on the rim of Firefly Swamp.

Nate Wilkes was on the dynamite gang in one of the Murdock quarries, and a few weeks after his sister and niece came he was killed in a mistimed explosion. Minot's mother inherited the gray house and a small insurance policy, and went to work at once taking in sewing. She augmented her income by cleaning the upper floor of the Smythe Block every Saturday night.

The town had learned virtually nothing about Mrs. Bradshaw except that she seemed to nurse an abiding hatred for men, and that her beautiful little daughter had been so oddly named because she had

been born in Minot, North Dakota.

As Esther Clyde and I grew, however, our ears sharpened to the murky speculations which our elders let fall. Did Mrs. Bradshaw ever have a husband? Esther's mother questioned one day when she and my mother were braiding rag mats at our place. But seeing Esther and I were within earshot, my mother hastily winked and changed the subject.

It was a piquant question just the same, and Esther and I began to wonder what it might mean. We kept our ears open for more grown-up whisperings that might enlighten us. We had been walking to school with her and she condescended to play with the paper-doll colony Esther and I had established on our porch.

She must have been eleven years

Minot had been a beautiful girl, coldly aloof and unforgettable, and years later you, too, might have gone back to find out what became of her

**BY
MARTHA OSTENSO**

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

old then, but because she was so bright she had "skipped," and was in the seventh grade, three jumps ahead of us. I remember one day I stopped at recess to tie my shoestring in the hall, and Minot went by, her golden head erect.

Mr. Quint, the school superintendent, came out of his office, and Miss Lindgard, the pretty seventh-grade teacher, was in the hall. Everybody knew that Mr. Quint and Miss Lindgard were engaged, so it didn't surprise me to hear him say, "Jiminy, Edith, that Bradshaw kid is growing into a beauty!"

"Yes," Miss Lindgard sighed. "A real hurry!" My father said later that she must have meant *houri*—some sort of heavenly nymph.

"Too bad the kid hasn't a chance," Mr. Quint observed. "But with that mother she has"—his voice dropped to a murmur—"people in town have it now that the child is illegitimate."

I knotted my shoestring and scrambled up straight. Over and over I mumbled to myself the word Mr. Quint had used, until I found my brother Henry in the schoolyard. Blackie Murdock was with him.

I tugged at Henry's sweater until he stepped away with me. "What does *ill-e-git-imate* mean?" I whispered.

He glared down at me. "What the—" He was so big, almost as big as Blackie; he often frightened me and Phil. "It means you're a bas—" His face suddenly squirmed and he leaned down. "Look, kid, it means your parents aren't married. Now scram!"

AFTER school I ran to catch up with Minot and my brother Phil, who had not waited. I meant to tell her at once what I had heard, but when I glanced up at her I was awed, as always, by her looks. Her mother was colorless and clean as kindling wood, and as unbendable. But Minot had a breezy sway in her long body, and her eyes were like the purple-brown centers of the coneflowers that grew along the roadside in early autumn. Hair of such fine-spun gold one did not often see.

I touched her on the arm. "Minot, could you come over after school tomorrow night and help cut out some new paper dolls Esther and I got in a magazine yesterday?"

She glanced down at me. "Paper dolls? Why—yes—I guess so. Though my mother says I'm getting too old for that now."

Without thinking then, I blurted out what I had wanted to say in the first place. "Minot," I asked, my voice sounding very small, "do you know what *illegit-imate* means?"

There was only the slightest break in the rhythm of her walk. "You mean *illegitimate*. There's no 'n' in it. It means your mother wasn't married before you were born, so you haven't any father."

"Is that why you haven't got a father?" I asked bravely.

"No—I mean—of course I have a father. I mean—I *did* have one. He went away. You bring your paper dolls to our attic after school and I'll show you his picture. My mother will be sewing over at Mrs. Clarence's, for Lucy's wedding, so she won't be home till suppertime. We'll have to do the cut-outs in the attic, because she won't have any muss downstairs."

What she really meant—and I knew it—was that she was afraid some stray wisp of paper might betray to her mother the fact that other children had been in the house.

It wasn't a bit real, that hour Esther and I spent in the Bradshaw attic with Minot, and it wasn't ever to clear away from a sun-moted dream in the years to come. Two slits of windows admitted the reddish sunlight, and the motes of dust we stirred up in walking across the floor climbed the ladder of the sunbeam,

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Minot's voice rose. "I don't know anything about love," she told Blackie, "and I don't think you do."

FOUL BALL

Suddenly a long-faced dame pokes her head and arms out of the back window of the foot-loose phaeton.



When the neighborhood sourpusses frowned on Herbert's ballplaying, Rocky Ford declared war

BY JOHN D. WEAVER

ILLUSTRATED BY EDDIE BOWIE

BUTTERNUT STREET is quiet and almost deserted when I drive up loaded down with payday largesse—a spring nosegay for Kate and a genuine big-league fielder's glove for Herbert.

"Kate," I chirp, bouncing into the parlor, "a rose for your hair, and a—"

That's as far as I get. Kate's face is hard and white as the kitchen porcelain, and when I turn to Herbert, I find the kid huddled on the ottoman, staring grimly into space. I hand out the flowers and the fielder's mitt, and they mumble, "Thanks, Rocky," and suddenly it isn't spring in the Rocky Ford parlor; it's mid-January, and the coal man hasn't shown up.

"Well," I quip, "I'll go fire the furnace," and I start to walk out. But Kate grabs my coat. Then she and the kid turn loose a tidal wave of wrath.

"It's that drippy new dame down the street," Herbert says. "She—"

"The nerve of her," Kate says, "calling the police!"

"Whoa!" I says. "One at a time."

I park Kate in the easy chair and Herbert on the couch, then I act as chairman of the protest group, turning the floor over to Kate first for a few blistering remarks on the new Butternut Borgia, a splintery spinster named Pamela Poindexter. Then Herbert takes up where Kate leaves off when she runs out of lady-like words.

"Geez," the kid says, "you can't even take a deep breath when you go by her house."

"Absolute rest and quiet," Kate says, doing a murderous take-off of Pamela. "It's the doctor's orders." Why," Kate says, "it's—it's a reign of terror."

"Now, now," I says, "it can't be as bad as all that."

"It's worse," Herbert says, and goes on to tell me how his ball club, the Butternut Blitzers, is warming up for their big game with the South Ferndale Tigers, and the only place they have to practice is the street. First Edgar Sprockett chases them away from his end of the block with a garden hose, then Pamela Poindexter calls the Cossacks to clear her end of the block. Now, no matter where the kids set up their diamond, they're going to be hitting

line drives into enemy territory, either the pet petunias of old Sprockett or the pet nerves of La Poindexter.

"Now, wait," I says. "You're both a little upset, that's all. You need a change of scenery. I tell you what let's do. Let's drive out to Tim's for a shore dinner."

The sunshine of the Rocky Ford personality finally begins to thaw out the parlor, and Kate sends Herbert upstairs to deck himself out in his dude duds, then she comes over to me, smiling and sniffing her flowers. She gives me a wifely kiss for the posies, then a courting kiss just because it's me.

"Rocky," she says, "you shouldn't have done it."

"Kate," I says, "you've got a breadwinner who can also deliver cake."

WHEN Herbert comes back, scrubbed and shining, he makes a big fuss over the fielder's mitt. Rocky Ford is definitely the man of the hour.

I'm walking on feathers, I'm talking to the tulips, when suddenly I stop, I see red, I burn. Old Sprockett has jammed his jalopy smack up against my front bumper and, not only that, he's pushed my car back so it's tottering on the edge of a gaping excavation in the street. This, I take it, is Edgar's neighborly way of asking me not to park part way in front of his house.

"What'll we do?" Kate says, and I tell her and Herbert to get in the car, I'll handle this. I climb in behind the wheel and start my engine. I shift into low, step on the gas, and let my clutch out slowly, till my bumper makes contact with Sprockett's, then I push his Stanley steamer forward, gently, but not too gently.

"That," I announce, "will show him," and I'm just about to drive on off when I see Sprockett's buggy rolling downgrade, drifting toward Eighty-sixth Street and a sure-fire damage suit. I stop my car, hop out, and run after the foot-loose phaeton, when suddenly a long-faced dame pokes her head and arms out of the back window, shrieking and waving her arms.

"Pamela Poindexter!" Kate screams.

Old Sprockett hears the hollering

and comes charging out from behind his hedge. He gets to the car just as I manage to leap in the front seat and yank on the emergency brake.

"Oh! Oh!" Pamela gasps. "Do something! Get me out of here!"

Sprockett opens the door and she tumbles out, red and raging. "That madman! He nearly killed me!"

"What were you doing in there anyway?" I ask her.

Pamela immediately goes into an act. She's the dying swan, Camille on her deathbed. "I was—going to the store," she says, Sprockett steadying her arm, "and I suddenly felt so faint I had to lie down."

She spots Herbert in the car with Kate, and she begins to stiffen. "No wonder I had an attack," she says, the feeble voice gradually deepening into the roar of a lion, "with those wild Indians whooping all day!"

Then Pamela sees the way I'm staring at her, getting her number, and she promptly droops again, leaning on Sprockett.

"Who," she says, turning to Sprockett, as I head back to my car, "is that horrible little man?"

Sprockett whispers my name like it was a dirty word, then helps Pamela totter home. I look at Kate and Herbert. A grim moment.

"This," I says, "means war."

I COME home next day to find Herbert in the kitchen, drying his new baseball uniform in front of the oven. Sprockett's hose has gone into action again.

"And my mitt," the kid says, trying not to bawl—"that creepy dame stole it."

"Stole it?"

"When we were choosing up sides," the kid says, "I left it on the curb, and she grabbed it." Herbert looks around to make sure we're alone, then he tells me confidentially, "We're forming a posse. You want in?"

"Naturally," I says.

"Can't give you the details yet," the kid says, "but I'm meeting Lennie Field and Dinky Phelps tonight. We're working out a plan."

"Oh, no, no, you don't," Kate says, popping in on the kitchen conference. "None of your shenanigans. I don't want to be bringing you box lunches at the reform school."

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The Gay Life

BY GEORGES CAROUSSO



"Have fun!" Uncle Elmer's voice penetrated their fear. "Enjoy life! The trouble is that you two have forgotten how to play."

DRIVING home in the car, Hank and Dink had had another quarrel. There was no particular reason for it. It was just a bad habit that they had slipped into. It had started originally with a quarrel over the doings of their rather eccentric families. But when the smoke of that first battle had cleared—being smart, young, and newly wed—they had kissed and made up. Wasn't it foolish to quarrel over two families who lived such a comfortable distance away? From that day forward their

families would be taboo as a topic of discussion. But they continued quarreling about other things.

When they drove up to their cottage in the quiet residential street, there was a man standing on the front steps, a pink-faced cherubic old man, with white hair curling beneath his Homburg, and a gold chain across his well-fed middle. When he saw them, his well-shod impatient foot stopped tapping against the suitcase festooned with steamship labels. His face wore an expan-

sive smile as he tripped down the steps to meet them.

"A fine thing—keeping your Uncle Elmer waiting like a brush salesman!" he laughed forgivingly. He kissed the surprise from Dink's parted lips, and shook Hank's hand vigorously. "Don't tell me you weren't expecting me?" Hank looked at Dink for support, but Dink was looking at the polish on her nails.

"Well, you see—"

"Sure, sure!" Uncle Elmer waved the apologies aside. "Bad mail con-

Maybe all newlyweds who quarrel ought to have an Uncle Elmer in their lives. Uncle Elmer would like it fine

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES COLE



nections, boats off schedule, flew up myself. Love flying." He threw his arms around them and hustled them into the house. "Fine place!" he approved emphatically. "Good taste. Charm. Is that Virginia ham I smell cooking? After South America, it will be like manna from heaven. Terrible cooks in the mining camps. With Manhattan cocktails. Nothing like Manhattans before ham."

"Better run downtown for some vermouth, Hank dear," Dink smiled. The smile drooped a bit at the corners from shock.

"Sure thing!" said Hank heartily, rallying. He had to admit that Dink was game! She was a good sport. He had always been proud of her because of that. Even during dinner, when it became evident that Uncle Elmer intended to spend time with them, Dink was able to smile. The best Hank could manage was a sick grin.

"I'll fix the studio couch," Dink said brightly. "It has a fine inner spring."

Uncle Elmer rolled his blue eyes heavenward.

"I hate the beastly things! Absolutely! A phobia. Ever since that snake—that was in Sumatra. Have you only one bedroom?"

"Well," said Dink slowly, "there's the nursery—"

"No! When? Well, congratulations."

"Not yet," Dink shook her head. "You see, when we built the house we thought we ought to put in a nursery, in case. But now—"

"Good! Good!" Uncle Elmer beamed. "Don't be too hasty. Look at you! Why, you're mere children yourselves! Mere children! Hardly know each other. First, too much puppy love, then too much work, and now"—his eyes narrowed and he hissed the word in triumph—"suburbanitis! That awful disease. The same dull people. The same game of bridge. Nothing new and exciting. No adventure. No laughter. Flowers withering for lack of sun and water. The bars of the cage closing in on you. One little avenue of escape marked 'Divorce.' Suburbanitis!"

HANK'S eyes met Dink's in sudden fright. Divorce! They had never named their voiceless thought.

"Have fun!" Uncle Elmer's voice penetrated their fear. "Enjoy life! I see I came just in the nick of time. The trouble with you two is that you have forgotten how to play. We'll soon fix that."

Uncle Elmer left the table, went to the phone, and made reservations for them all at El Torro.

"Isn't it exciting to have expensive fun?" he beamed.

"Yes!" said Dink.

"Now and then," said Hank.

But it was not now and then. It was tonight, and the next night, and the night after that.

"Look at Dink," Uncle Elmer said proudly early one morning of the first week, admiring her as an artist might admire the masterpiece he has created. "Just look at her. Isn't she beautiful?"

Hank roused himself to the colored lights, and the blare of music swirling around him. He squinted until Dink's face came into focus.

"Beautiful as a yucca blossom in the moonlight," he said a trifle thickly. He wondered vaguely if it was poetry. After three in the morning, he was liable to say anything.

The second week, Dink stopped blossoming. The third week, she began to wilt. Hank had long ago begun to feel like a boiled lettuce leaf. Only Uncle Elmer seemed pinker and more cherubic then ever.

ONE dawn, when Uncle Elmer's gentle snores had commenced their contented purring, Hank nudged Dink into wakefulness.

"Dink, I'm tired," he whispered.

"Of course, darling. But isn't it fun to be carefree and in love?"

"I guess so," he said. "I guess it's fun to have expensive fun. In another month we'll have to mortgage the house."

"Oh, Uncle Elmer will pay his share before he goes. He's just a little eccentric and forgetful, I guess. Living in diamond mines in Africa would make anyone forgetful of little things like that."

"I thought it was South America," Hank said dully.

"He seems to have been all over."

"I wish he were there now."

"That's not a very kind thing to say," said Dink, without conviction. Hank gritted his teeth, took a deep breath, and turned on his elbow to face her. There were things he wanted to say, and very few of them were going to be kind. But Dink was suddenly asleep.

Hank smiled. He wondered if she was dreaming of music and soft lights and dancing feet. Beautiful, desirable little Dink—laughter tinkling like silver bells—ice cubes in glasses tinkling like silver bells. . . .

The alarm went off. It was time to go to work.

They played golf. They went riding. They went deep-sea fishing—Uncle Elmer had so missed the smell of salt spray while he had been in the Australian bush. Then, luckily, summer ended. When fall came, they shot domesticated pheasants in game farms. They tramped the hills collecting dry leaves—the pretty red ones that Dink picked turned out to be poison ivy.

THEN winter came.

Uncle Elmer's cheery "Rise and shine!" failed to rouse them one Sunday morning. It was noon when they finally awakened.

"He must have died in his sleep," Hank said, cocking a hopeful eyebrow at Dink. They stumbled into their slippers and robes and ran to the nursery. The door was open. The bed had been slept in. There was a note propped up on the dresser. Hank leaned over Dink's shoulder to read.

New York is too dead in the winter. Going south with the birds. Magnolias . . . mint juleps . . . love them. Hope I find a Southern nephew and niece half as nice as you two. You're about the nicest couple I've ever visited. With a little practice, you two may learn to play. There is hope. You're still young.

Good-by and good luck,

UNCLE ELMER.

Dink buried her face in Hank's shoulder and sobbed.

"There—there—" said Hank.

"I don't want to play," Dink gulped. "I'm tired of playing! I want to visit dull people and sit home and read dull books. I want—"

Her arms tightened around Hank, and Hank's arms tightened around her.

"There—there—" he said huskily. "No more play, darling. No more Uncle Elmer. Just you and me."

"And—and can we have this room for a—nursery again?"

"Yes, darling. Just you and me, and—"

She buried her face against his chest. When she looked up, she was laughing, her eyes filled with stars and magic. Only a small cloud drifted over them for a moment.

"Hank, Hank, you don't suppose if we had a baby—that it might grow up to be like your Uncle Elmer. Hank, you don't think—"

His arms dropped from her and he backed away, his eyes horrified.

"My Uncle Elmer!" he gasped. "My Uncle—" he choked. "I thought he was yours!"

THE END

"You lie about my pa!" The sharp edge of Anatole's voice awakened Pliny. He tried to sit up, but Anatole stopped him with the carbine.



The Mystery of Monsieur Pliny

One might think a secret would be safe in the wilds of the north country—but secrets will out in strange and dangerous ways

BY ALLAN VAUGHAN ELSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWELL DODD

IT took Anatole Blanchette two days to tramp forty miles from Moose Meadows to Lake of the Wolves. Anatole was only fourteen years old, but tough, like his father and, like his father, wise in the ways of the woods. This silent forest of spruce and birch was his element. If his father, Jules, had come this way, he, Anatole, would find him.

Jules had been mysteriously missing for three weeks. Mounted police were searching eastward along Cold River Portage. Jules, promising to be home in a week, had said he would scout fur in that region in order to make plans for next winter's trapping. But he might, Anatole reasoned, have changed his mind and gone north. So the boy, with a light pack on his back and a light carbine in his small sure hands, had trekked northward alone toward Lake of the Wolves.

Like his father, Anatole was small-boned and slight of figure. His step was soft, quick, and his moccasins made no sound on the trail. His sharp eyes, at every step, looked for footprints of Jules Blanchette. He would know them at once, because anyone else but Jules in this balmy summer season would be wearing moccasins. As a rule Jules did so himself, but on this excursion Jules had left home wearing a pair of knee-high elk-hide boots.

It was just after sunset on his second day out that Anatole saw the cabin. It stood in an open glade of the forest, encircled at a distance on all sides by velvety blue conifers. The cabin was low and squat, with log walls and a sod roof, but smoke bannered from its chimney looked homey and inviting to Anatole. He crossed the glade confidently to the cabin door.

Then the door opened and he saw Pliny standing there, a big slouching man with small greedy eyes peering from a loose flaccid face. Anatole had seen him once or twice at the Meadows. "Pincher" Pliny, people called him. "He'd sell tickets to his mother's funeral," Sergeant Harn of the Mounties had once said. Anatole could smell tea boiling on the cabin stove, but this paunchy loose-jowled man did not invite him in to share it. He cocked a calculating eyebrow. "What kin I do you for, kid?"

"I'm Anatole Blanchette. Have you seen my pa up this way?"

Pliny's thick-fingered hand stroked the stubble on his two chins. He laughed. But the laugh, Anatole thought, had a crack in it.

Then Anatole saw the knee-high elk-hide boots of his father. Pliny was wearing them. Instantly the boy released the safety catch of his carbine. He raised the muzzle till it pointed exactly at Pliny's paunch.

"Where," he demanded with the shrillness of an outraged child, "did you get my pa's boots?"

Pliny's eyes fixed on the threat of the carbine. He took a backward step into the room

and said cautiously, "What boots? See here, boy, don't you go pointin' that gun like that."

"Them that you're wearin'. They're my pa's. You got my pa in here?" With the carbine poked out in front of him, Anatole stepped into the cabin. No one but Pliny was there. The one room was rudely furnished with a tin stove, a table, one chair, and a bunk.

"If you mean these boots I got on," Pliny said, his eyes slipping shiftily to a shotgun on wall brackets beyond the bunk, "I bought 'em. Bought 'em fair and square. Now look, kid, you git to hell outa here. You're oversteppin' the law to come bustin' in here with a gun."

"And where," Anatole shrilled, "did you get that rifle?" For by now he could see his father's rifle leaning against the wall. Anatole knew it instantly. It was a Model 70 Winchester, with bolt action and a twenty-six-inch barrel, and made to fire caliber .300 Magnum cartridges. In all this north country there was only one such rifle, and Jules was very proud of it.

"It's pa's rifle!" Anatole punched his carbine closer to Pliny's middle. "Where'd you get it?"

"I ain't seen yer pa," Pliny insisted. "That there rifle, I bought it from an Injun. Ain't touched it since he set it in the corner there, week afore last. He came by with the rifle and these here boots and wanted to sell 'em. So I made him an offer an' he took it."

"Where did the Indian get 'em?"

"He didn't say."

"What Indian was it?"

"Dunno. They all look alike to me. He was a Cree, I reckon." Pliny's face took a smug this-is-my-story-and-I'll-stick-to-it look. At the same time he edged a step nearer to the wall shotgun.

"You stand right where you are," the boy ordered, "till I can figure if you're lyin'."

HIS mind searched back for all he had ever heard about Pincher Pliny. "Not a killer," Sergeant Harn had once said. "Not even a thief. Just a plain, ornery, pinch-fisted cheat. He'd cheat a blind man out of his tin cup, Pliny would."

Therefore the role of stealing boots and a rifle while Jules slept by a campfire seemed to fit a renegade Indian better than it fitted Pliny. And the role of buying the loot for a quart of rotgut whisky would exactly fit Pliny. The muzzle of his father's rifle, Anatole noted, was mud-caked, as though it had been dropped, muzzle down, on wet ground.

Then the boy's eyes shifted back to the boots. Those boots had been equipped with rawhide laces. But now the left boot was laced with cheap cotton cord. "What," Anatole asked, "did you do with that other rawhide lace?"

Pliny shrugged. (Continued on page 72)



Comeback

The crowd cheered. There was so much at stake in this game—so much more than the crowd or the scorekeeper could have imagined

BY WALTER ROEBER SCHMIDT

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

"SO you are Ted Lawson." He swung around. A girl in a loose-fitting sweater and skirt was standing there, a racket in her one hand. Inwardly he groaned. She'd want to play, of course.

"You asked for the club pro," she said. "I'm it. Clare McNally."

He stared.

She smiled, a bright little smile that danced in her eyes and all over her face. "I'm Ivan McNally's daughter."

She moved away from him to the other side of the net, still smiling. She picked up the balls, knocked them back easily with long crisp strokes that carried surprising depth and power. He stepped in, enjoying the hard spang of the ball against the gut of his own bat.

She came to the net, slammed the ball at his feet. His pick-up lob return floated over her head, dropping inches inside the base line. She didn't bother chasing it, merely stood there watching the perfect shot; then turned to him. "That's my very best volley you did that to, Ted Lawson!"

He laughed. "You're playing with the big guys now, Miss McNally."

They went back to work, their rackets biting hard into the ball as they stroked, volleyed, chopped, and tried some services.

"Good going!" Clare's voice was filled with a deep sense of relief, as if she had been afraid he might not win.

Then finally she said, "That's enough for the first time."

He didn't feel tired and tried to talk her into lengthening it. She shook her dark head firmly.

"Come to the bar after we change," he invited as they moved toward the clubhouse, "and you can bring me up to date on what gives in the tennis world."

She hesitated, looked up at him. "All right," she agreed.

Under the shower, though he felt fine physically after the exertion of playing, the small fear began its gnawing again.

Could it be done? Could you pick up where you'd left off almost four years ago and go on as if nothing had happened? Was the achievement of the ambition that lay so strong within him still possible?

Of course it was! He could do it! He had stood at the threshold of tennis greatness—been ready to enter the Nationals, perhaps gain a Davis Cup bid. Surely there was plenty of time left, at twenty-four, for a man to blaze his way to the pinnacle he'd once been so sure he'd attain.

HE ORDERED beer, Clare McNally a sherry-and-soda. "Where's your father?" he asked as they sipped the drinks. "Still in the service?"

She nodded. "Yes, a Special Services officer. We couldn't keep him at home after—" She stopped short, picked up her glass.

"After what?"

"My brother. I'd rather not talk about it, even think about it, any more. Mother and I moved here when this job was offered me. They wanted Ivan, but took me. Sort of a second best."

"You play a sweet game."

"Thanks. You're determined to try for the title, Ted?"

He nodded. "Yes, very determined."

"Suppose you don't make it, what then?"

"I can't expect to make it in a single year. If I come close, though, I'll stay with it. Go south this winter; or if I get a bid I'll go with Pat Hanford and the group he's assembling to tour South America."

"How about school? You were in your sophomore year here at Yarnell, weren't you, when you went away?"

"That's right."

"You didn't like the engineering course?"

"I liked it fine."

"You haven't considered going back?"

Yes, he had. But nearly four years of war made you pretty old for school. You'd never be able to stand the kids, the constant study, being chained to a wooden desk.

"You were Intercollegiate champion," Clare McNally was saying. "You could continue playing. In two years you'd have your diploma and a future. Something solid. Something you went out and were will-

ing to die for if it were necessary."

That sounded fine. But it wasn't quite like that. The grind of lectures, cramming for exams, that wouldn't leave as much time for tennis as you needed to make up for the lost years.

Her eyes found his face. "Your mind is made up, then?"

"Yes."

There was a long pause. "The state title play starts here in five weeks," she said, "at the college courts. They have the only lawn in this area."

He didn't like the idea of going back to Yarnell to play, but he knew he must have a few tournaments under his belt, particularly on grass, before Forest Hills.

"You ought not have too much trouble in it," she stated. "With one exception: a youngster named Reilly. Junior champ. He went to the quarter finals at Forest Hills last year."

If he entered and got to play the Reilly kid, he would know, when it was over, just about how far he might expect to go in the Nationals in September.

"The matches will be two out of three in the state play," she explained. "That way they'll be able to run it off through evenings and over the week-end."

"I'll enter," he said. "Meanwhile, will you string along hitting them with me?"

"If you think I can help."

"You can help."

"It's agreed, then." She reached for her purse. "I must catch my bus now. See you here tomorrow."

SLOWLY, surely, his game improved until, with the coming of the state tourney at Yarnell, Clare and he both knew he was ready for the test.

Now in the semifinal he was leading the veteran Conley by a nice wide margin, and tomorrow in the

final he would meet the Reilly kid.

The ball came streaking over the net and he moved swiftly, his racket head biting into it hard, sending it down the side line. Conley's backhand spun the ball to his own backhand. He angled. Conley's return was not deep enough and he knocked it deep into the opposite corner where the veteran could not reach it. Match point.

The service. "Fault!" came the umpire's cry from atop the ladder chair as the ball failed to strike within the box. The second service was good. Ted stroked, and behind his fifteen-forty lead took the net. Conley's attempt to pass him failed as Ted threw his body sidewise, cut the ball away at a sharp angle.

The applause beat down warmly, loudly, as he left the court. The Reilly kid was coming out for his semi. "How's it?" the youngster said cockily as they passed.

"O.K.," Ted answered. "Good luck."

The kid grinned, nodded. And now as he walked on Ted could feel the doubt and fear rising in him again, slowly, insidiously, and it was only by concentrating on how long and far he'd carried his dream of tennis glory—through the many campaigns to the final one, for him, at Anzio—that he was able once more to shake it off.

Clare was waiting for him at the gravel path. When she saw him she came forward. "Good going!" Her voice was filled with a deep sense of relief, as if she had been afraid he might not win. She slipped her hand through his arm as they walked on.

THE sun was low and the shadows fell long and cooling off the trees and ivy-covered buildings as they drove through the college grounds. A few students moved about the campus casually. Memories flooded



back. Days of formulas and slide rules, of frat dances and sports, of horseplay and hard work, days of a less grim *esprit de corps* than those he more recently had known.

"It's nice," Clare said.

"Yes." Suddenly he knew a vague loss—something was gone that never could be reclaimed. A piece of his life was missing and he did not know what it was. Tennis, at this moment, did not seem sufficient completely to fill the gap.

"You feel all right out there," he heard Clare asking softly, "when you're playing?"

He knew what she meant—no ill effects from the wounds. "Yes," he said; "the medics must have done a good job on me."

"The Nationals will be three out of five."

He glanced at her; she kept her gaze riveted straight ahead on the road. "Is it worth it, Ted?"

What the hell did she mean by that?

"I'm the daughter of a professional athlete. I know that, in a sense, every man strives for one blaze of glory in his lifetime, dreams of his name in headlines at least once before he dies. But you and many thousands of others must remember this: perhaps your headlines are buried in the beachheads of foreign soil."

THE house was before them and he braked the car to a stop. A note from Clare's mother said she'd gone to town to do some shopping. Clare found him the evening paper, went off toward her room to change.

There was no story of his afternoon's match, of course, in this early edition. The chief space was given to a feature story about Pat Hanford and the Brazilian star, Ecuado, who were arriving tomorrow to watch the final.

"There's one open spot on the U. S. team picked to leave for a tour of South America directly after the Nationals and Westchester doubles," part of the story read. "Both young Reilly and Ted Lawson, staging a comeback, are candidates. It is possible that either might be selected for the coveted opening on the basis of his play here . . ."

He put the paper aside. Comeback, well, he guessed the newspapers had to make it sound dramatic. He glanced around the room and his eyes rested on a pen-and-ink sketch he'd noticed previously.

He got up and studied it closely. There were others, all originals, throughout the room. All carried a tiny "Mc" in a bottom corner and he wondered if drawing was a hobby of Ivan, Clare, or her mother. The door to a small room, obviously a study, was half open. A huge blueprint covered the wall. He moved toward it questioningly.

It was an original plan and again the "Mc" appeared insignificantly at the left bottom. The blueprint was titled "Twin Creeks Dam," and that

stirred alive in his mind the controversy that had raged in the press and state Assembly while he'd been at school as to whether it were possible to build a dam at Twin Creeks.

Debates on the subject had been conducted in his engineering classes, and he'd taken the stand that it was not feasible to construct a dam at Twin Creeks because of the nature of the soil, though agreeing a dam was greatly needed at this point so the farmers below wouldn't have their lands and homes flooded out so frequently.

"What do you think of it?" Clare asked from the doorway behind him.

"Can't be done," he answered, his eyes moving over the plan, reading as much of it as his schooling would allow. "Not there."

"Yes," she said, joining him. "This man showed them how to do it. He had a brand-new idea. Once he showed them—some technical architectural language I can't remember—all the experts agreed that of course it could be done."

"I'd like to know how!" he challenged. "Who planned it?"

"My brother. Did you know him?"

He frowned, trying to remember. "No," he replied finally. "Was he at Yarnell when I was? I don't remember him in any of my classes."

"He was at Anzio."

Anzio! The word screamed in his mind. The hot stinking smell of it, the roar and thunder of it, the blood and sweat and carnage of it—that was the classroom they'd shared.

"He did not come back," she said quietly. "His name was Jim."

"That's when Ivan went away."

She nodded; there was a silence. "The dam will be built?" Ted asked.

"Yes. Now that the war is over. There have not been enough men available to do it yet."

He thought, I'd have finished school by now and perhaps become national champion. Jim would have had his dam built.

"We were very close, Jim and I," Clare said, her voice low. "There was only a year's difference. We played together, had the same friends. We finished together, were a mixed-doubles team, swam, and—"

Her lips were trembling, and instinctively Ted put his arm around her. "He must have been a great guy," he said, "and a smart one. Go ahead, cry, if it'll make you feel better."

"No, the crying is over." She forced a smile. "Let's go where there's music, Ted. Soft music."

"Sure."

They went out, his arm still around her, and he realized that Clare McNally had become a most important part of his life. As important, in another way, as tennis and tomorrow.

THE ball came to him off the Reilly kid's racket fast and true, and he raced cross court to reach it. Reilly, stocky and a savage hitter, pounced

on it, made the return confidently off his backhand, came in to the net.

Lob, Ted's mind instructed. He lofted the ball high, but Reilly went back with it, following it like a hawk following a small bird in flight. Then he struck, fiercely, and the ball shot past Ted.

"Game and set for Mr. Reilly," the umpire called out through the applause. "Mr. Reilly leads, one set to none. Change, please."

THEY paused under the umpire's ladder chair for a moment's rest and to wipe the perspiration away, goggle a mouthful of water. The kid spit the water out, grinned.

Ted thought, He's good; for one so young, he's awful damn good.

The ball banged into the box and out for an ace. Then, on the next exchange, Reilly got him on a dink. He garnered two points, but so did Reilly, and it was the kid's game.

Ted held his own service, so did the kid and it was two-one. They changed courts again.

In the middle of this second set the pace and pressure increased, and he knew he'd have to stay with it or crack. This was it. Pat Hanford, sitting there in the shade, watching. The bid to go south with the troupe—with the world's top tennis players—might be won this afternoon with a victory over Reilly.

Stroke, stroke, stroke. Drive, drive, drive. Eyes glued to the ball, feet dancing, the racket a rapier. . . . NOW! A smashing volley from the half court and the ball blazed by the kid for point and game.

"Four all."

Four all and Reilly serving. He must not let the youngster know that his breathing was beginning to come hard from far down inside him as he gasped for that second wind, and that his legs were tightening.

Ah, that one felt good, good! Right on the button. Look at him try and reach it! But, by Judas Priest! he does reach it. The ball streaked past Ted for fifteen-love.

The kid hit out on the next one, a flat service, and Ted failed to handle it. He handled the next one, though. His breath jammed in his throat as he drove forward. The return.

There was the ball, wafting over his head. A lob. Deep. He turned, raced back after it. Caught it. Bit into it. The kid threw himself into it at the net and Ted was helpless as the ball flashed by him. Deafening applause, for Reilly, rolled down.

I'm tiring fast, Ted thought. The cotton was thick in his mouth. His legs were wavering as he awaited the service; his lungs were pounding.

Reilly's bat swished. Ted blocked it. Drive, drive, drive. . . . Ted was chasing the kid from corner to corner, and the kid was chasing Ted. Who'd error first? He couldn't think about that, except way back in his mind. Concentrate—watch the ball! And then he stumbled, so slightly no

(Continued on page 66)

Kiss The Blood Off My Hands



A LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION • READING TIME: ONE EVENING

BY GERALD BUTLER

Bill Saunders believed in just one thing: the survival of the fittest. Then he met the kid and was forced to believe in her. This powerful novel of the regeneration of a violent and amoral man was published in the United States at the demand of thousands of G.I.s who had read it in England.

Illustrated by Lawrence Butcher

BY the time I've been blotting up beer for a couple of hours, any fellow who starts anything with me is crazy. Maybe I hit him a bit harder than I meant, or maybe he hit his head as he went over, but he looked like a chap who would want plenty of jab, and that isn't the way he looks as he's on the floor. He looks damned still. Come to think of it he looks too damned still.

The whole pub had dried up like a scab. Nobody did anything. Doing anything was up to the bouncer. But the bouncer was on the floor, and didn't look as if he would be doing anything for quite a time.

"You certainly caught him one," someone said.

I swung round fiercely, but the sucker shrunk away. "What the hell's the good of hitting 'em if you don't hit 'em?" I asked.

People had backed away, and a ragged circle had formed itself around us. A fellow got down on his knees, put his hand inside the bouncer's coat and held it there. He got up looking scared. "He's not breathing."

Then somebody whispered, "He's dead!"

"You killed him, mister," said somebody.

As I turned on him to shut his mouth, somebody from the other side of the room said "Fetch the police!" I stopped just an inch from the first fellow's face. This was a sucker's place to start another scrap.

I turned for the door. It was ten yards away from me, with two fellows right in the way. But the place was hot, and there was no more time for talking. I went for the door with a rush, knocking the two mugs over. I pulled it open and dived into the street.

I turned right, heading as fast as I could up a side street. As I came to the corner there was a shout behind me, and the clatter of people running.

I had turned into a long street that had no turnings out of it until you got right to the other end. Before I was halfway up it, a knot of people were round the corner trailing me. I was gaining fast, with a fifty-yard lead, but a copper strolling along on his beat took up the chase a bare twenty-five yards behind. I got to the end of the street and ducked to the left.

I found myself in a main road. A bus was just drawing away from its stopping place, and I jumped on it. But I hadn't got a good enough lead. The conductor saw the hounds just coming round the corner. He put up his hand for the bell. I gave him one in the belly, and jumped off into the gutter as the bus checked speed. I had gained a bit; there was nearly a hundred yards now between me and the panting crowd behind.

I ducked down a side street and ran like a madman for two or three more streets. Then I rounded a corner and saw a girl going into a door. I shot up the steps and reached the door just before she shut it. Pushing it open again, I slid through and slammed it behind us.

The girl took one quick, bewildered look at me, and made up her mind. Darting to a door on the right of the hall, she put a key in the lock, pushed the door open, snatched the key out again, and went to shut the door in my face. But I was too quick for her. I pushed her into the room and closed the door behind us. She gaped at me, too surprised to say anything.

"Keep quiet or I'll smash you up," I told her.

The noise in the street came closer. The crowd were running around in circles, shouting. They must have guessed I had ducked in somewhere. There was a bit of talking, and then they were hammering on the door that I had come through. I got hold of the girl's wrist and turned it a bit, and brought my other fist close to her face. "Better keep quiet," I whispered.

I heard the front door being opened.

"Anyone just come in here?" a voice panted.

"Who do you want to see?" a woman's voice asked.

"We're looking for a man who was trying to escape. Must have come into one of these houses."

"Are you suggesting that this house is run for the benefit of people who are trying to escape?"

"Didn't anyone just come in here?"

"Certainly not! The ideal!"

The front door shut with a bang.

The girl was still standing quiet. By the light from the street lamp I looked round the room. It was a sort of everything rolled into one. There was a bed, and an armchair, and a gas ring, and a washbasin.

I let go her wrist. "Go on keeping quiet," I told her. I went over to the window and looked out. The place was clearing off now. I drew the curtains carefully and put on the light.

The girl was pretty. Her eyes were bright, and somewhere around her mouth there was a curious tilt that made her look all the time as if she was just going to smile. I wished to hell she was a man. You can sock a man to teach him to keep quiet, but with a girl that would just be asking for noise.

"This isn't a push around," I said. "Don't be scared."

"Who are you running away from?" she asked.

"Don't ask me questions," I said. "Keep quiet."

"What if I don't?"

Somehow I wouldn't have liked to have smashed that kid's face for her. I tried to keep the thing friendly. "I was just running away from a fellow," I said.

"Seemed to me as if that fellow was a dozen fellows."

I grinned at her. "You're right, kid. There was at least a dozen, and I didn't want to see any of them."

"Very interesting!" she said. "And now I suppose you will have to be tearing yourself away?"

I shook my head emphatically. "You've got it wrong there, kid. I wasn't thinking of pushing off just yet."

She raised her eyebrows, acting. "Indeed? And how long were you considering extending your stay?"

"Don't poke me," I said. "I'm staying here the night, and you had better get used to the idea."

"Charming!" she exclaimed, and moved suddenly



towards the door with her hand up for the handle. She was a quick mover, but I caught her just in time.

I flung her round onto the bed, and put my hand on her throat.

"Listen, kid," I said. "If I've got to choose between getting out of this room now and doing something that will make you keep quiet, I don't go out, see?"

For the first time she looked a bit scared. I took my hand off her throat; the flesh was red. I must have pinched it more than I meant. "You're going to be all right," I told her. "You just carry on as if you had never seen or heard of me."

Her eyes were fixed on me, as if she was trying to size me up. Then at last she appeared to have made up her mind. She rolled her body half over on the bed, and turned her head away from me.

I switched off the light, and sat down on the floor in the corner. The house was quiet, and it was quiet now outside. The hue and cry had died right down, but the odds were they would still be snooping about somewhere. There wasn't much doubt about that bouncer. He'd got the look all right. That was just his bad luck, but it might turn out to be mine. I had got to watch out that it didn't turn out to be mine.

I WOKE up at the sound of milk bottles being put outside the front door. The kid was still asleep. I prodded her. "I want to talk to you," I said.

She sat up, rubbing her eyes and yawning.

"Do you live here alone?" I asked her.

"I thought I did."

"Anybody come to get the breakfast or do the room out?" I asked her.

She shook her head. "I am afraid I can't offer you service."

"Stop poking me," I told her. "I'm not in here because I like the place, or because I think I can stand you for long. I'm here because I've got to hide up for a bit, see? And you're going to help me! What do you do all day?"

"I work at Benny's," she said.

"Who's Benny?"

"Benny's is a shop. I thought everyone knew that."

"I'm different," I said. "I've only been in this town a couple of days. When do you have to go to work?"

"I leave in about an hour," she said.

I lit a cigarette and gave her one. We sat there smoking, facing each other. "What about some coffee?" I asked her.

I tried to puzzle her out as she made the coffee. She filled two cups, handed one to me, and then sat down in the armchair. I sat on the edge of the bed.

"Look," I said. "Let's get this clear. I've got to hide in here until those mugs have stopped looking for me, see? Now, you're a good kid, but all the same, what was to stop me bashing you up last night? Nothing! But I didn't do it, and do you know why? Because—"

She cut right in on me. "Don't trouble!" she said. "You seem to imagine that as long as you go on using this ridiculous bullying language, I shall be forced to do exactly what you tell me. Now look at it this way. You came bursting in here last night, scared out of your wits, and for some reason which I cannot for the life of me explain, I allowed you to stay. Here you still are. And here, apparently, you hope to stay for a few more hours. Well, just let me point something out to you. I am due at work very soon. If I don't turn up, they will think I am ill and one of my friends will come running round in the lunch hour. Then you will have two people to deal with. Also, if you keep me here against my will, I can scream any moment I choose to, and soon have someone rushing in."

She took a gulp of coffee, then went on quickly. "The alternative is for me to go out, and you to stay here. Would I trust you? Yes, I think I would. For one thing, if you had come here to steal, you would have done it by now. And for another thing, I think it would be rather amusing. Do you know why? Because it would really be you who was having to trust me. All day long you would be saying to yourself, 'I wonder if she has told anyone yet. Are the police on their way yet?' I think that would be very amusing, don't you?"

I went on gaping at her for a minute. "You've got a lot of talk," I said finally, "but where do you think it gets you? I don't ask for favors, I take them."

She didn't answer. She just looked. I couldn't remember ever seeing a girl so sure of herself.

"Are you telling me, kid, that if I let you out of this room you're going to squawk?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I didn't say so."

"Okay!" I said.

IT was dark when she came back. As she opened the door, I got behind it and bunched up my hand ready to fix anyone who came in with her. But she was alone. She plonked a bundle of newspapers on the bed.

I started to go through the papers.

It was there all right. There hadn't been any mistake about him. There never is when they look like that. Three of the papers had got it on the front page, and they had painted it up good and hard. I read the accounts through carefully.

I was a dago. I was a sailor. I was an all-in wrestler. I was almost every damned thing, and the fight had been the hell of a fight.

I turned round to the kid. "Did you see about this scrap where the dago slogged the barmian?"

"Oh, yes," she said.

"And this other one where the dago was a sailor?"

"What do you mean?"

I grinned. "Perhaps the one you saw was the one where the sailor was an all-in wrestler?"

She came over and faced me. "Go on," she said.

"Go on? I was just gossiping about the day's news."

She gave me a strange, searching look. "In half a dozen papers there's more news than one fight in a pub. How long does it take to get from there to here?"

I tightened up. "I don't know what you're talking about!" She went on looking hard at me. I cursed myself inside. But trying to fool her wouldn't be like fooling any ordinary person. I shrugged my shoulders. "So long!" I said. "Thanks for everything. You're a good kid."

She didn't answer. I walked off quickly out into the night. It was good to be on the move again. There didn't seem much to worry about. Those papers had changed the look of things. In the excitement, nobody had taken a careful look at me. Every paper had a different description. There certainly wasn't a single one that would help anybody to recognize me.

It was going to be a stinking night. I felt like sleeping out, but the weather didn't fit. I came to a big square where every building seemed to be a hotel, not the kind that want to see your luggage, but the ones that grab you with open arms if you've got the six-and-sixpence. I turned into one of them and rented a room. Then I went out to look for a feed.

Just off the square there was a restaurant that looked quite cosy. It was rather crowded, so I sat down at a table where there were four seats but only two of them taken. The two men at the table were sitting smoking cigarettes over their empty coffee cups.

I was just starting the meat when one of them said something that made me sit up with a jolt. He was talking about the slogging I had given the bouncer.

"I wonder if they've caught that bullying lout who did it?" one of them said.

Bullying lout! I put down my knife and fork. My hands bunched up and tightened, and my teeth came together with a snap. But I stopped myself in time. They might think I had an interest in the thing if I did that.

"You know the pub, don't you?" said one of the men. "It was the one just round the corner."

I nearly choked on my beef. Like a fool I had gone round in a circle and come back to the one spot in this town that was likely to be unhealthy.

I paid the bill and left the restaurant quickly.

WHEN I got up in the morning and looked in the mirror, it was a ragged sight. I hadn't shaved for a couple of days. And my suit was looking like hell.

As soon as I had eaten breakfast, I left the hotel. Turning in the direction opposite from the restaurant where I had been the evening before, I walked briskly for a mile or more, feeling that one of the first things to do was to get clear of that district. The next thing to do was to get a spruce-up, so I dropped into a barber's shop and had a shave.

After I had paid for that, I counted my money and found I had just over seven pounds. That was not much of a reserve, and it would need building up pretty quickly. The town was a stranger to me, and so far I hadn't had time to find out where the money hung around. It seemed to be time for taxi-riding, which was always good for several quid a night in any respectable town. But my suit was looking like hell, and if you are going to do taxi-riding you've got to look the part.

I decided to invest what money I had in getting myself a bit of flash. So I bought a suit, a shirt and a tie and I put them on. All I needed now was a guide-map of the town and a bit of darkness.

I found a park, and sat down on a seat to study the map. Taxi-riding was a good way of getting started in a new town, but I had always believed in playing it on a sound geography basis. If you don't do that, there's a risk of doubling back on your own tracks, and getting off just where the cops are on the lookout. So I fixed the layout of the main streets carefully in my mind.

At dusk I moved off to look for the flash streets. By the time I reached them it was properly dark, and I strolled

along until I came to a taxi-rank. About twenty yards ahead of the front taxi I ducked in a doorway.

Soon enough a fellow who said mug all over him came along. He told the driver where he wanted to go, and got in, and the cabby started up his engine.

Just as it was about to move off, I was alongside the cab, opening the door and grinning like a long-lost friend. "Hullo, old man! Where have you been hiding yourself?" I asked cheerfully. The mug gaped.

"I'm afraid . . ." he started, but I covered it up with "Right you are, carry on, cabby!" and slammed the door behind me. The cabby drove off without looking round twice. I was looking the part all right.

"You have made a mistake," the mug was starting, but I shut him up. "Listen!" I said. "Did you ever go to the pictures and see one of those nasty films where the sucker slumps out of a taxicab like a lump of dung? That's what happens to you if you don't keep quiet. This is just to show you!"

I short-jabbed him in the face, and then clamped my hand quickly over his mouth.

"Turn out your pockets!" I told him.

He shook like a jelly and pulled out his note-case. I grabbed it. Then I brought my right fist over in a lovely jab. He sagged on the seat like a lump of nothing. I shoved the note-case in my pocket, and rapped on the front window. As the cab slowed down, I opened the door and put my head out to catch the cabby's attention before he looked into the cab. "Drop me here—the other fellow's going on to where he said," I told him.

Before the taxi had quite stopped I hopped on the curb and slammed the door. "Cheerio, old man!" I shouted.

I dropped into the first bar I came to and ordered a drink. I pulled the mug's note-case out of my pocket. There was five pounds ten shillings in it.

I marked on my guide-map a black circle round the spot where I had got out of the taxi. That was the beginning of the evening's danger-zone. Any time now special snoopers would be hanging around that area.

Walking briskly for ten minutes, I picked on another taxi-rank. After a couple of hours' work, there was close on twenty pounds in my pocket.

THE next day I strolled and looked at the people, and looked at the shops, and looked at everything there was. Finally I went into a picture house to waste a couple of hours. They were playing a film about a fellow who was always bottled, and who kicked his wife around all the time, and in the end she died, and he was so fed up about it that he shot himself. It didn't seem to make sense, because as far as he was concerned she had just been a bitch anyway, and he could have gone on drinking all the better without her clogging the place up. But a woman near me started snivelling away so loudly I had to move my seat, because the bitch in the film had a face that reminded me quite strongly of the kid, and it was annoying to have people snivelling at it, when they had probably never even seen her.

Just why my mind kept dropping back to her I couldn't make out. She was certainly so much less of a nuisance than the usual female that she stuck out a mile. But I didn't know her name, and I doubted whether I could find that house again in a hurry, and anyway I didn't go in for seeing the same woman twice.

When I came out of the picture house it was raining, so I ducked into a bar to get a drink. I picked up a paper that was lying on the bar, and started to look through it casually. Something caught my eye: "Your money does best at Benny's" and then there were pictures of hats and coats and a lot of other things. I looked at it hard, and then I remembered where I had heard the name. I tore out the bit about hats and coats.

Getting on for seven in the evening, I was arguing the toss. There was no harm in being a sucker for once in a while. You could count on one hand the fellows who had done themselves any good with seeing the same woman twice, but what the hell? I pulled the bit of paper out of my pocket and looked at the address.

Round at the back of the place there was a small door with a notice over it saying "Staff." I took up a stand outside there and settled down to wait. After about ten

minutes, they came tumbling out in a heap. Suddenly I saw her appear at the door. I said, "Hullo!"

She looked a bit bewildered. "Oh! You again! What do you want now?"

"Nothing, kid. I've just come to say hullo."

"Hullo, then," she said, and went to move on.

I started walking along beside her. I was wondering what was the way to play these parts. It's easy to handle them when they're being a nuisance, but what you do with them when they're no particular nuisance and there doesn't seem to be any point in talking to them anyway, takes a bit of getting used to.

We had only gone a few steps when she stopped, turned round and faced me. "Let's get this straightened out," she said. "I don't run a hotel for lost sheep."

"That's all right, kid. I'm not looking for any hotel, I just came along to say hullo."

"Well, now that you've said hullo, what is supposed to happen next?"

She knew how to make it awkward all right. If it hadn't been her, I'd have smacked her face.

We walked on a bit, and then she said, "Must you walk along beside me?"

"Listen, kid," I said. "I'm not trying to cut in on you, but I thought of going to the races on Saturday, and if you care to come along, I don't mind a bit."

"Really! That's nice of you, but as I shan't be coming, you won't have anything to mind about either way."

"You don't get me, kid," I said. "What I mean is that if you come along to the races with me, it'll be okay."

"That's all right," she said. "If I don't come it will be okay with me. Now do you mind leaving me?"

She walked off quickly. I ducked into a pub and had a few beers, and felt as if I'd like to slam somebody.

ON Wednesday night I tried her again. She was still showing how to make things awkward. "Do I have to call a policeman?" she asked.

"What for? I'm only talking to you," I said.

"Exactly. But I don't want you to talk to me. If you insist, I shall have no alternative but to call a policeman. Of course, I could also interest him with an account of how you forced your way into my room, and he might even be interested in knowing the part you played in that brawl in the public-house. . . ."

"Shut up!" And then, in a quieter voice, I said, "You've got hold of the wrong end of the stick about that night. If you've been thinking all this time that I—"

"I haven't been thinking about you at all."

"Stuff up the clever talk," I told her. "Let's just get this one thing clear. I wasn't the fellow who slogged that poor chap in the pub. I was there, but it wasn't me who slogged him. The chap who did it bunked, and the rest of us lost our heads a bit and thought it wiser to clear off quick before we got caught up in trouble. I just happened to be the one they chose to chase. Did those descriptions in the paper sound like me?"

I knew that last question was a winner.

The kid was standing looking at me. Suddenly she spoke. "I'd like very much to believe that."

And before I had sorted it out and made any meaning of it at all, she was around the corner and out of sight.

THREE nights running now I had walked back to her front door with her, and she didn't seem to mind. And I didn't seem to mind either. Somehow the feeling of mug-with-a-woman soon left you, when it was her. I asked her what about eating with me somewhere. She said she didn't mind.

She ordered some fried fish, but I told the waiter to bring chicken, and to make it big helpings. "Let's celebrate," I explained.

"What are we celebrating?" she asked.

"We're celebrating that you're not turning your back on me any longer," I told her, "and that I don't feel a mug hanging around you any more."

She laughed. "You've got a funny way of putting things," she said. "What's your name, anyway?"

"Use Bill," I told her.

"Is that all there is?"

"There's a Saunders after it."

"And what do you do?" she asked, looking at me.

"I just get around," I said.

"Get around where?"

"Different places."

"Doing what?"

"Different things," I said.

"But how do you earn your living?"

"Any way that happens," I said, and grinned at her.

"I believe you're ashamed of your job," she laughed.

The waiter brought the chicken and we tucked in. When we had finished it, I told the waiter to bring some apple pie and cream. I gave her a cigarette, and when I had lit it she took it out of her mouth and the lipstick showed all red on it.

"You certainly keep yourself dolled up!" I said.

She laughed. "You wouldn't like me plain and unadorned. Wait until you see me first thing in the morning."

"You've got a rotten memory," I told her, and she laughed again.

We lingered over our cups until she said it was time to go. It was funny how the time slipped by with her. She was nice to look at, and was altogether a change from the sours you usually knock up against.

We walked back together to her front door.

"Good night," she said. "And thanks for the meal."

"There's some races on Saturday," I told her.

"I hope you enjoy them," she laughed. "Good night!"

AFTER the races, we sat over tea until the tea was cold and it was getting dusk outside. "Bill," she said suddenly, "why did you bring me here?"

"I don't know. I just wanted to, I suppose."

"Do you always bring a girl with you to the races?"

"This is the first time," I said.

She laughed. "Don't lay it on too thick."

"Come on," I said. "We had better get the train back home."

We walked to the station. By now there were only a few people waiting about for the train. It looked as if there would be a dozen carriages to choose from, with only a person or two in each.

I looked down at the kid. It would be a pity for her to get ideas into her head that she might not like, but at the same time I couldn't tag along with her forever and let everything slide.

The train came in, and a fellow who looked like a pretty good mug got into an empty carriage. "Come on," I said to her. She climbed in.

The train started to move. I snuggled into a corner of the carriage, with the kid opposite me. She looked very tired, and she shut her eyes. I glanced at the fellow in the car corner. He looked a mug all right.

I asked him casually, "Been to the races?"

"Yes," he said. "Have you?"

The kid wasn't taking any notice. She must have dropped asleep. She looked tired out.

"Yes," I said. "Did you do any good?"

He nodded. "Yes. I backed three winners."

This was a mug all right, a mug who advertised the fact. I shot another look at the kid, but she was asleep sure enough.

I pulled my three cards out.

"I've had a pretty bad day," I told the mug. "I got watching a fellow doing the three-card trick, and I couldn't resist having a bet or two, but he was too clever for me. So in the end I asked him if he would sell me his cards, because I felt sure there must be a trick about them. But they are just plain cards."

I handed them to him. "I show you the three cards face upwards," I explained, "then I turn them down on the table. You have to pick up the lady if you can."

I took them back and threw them down together on the seat. Then I picked up one of them and looked at it. I laughed. "I can fool myself all right," I said.

I picked them up and threw them down once or twice, pretending to be puzzling the thing out. After a bit I said, "I think I've got it. See if you can follow it."

I did it twice, with him guessing, and he got it wrong once and right once. "Let's do it in style," I said, and pulled out a pound note.

The mug said, "All right, but I warn you I have got pretty good eyesight for this kind of thing."

I showed him the cards, then threw them down, and he guessed the one in the middle. I pointed to the right-hand one. "I think it's this one," I said, and turned it up. It was the queen. I collected his pound. "Bad luck," I said. "Double or quits?"

"All right—just once," he said.

I threw the cards down, and watched his face. The queen had had the corner turned up the time before, and I'd got it turned up again this time, and I thought I saw his eye fasten on it. Sure enough, he pointed to the one with the corner up. I handed him back his pound.

I threw the cards down again. He pretended to be puzzled, then he pointed to the one with the corner turned up. But I had fooled him, and as he passed his pound back again, his puzzled look was a real one.

I went through the thing again, and he was wrong again. I'd got him on the run now, because he was avoiding the one with the corner turned up, and that was the queen again now. But he wasn't such a mug as I'd thought.



Suddenly he pointed to the queen. Then he got it right twice more running. He was picking on pure chance, and the luck was running with him. He was four pounds up, and he suddenly said: "That's enough. I don't want to go on taking your money."

"Go on," I said. "You haven't finished yet."

"No, really," he protested, "I feel that I'm in luck and that if we go on I shall only win more and more."

"Go on," I told him. "Put your money down on the seat and we'll play for it."

He frowned. "What do you mean?" he asked. "I am perfectly entitled to stop playing if I want to."

The train was beginning to run into the outskirts of town. I had not reckoned on it working out like this. Anyway, there wasn't much time left, and I should have to deal with this mug, because he seemed to think he could sit on the money. "Bring it out," I said.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," he said.

I hadn't got time to argue. I cracked my fist into his eye. He slobbered over as if the end of the world had come. "Cough it up," I said. "Mine, and yours too." I put my hands towards the pocket where he'd put the money. He put down his hands to stop me.

I let him have it hard. As he crumpled up on the seat there was a scream behind me. I spun around, and there was the kid awake, with a horrified stare on her face. "What are you doing?" she gasped.

I turned away from her. There wasn't any time to talk about it now. I put my hand into his pocket and pulled out the money.

"Bill!" she screamed. "No, Bill!"

I turned round towards her. Suddenly she put up her hand and pulled the communication cord. I grabbed her arm, but it was too late. I felt the train check speed. I threw her back on to the seat and for two pins I'd have smashed her up. "You interfering bitch!" I said.

She looked as if she would like to spit at me. If it hadn't been her, I'd have kicked her in the guts.

The train was just on stopping. I got hold of her wrist tightly, and with my other hand I opened the carriage door. As soon as the catch was undone, the weight of the door swung it back and wide open.

"We must get out of this," I said. I got hold of her and planted her on the edge by the open door. "Don't wait until it stops. Jump now. Try to land on all-fours, and jump as hard as you can or the door may catch you."

She jumped and I jumped after her. But the jolt of the train being brought to a standstill jerked the door forward, and as I sprang, I caught my head on the edge of it, and I spun round in the air and landed on my back. For a moment I lay there dazed, but only for a moment. Doors were opening, windows were dropping down, and heads were popping out all along the train.

I pulled myself together and looked round for the kid. She was standing a few yards away from me. I dived for her and grabbed her arm. "Come on, quick!"

As we made off across the rails, the lights from the carriage windows picked us out, and we heard shouts from behind us. The guard was coming along the train, and he spotted us and started to chase us. Pulling the kid behind me, I ran as fast as I could tug her.

We came to the top of a sudden slope, where the ground was banked up for the rails. "Jump!" I shouted, as I saw the signal wires just in time.

We scrambled down the slope and came to a wooden fence about four feet high. I looked quickly both ways, but I couldn't see an opening in it.

"Over you go!" I said. I lifted her up and sat her on the top of the fence, and then lifted her legs up and pushed them over, and gave her a little shove. Then I pulled myself up and scrambled over after her.

When we got a few streets away, I pulled up to give the kid a rest, for she was panting hard. "As soon as you've got your breath we'll get going again."

"Wait a minute. Do you think I'm coming with you?"

"Don't start any argument," I told her. "You've been enough nuisance for one night."

Then she suddenly burst out in a fierce, hating voice: "You've been enough for ever!"

I felt the sting of her hand on my face, and I put up my hands instinctively. But there wasn't any scrap. She had turned on her heel and was off already, walking quickly down the street.

"I CAN'T pretend that I didn't know you were a tough guy. I was fool enough to allow myself to be attracted by that. But I thought there was something decent underneath. Now I know there isn't. You're nothing but a cheap, bullying hooligan."

It hangs around as if she'd said it yesterday, instead of three weeks ago. It hangs around and gets inside me.

She's looking up with her eyes stone-cold, and turning away and refusing to talk.

She's coming up with a girl friend on either side, and getting them to walk with her all the way home.

She's giving me the slip by dodging out of the customers' entrance.

To hell with her. "Give me another beer, miss!"

No woman's going to make a mug out of me. No woman's going to have me mooning around over her. No woman's going to have me minding what she thinks about me:

"Give me another beer!"

The damned streets. You get sick of wandering round the streets, looking at men with women on their arms. The whole place is cluttered up with them. Slab-faced bitches they are, too. Only mugs would hang them on their arms. Only a mug would hang any woman on his arm.

"Give me another beer!"

I had talked her into letting me stay in her room that first night. I had talked her into coming to the races. She was clearly a girl you could talk into things. If only there was some place I could get her, where she couldn't turn her back and walk away . . . I suddenly wondered why I hadn't thought of it before.

The next morning I walked into Benny's.

A man who looked as if he were just ready to bury somebody came forward. "Can I assist you, sir?"

"Beat it," I told him. "I'm just looking round."

I started to wander round the place. There were hundreds of women selling things and buying things, but I couldn't see the kid. I walked round the ground floor, and then went upstairs, and then up more stairs. I was just beginning to think I had drawn a blank when I saw her. I walked over to her. "Hullo!" I said.

She looked up. I had never seen her look quite so furious. "What are you doing here?" she asked.

"I've just come to talk to you," I said.

"You can't talk to me here," she said. "Go away! I shall get into trouble if I'm seen just talking to you."

"I'll go away if you'll promise to meet me tonight."

"Certainly not!" she said.

"Then I'll stay here until you talk to me," I said.

A woman who looked like some kind of a superintendent was taking a lot of interest in us. "All right," the kid said, "I'll meet you outside, but go away now."

I WAS waiting outside the store when she came out, and she walked straight up to me. "Well?" she asked.

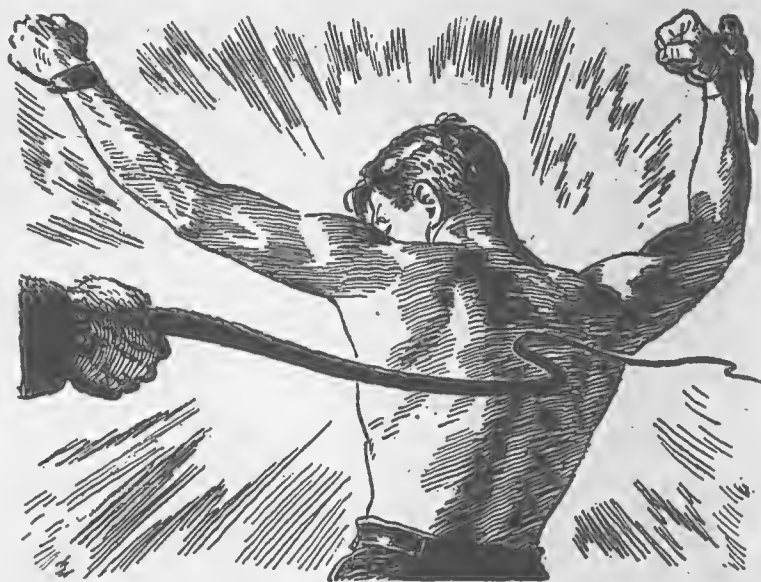
"Let's walk along," I said.

We walked along, while I tried to think up something to say. She didn't seem to want to help me out. "You don't seem to have much to talk about," I said.

"I thought it was you who wanted to talk."

"So I do. But I just want to talk the way we used to—not about anything special, just talking."

In a stony-cold voice she said, "There's nothing I want



to talk to you about. I'm only talking to you now because you took a mean advantage of me in the shop and forced me to. I might have expected that of you. There's nothing a man like you wouldn't stoop to!"

"What do you mean?" I asked. "If I want to get you to talk to me, don't I have to think up a way?"

She stopped and faced me. I stopped as well. Her face was hard, without any friendliness. "You needn't trouble to find a way where I'm concerned," she said. "I never want to have anything to do with you again."

"Why not?" I asked her.

She spoke slowly. "Because you're just a despicable, bullying thief, and I loathe the sight of you!"

She turned to walk away, but I grabbed her arm and pulled her back. "Wait a minute," I said. "You can't say that just because you once happened to see something which wasn't meant to happen, and which anyway you weren't meant to see."

She looked me straight in the face and said, "I'd been blind about you. But in that railway carriage I suddenly saw you as you really are. You're rotten."

"But you didn't see it all. He was buttoning up with my money. I didn't hit him for the sake of it—I did it because I had to. I don't hit anybody for the sake of it—I only do it when it's the only way to get along."

"Other people get along all right without that."

"Listen, kid! That's the way I've always got along, because it's the only way I know. And it's a fair way, isn't it? I don't gang up on people, do I? There was one of me and one of him. There's always only one of me. That's fair enough, isn't it?"

"Quite fair," she said coldly, "except that you happen to be about twice as strong as most people, and you make good use of the fact."

"Oh, hell! Can I help that?" I asked her.

She looked down at the pavement. "I never want to see you again."

It suddenly went through me that she meant it. I suddenly knew that here was something I couldn't snatch. Here was something that I wanted, and it was going; and I couldn't just take it, because it wasn't that kind of thing. "Don't be like that about it, kid. You don't understand. There's always been just one of me, and that's the way I've always wanted it. But not now. I've never cared a damn about any man or woman before. But I'm different about you. I don't know why, but you get inside me in a way that I didn't know anything ever could."

I stopped. And then a hell of a thing happened. Without any warning, she suddenly leant towards me, and put her face down against my coat and started crying.

I DIDN'T know what to do. I wished she would stop. You can't stand in a street with a girl crying on you. I shook her. "Shut up doing that."

"Oh, Bill," she sobbed, "why can't you be like everyone else? Why can't you earn a respectable living like . . . well, like the men who work in Benny's?"

Suddenly the whole place seemed to swim. I could see that high-collared slop bowing over me in the shop that afternoon. I could see all the mugs in the world. I could see a few shillings being handed out at the end of the week. And here was a snivelling bitch trying to hook me into that.

I pushed her away. "You go to hell!" I said.

Without another look at her I strode off down the street. My head was tight inside. I started to tremble. I clenched my hands and then I loosened them and then I clenched them up again. You wanted something, and then it turned out to be muck. You wanted something, and then suddenly you didn't want it any more. But you did really. You wanted it, but you wished it weren't what it was. You wished it were different so that you could want it without wishing you didn't want it.

To hell with it all! A man had to learn to keep out of a slobbering jam like that. A man who let himself get tripped up by a bitch was just a pile. Not me. But it was different. This wasn't the usual. This was in your head. This was something that made you want to tear yourself in half and get it out of you.

I walked on, street after street, getting in a sweat. I could have slammed that kid's face in if I had it here. I could have slammed anyone's face in.

I went round a corner full tilt, and a fellow in evening-dress came slap into me. I pushed him back and swore at him. I looked at his face and the kid's face swam in front of my eyes. This was the kid. So I hit for the sake of hitting, did I? Okay. I took a quick step forward, and drove my fist into that swimming mass of eyes and nose and mouth. The man staggered back and I let him have all I'd got. He went down on the pavement with the blood streaming out of his face. "Bullying thief, bullying thief!" the words went through my head. I picked him up on to his feet again, and as he swayed there, I drew back and put the whole weight of my body into a smash that sent him sagging down like pulp.

Suddenly I heard the shrill pipe of a police whistle. I looked up, and there a couple of hundred yards away was a copper running. I dropped to my knees by the side of the man and felt quickly for a wallet. I found it, and pulled it out and shoved it into my pocket. As I got to my feet the copper was getting close. I turned in the opposite direction and ran like a hare.

But it wasn't my lucky night. As I went across the street, a car came flashing around the corner and I couldn't get out of its way. I felt the sickening thud of it against me. I knew I was spinning in the air. And then the street went round and round and I couldn't stop it.

I SAT alone in that room and told that fellow he wasn't so much of a mug. He might have kicked in, so the coppers had told me. But he wasn't going to. But it was bad enough. The copper said he had seen me beat the fellow up. They had found a woman who said she had seen it out of the window. The mug's wallet was in my pocket. It was bad enough.

I looked around the cold stone walls. How much would they give me? Three months? It would pass pretty quickly. But it might be more. I couldn't remember the kind of lot they were likely to hand out. You play your luck so hard, and it lasts so long, that you get to thinking it can't flop. The jab is for the others, you tell yourself. Somehow you'll manage to get by. And after a bit you don't worry any more. But here it is, just the same. Here it is, and this time it's you.

The day of the trial I stood in the dock in that gloomy court, while they all went through the thing over and over again. At last they get to the end, and the judge pushes out his little lecture. "You have been found guilty of a despicable, brutal crime. You should consider yourself extremely lucky that you are not at this moment being tried for murder . . ."

His croaky voice goes on and on. But the silence in the rest of the place begins to give you the creeps. I looked this way and that. Suddenly I tightened. My eyes were fixed on him and my ears were listening hard.

" . . . and to receive," he was saying slowly, "ten strokes with the cat-o'-nine-tails."

I looked at him, and he was looking me straight in the eyes. That's what he said. I looked at him hard. Yes, that's what he said.

Suddenly the dead silence was broken by a voice, a little sobbing cry. I snatched my eyes from the judge and looked up to the gallery to find her.

God knows how she got there, how the hell she knew. But there she was, with her lips trembling and her eyes all soft. I felt the strength draining out of me, as hands took hold of my arms and led me away.

AS the thing swished through the air behind me, instinct made me try to move forward to soften the blow. But the frame I was tied to made it impossible. I was fixed there stiff. I heard the dull clatter of it on my back. For a fraction of a second that was all. And then a searing pain went through me. I caught my breath. My back was on fire. It throbbed and echoed with pain.

I clenched my teeth together. Ten of those. That was one. Nine more of these to come. By God, they knew the way to hurt. This wasn't hitting. It was just plain torture. My mouth was dry, and I breathed quickly.

Again. For a moment nothing, then I was wrenching at the cords round my wrists in a frenzy of pain. It shot through me and into me, tearing madly at my whole body. The blood came roaring through my head and I was half blinded. The wall in front of me was swaying.

No more! No more! Oh, God! Keep quiet! Never mind your back, never mind that god-awful pain, keep your teeth together. Let them apart for a second and you'll shout. Oh, God! Anybody would. Keep them together. Harder. Tighter. Bite, you fool. Bite!

Again. I tear at my wrists like a madman. Just give me one smash at this swine and I'll stop him. I'll kill him. I'll kill them all. I'll tear them to pieces.

My hands won't come. I tear and strain at them until my wrists start to bleed, but they won't come. The blood comes trickling down my arms, but the pain is all one with the rest of me. I'm just all shapeless pain.

Again. Oh, God! Doesn't it stop anywhere? Do I have to stay tied up here while they kill me? Let me get away. Let me give it to them like this. Anybody. Now. Let me get hold of somebody and tear the bloody guts right out of him. Just like they're doing to me.

Again. No, shut up. Bite, can't you? Teeth together. Tighter. It can't go on. It can't get any worse. It's just all throbbing, tearing pain. Come on. Harder.

Was that it again? It's all the same now. It's all one great big stabbing pain. They never stop. It's like this always now. On and on. Just waves of burning sweat and blood. But less and less. Like the wall in front of you, less and less and less.

They've stopped. Have they? You can't be quite sure, because it feels just the same now, whether they go on or whether they stop. But they must have stopped, they're letting my wrists and feet loose. And now they're hanging on to me, to prevent me from slopping on the floor.

SOMEHOW or other the winter came and dragged right through and went, and some of the pains became aches, and one day there is somebody to see me. "Your first visitor," the warder said. "A lady."

So she'd come, had she? She'd come to say "I told you so." She'd come to put her eyes all over me, and look for the marks and make sure I was sorry.

"I don't want to see her," I said.

He started to walk away. I called him back. "Just a minute," I said, "where do I see her?"

"This way," he said.

I followed him, and suddenly there she was. I fixed my eyes on hers and looked right into them. I was watching for "I told you so," but it didn't come. She looked at me softly and simply, as if everything were natural.

She smiled. "I've been meaning to come all the time, but somehow I haven't. You're looking fine, Bill."

"So are you," I said.

She looked me straight in the face and said, "I've been doing a lot of thinking since that day in court. Will you do me two favors?"

"What are they?"

She hesitated, and then she said, "First, will you forget what I said that night in the street when I cried? And second, will you let me make some plans?"

The warder came and motioned that she had to go.

"See you again soon, Bill," she said.

"Good-bye," I said. "Thanks for coming, kid."

SHE came many times after that. Gradually it became clear she was trying to fix up something for me to do when I got out. When I first tumbled to this, I shied off the idea fast. She was sticking her nose too far into my business, and I told her so. But she looked so disappointed that I had to ease up.

Then one day she arrived bubbling with excitement. "I've got everything arranged," she said.

"Let's have it," I said, getting ready to laugh. But when she told me, it was even too much to laugh at.

"I have an old aunt," she said, "who lives in the country and sells eggs and butter direct to people. And she has promised to give you a job. She doesn't know anything about you, except that you are a friend of mine. I have told her you are arriving from abroad. It's not that I'm ashamed," she added quickly. "Of course not, Bill. But she is rather an old-fashioned old dear, and I thought it might be best if I told her that."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, Bill," she said, "she has got an old car for bringing the produce into town and delivering it round the houses. She has to have someone to drive it. And the man she has now wants to leave because he is going to set up on his own, and I thought perhaps you could do it. You see, Bill, you would be out and about, and you wouldn't feel cooped up at all, and it might be rather fun."

"Me and eggs," I murmured to myself.

"Oh, but, Bill, it just happens to be eggs. It might be anything. And anyway, I have told her about you, and she'll be expecting you. You're not going to let me down about it, are you, Bill?"

I hesitated. Her eyes were shining. You couldn't just bluntly say no to the kid when she was so happy.

"I'll think about it," I said.

HER aunt was a middle-aged woman with a face that looked as if she could be a nuisance if she didn't get her own way. "So glad to see you, Jane," she said to the kid. Then she turned to me and gave me a friendly smile.

"This is Mr. Saunders," said the kid. "Bill, this is Mrs. Wharton, my aunt."

It was pleasant and cosy inside the house. The parlor table was set with cups and saucers and plates, and in the middle was a big plate piled high with bread and butter.

Mrs. Wharton put a teapot on the table, and sat down. "Come on, you two," she said. "I expect you have developed country appetites already."

We all got going on the bread and butter. Out of the cupboard she produced some homemade jam. Then she said, "Well, Mr. Saunders, so you have just come back from Canada?"

I looked straight at her. "That's right," I said.

"What were you doing out there?"

"Oh, different things," I said.

"You see, Aunt," the kid said quickly, "Bill's been getting a kind of general experience out there, turning his hand to anything and everything."

"Yes, that's right," I said. "Nice place you've got here," I added, to get the subject changed.

Mrs. Wharton's face warmed. "You like it? It wasn't much when I came to it, but it is gradually beginning to be quite a good little chicken farm. I first started off with only a handful of chickens, and I used to sell the eggs to some friends near where I used to live. They liked them, because they were getting them so fresh. They began to tell their friends and I found myself being asked for more and more. So I got more chickens, and then more customers came; and now it is quite a little business. I have an old car, and Jeff, a man from the village, has been doing all the delivering."

The kid had been through all this until I was sick of hearing it, but she wouldn't have liked it if I'd stopped her aunt from talking.

Mrs. Wharton went on. "Jeff is going to leave me now. But I expect Jane has told you all this."

I nodded. "She has," I said.

"Well . . ." Mrs. Wharton looked at me inquiringly.

Again the kid jumped in. "Bill would love it, Aunt."

"I'll do it," I said.

"Will you? I'm so glad," she said, "because it is so necessary for me to have a man I can trust."

I quizzed her, but her smile seemed natural enough. I smiled back. Not many people had trusted me when they had any choice about it. I suddenly liked the old girl.

"When do I start?" I asked her.

"As soon as you like," she said.

I SPENT the whole of the first week trundling round with Jeff, packing up the layout of the customers. Whether they were due for a delivery or not, we went round the whole lot so that I would have an easier job finding them next time on my own.

I didn't like the look of Jeff much. As we drove along he kept asking questions about what I had been doing, and often I had to hold myself in pretty tight to stop myself from shutting his mouth up for him. In the end I had to invent a way of cooling myself off. Just as I felt my fist buckling up tight, I would shut my eyes. Just for a moment I would look at the kid, with that tilt on her lips and that softness in her eyes.

But on the last day of Jeff's week, something happened. We had been taking it in turns going up to the doors of the houses. Gradually Jeff had been sending me up to the houses where they wanted eggs, and for himself he had been picking out the houses where they didn't seem to want any. I asked him why he troubled to go to the door if he knew they wouldn't be wanting any. "Isn't the idea just to show me where they hang out?"

"Yes, but there's no harm in making sure."

I started to watch him more carefully, and as he was talking to the woman at one of the doors, I saw him hand her a piece of paper. When he came back to the car, I asked him what it was.

"Nothing," he said. "I don't know what you are talking about. Let's get going."

I took the ignition key out of the car so he couldn't start it. "You wait here," I told him.

I went up to the house he had just come from, and knocked on the door. A woman opened it. I said, "I'm working for Mrs. Wharton who sells you eggs."

She smiled. "Oh, that's all right. The other man has just been, and he told me about the change of address."

"He told you about what?" I asked.

"He explained that Mrs. Wharton was moving, and gave me the new address to write to when I wanted eggs."

I felt myself tighten all over, and the weals on my back started to tickle. "That's all I wanted to know." I got back in the car. "Get going," I told Jeff. "What's the matter, Bill?" he asked nervously. "Shut up and drive on. Back to the farm." "But, Bill . . . it was only a joke," he started. "Shut up. Drive on and keep your mouth shut." My hands were bunching up and I was tight all over. What did the kid expect me to do about this?

We drove on into the country. By the side of the road I saw a big pond. "Stop here," I told him. The car shuddered to a standstill. "Get out."

"Don't think you can order me about," he said.

I didn't wait to argue. I took hold of his wrist and twisted it so that he yelped. Then I opened the door and dragged him out into the road. "Listen, you," I said. "For two pins I'd smash you to bits, but you're in luck today. You're in luck because you're dealing with somebody who isn't quite having his own way about it, see? But this will cool you off a bit!"

I bent my knees and ducked a bit, pulling his arm



quickly forward and shoving my shoulder under his armpit. Then, holding his arm down tight in front of me, I straightened my knees with a jerk and let go of his wrist at the same moment. He went sailing through the air and landed smack in the middle of the pond.

ON Sunday I saw the kid. We had arranged to meet halfway, on the edge of town. I got off the bus and walked up and down. Finally the bus with her in it came along. She stepped down on the ground, smiling eagerly. "What's the programme?" she asked.

"Anything you like," I said.

"Walking's cheap," she said.

It was a lovely day, bright and shining, and for nearly half an hour we walked without hardly speaking at all. At last we came to where there was a little stream by the side of the road, with a rickety wooden bridge over it. The kid stopped. She hoisted herself up on the side of the bridge. I jumped up beside her.

"Well," she said, "how's the job going?"

"It's going all right," I said.

"Is that all you have to tell me about it?"

So then I told her about Jeff. When I had finished, she turned to me. "That's true, isn't it, Bill?" she said. "You didn't hit him, did you?"

"No. I did what I told you, that's all."

She looked at me softly, and then I felt her hand rest on mine, and she said in a quiet, steady little voice, "I'm glad you didn't, Bill. I think he deserved the pond."

"He deserved more than that," I said. "He deserved smashing up, good and hard."

But she shook her head, and her hand pressed ever so slightly down on mine.

"Eggs is pretty worried about it," I said.

"Eggs?"

"Your aunt," I said.

"I suppose she's worried in case Jeff has been trying to steal a lot of her customers?"

"Just let me catch him on the job again," I said, "and I'll give him something to remember."

The kid looked very serious. "Do be careful, Bill," she said. "However much he deserved anything, the police are not going to be any too eager to believe your side of the story."

I searched her face and wondered. Not for anyone else had I ever stopped pleasing myself. Yet now, with the kid, it almost seemed like pleasing myself to be pleasing her. I searched her, but it was hard to decide what it was. Just the up-tilted nose and the soft eyes and the mouth with that curious twist at the corner which made you think she was going to smile any minute.

"Like some tea?" I asked her.

"If you can wait until we get back to my room, I'll make you some there," she said.

We went on the bus into town.

I looked around her room with a smile. It was a long time. The room looked just the same, with the bed she had lain on all night in her clothes, and the corner by the door where I had dozed. As my mind went back to it all, I felt uncomfortable.

"I didn't hardly think I'd be coming again," I said.

She said, "No. That time, I didn't think so either."

There was something about the place that butted in between us. We both seemed to feel ill at ease, and I was glad when she made the tea, so that we could sit down and have something definite to look at. We finished our tea in silence, but I could sense that she was still thinking about that night. It seemed to be growing, looming up like a cloud. As we sat there, we both knew that we were both thinking about it. So much had happened since, she knew so much about me now. That one evening back in the past couldn't matter any more. But that wasn't true. A man had died that night because I had hit him. She didn't know that. That was the one thing she must never know. That was the one thing she would never be able to forgive.

She started to talk about how nice the walk in the country had been. But the talking was stiff, and I felt I wanted to go. Not back to the farm yet—but just to get out of this room. There wasn't any hurry to get back to the farm. Sitting out there in the evenings, with the deadly quiet all round, was a thing to give you the shivers, and I knew that very soon I would have to get myself somewhere in town to sleep. And it might turn out that in a different room this peculiar something wouldn't come pushing itself in between us.

"I'm going to get myself a room in town," I said. "I can drive the car in with a loadful in the evenings, and then I'm all ready to start delivering the next morning."

"But why not wait a little while?" she suggested.

"If I'm going to do it, I might as well do it now."

I knew the reason, and she must have been able to guess the reason too. If I had a room in town, I could see her in the evenings. And I wanted somewhere to see her apart from this room of hers.

I got up. "I think I'll be off," I said.

She was standing there close to me, with her face looking up into mine. Something went stabbing through me, and I wanted to take her and grab hold of her. I didn't quite know what to do with her. I put out my hands and held her very gently by the shoulders.

Suddenly I kissed her on the mouth. I kissed her lightly, just touching her, as if she were something fragile that I didn't want to spoil. And then, without knowing why, I turned round and walked out of the room.

THE next time I was in town with the car, I drove to a cheap district and found a room. It was a scruffy place, in a dirty-looking house, but it was somewhere to sleep. A few doors along the street there was an alleyway, where I would be able to leave the car at night.

I met the kid on the following Sunday. We drove through the suburbs and soon shook off the town. Out in the quiet country I brought the car to a stop on the grass edge by the side of the road. She spoke. "It's lovely here, isn't it?"

I nodded. "Let's get out and stretch our legs."

We strolled through an open gate and into a field. A footpath wound its way toward the far side of the field, and there the ground became broken with gorse bushes, like a heath. The sun was soft on our faces, and the quiet country sounds played in our ears. We followed the path. It was narrow, and she kept brushing her short-sleeved arm against mine.

The footpath led us to a stile, set in a low hedge. I helped her over. She was light and lovely, and as I handed her down on the other side, I followed her with one high stride and didn't take my hand away. My fingers were round the soft of her arm, just above the elbow. I could feel the flicker of a tiny nerve, and my hand felt weak and uncertain.

"Let's sit on the grass," I said, my voice strange.

She sat down. Then she let herself fall gently backwards, her head on her hands, her elbows out. I dropped



down beside her, but the ground was sloping slightly, and as I lay I rolled towards her.

We were very close. Her face was so close that I could see the texture of her skin. Her eyelashes drooped down lazily, her mouth was just apart.

The blood in me quickened and warmed. I moved closer still, so near that she was almost out of focus. Carefully, I eased my left hand behind her neck and closed it on her shoulders. And then, with a sudden surge, I kissed her mouth. The warmth and the softness of her went into me and through me, and I pressed her mouth to mine in a long, fierce clasp.

I felt a hand pressing me up, and she broke away, gasping. "Bill!"

I moved my lips softly across her face, touching her cheeks, her eyes, her tiny ears. My right hand went down to draw her closer to me.

I pressed my mouth to hers again. And suddenly the two of us were melting into one. Suddenly everything dimmed and shook, and everything else in the world had disappeared.

THREE nights later, when she came hammering on my door, with all that blood on her hands and that awful horror in her eyes, I could have killed myself for ever letting her out of my sight.

For over an hour she couldn't tell the story. She just shivered and sobbed. And when she managed to tell me, it was a slow, jerky story that tore itself out of her with an effort that hurt to watch.

She had gone home from Benny's in the ordinary way that evening. She was nearing the house when a man caught up with her. "I want to talk to you," he said.

She started to walk on quickly. But he kept up with her, and then moved right in front of her to bar her way. "I think you had better talk to me," he said.

The kid blazed up. "How dare you stop me like this!"

"It's about Mr. Saunders," he said.

Curiosity got the better of her. "What?"

He smiled. Looking at him, she saw a man of thirty or

so, neatly dressed, with the nastiest pair of shifty eyes she had ever seen. "You knew, I suppose, that your friend, Mr. Saunders, was a murderer?"

The blood drained away from her head. She fought to tell herself that she had not heard properly. "I don't know what you are talking about!"

"Hasn't he told you about it?"

"Told me about what?"

"The police, I am sure, would be very interested to hear all about it." He sighed. "I suppose one day I shall be tempted to tell them."

She listened, fascinated. When? How? Who? It couldn't be true. Hitting, hurting, yes—but not murdering, not making somebody die. No. That wasn't true. "There must be some mistake!"

The man smiled. "Perhaps it would be just as well if I gave you a few of the details, just to convince you that what I say is accurate." He motioned with his hand along the street. "There are better places than this for talking about such private things. Wouldn't it be better if you invited me to your home?"

"PLEASE say what you have to say, as quickly as you can," she said, when they had entered her room. He sat down. "It was a long time ago," he said, "but that doesn't make very much difference. The police are very persistent, unforgiving people."

"You mean . . . you are from the police?"

"Good gracious, no!" He laughed heartily.

"Then—who are you?"

"Oh, just someone who happens to take an interest in you and the murd—I beg your pardon!—Mr. Saunders. Mr. Saunders—the same Mr. Saunders whom you were with on Sunday and the Sunday before, and with whom you are getting along rather well, killed a man three years ago."

"He didn't! It's not true!" Her mind was flashing back and counting. Three years. That would be the time. Her heart beat faster. "This accusation you're making—when was it exactly?"

He pulled out a little leather note-book, and flipped the pages over quickly. "It was on March the second, to be exact," he said. "Actually three years and a few months ago. At ten past seven, in the public bar of the Three Crowns in Dáne Street."

That was the night. She had remembered the date, as people remember birthdays. The man had died—it had said so in the papers. And she had always known. She had pushed it away and away, but she had always known. But not murder. The man had died, yes, but that didn't mean murder. It must have been an accident.

The man settled himself more comfortably in the chair. "On that particular evening," he said, "I happened to be having a drink with a friend in the Three Crowns. Mr. Saunders was there. It is apparently a place where they are accustomed to have—er—trouble now and again, and one of the barmen was a retired pugilist, employed partly for his skill in removing people who became a nuisance."

"On this particular evening, Mr. Saunders was making himself a considerable nuisance to another customer, having attempted to settle an argument by picking up his drink and emptying it into the other man's face."

"The barman was fully capable of dealing with such an incident. However, Mr. Saunders—as you probably have noticed—is a man of unusual strength. Moreover, he does not wait to be hit first. Before we knew what was happening, there was a crack that went resounding round the whole bar, and the barman was on the floor. Dead."

"Go on," the kid whispered.

"Mr. Saunders knew trouble when he saw it. He made a dash for it and got away. He was a stranger in that bar, and nobody knew his name. I imagine the police didn't know whom to look for, so after a while they gave it up as a bad job."

"But you knew his name?"

The man shook his head and smiled. "Not at the time."

"Then . . ." Desperately the kid clutched at the straw.

"How do you know it was him?"

The man wagged his forefinger at her reprovingly. "As I have told you before, I always concern myself with

facts. In the course of my profession, I frequently drop in at the courts so as to keep *au fait* with what is happening on the irregular side of life. I happened to be doing this three months later. Imagine my surprise when I saw Mr. Saunders in the dock."

"But that was nothing to do with murder."

"Exactly," he agreed. "I realized that the police had not connected the two things, and that after he had served his term of imprisonment I should be able to enter Mr. Saunders on my list of Open Accounts. Incidentally, I saw you in the court that day. It was a very touching little scene. I have kept a casual eye on you ever since, realizing that you would probably be a useful method of keeping in touch with him."

She had been standing. Now she went over to a chair and sat down. She felt limp and helpless. Everything fitted. It wasn't a mistake. She had always known. "Are you going to tell the police?"

"My dear young lady, please don't think that I would do anything so thoughtless. If I had any wish to do that, I could have told them after I had seen him in court. No, I want you to look upon me as a friend."

"What do you mean? What are you going to do?"

"Nothing at all. I am sure that Mr. Saunders is a very charming man, that you would be upset if anyone else came to know about this. And so should I."

"But . . . why did you come to tell me this?"

"Business is business," he said. "I have to live, and times are hard. I know that Mr. Saunders is not earning very much, and that you are only getting three pounds five per week. I do not believe in being grasping. I should think that, until times improve for you both, a pound a week would be just about right. I shall give you an address to which it is to be sent."

She gaped at him. "You mean you are asking me to pay you money not to tell the police?"

He spread his hands out in a deprecating manner. "Money! Why, it is so little, you won't really miss it at all. And think how nice it will be to know that your little secret is in safe hands!"

SHE thought she was going to faint. She struggled to keep sitting upright, to keep from screaming. She had to face this thing without losing her head.

"Why didn't you go to Bill—I mean Mr. Saunders?"

The man shrugged his shoulders. "I was strongly tempted to do so, in the hope that he might be persuaded to steal, and in that way be able to pay more. But in the end I reluctantly decided against it. You see, I have observed Mr. Saunders in action. I realize that he is a powerful man, with possibly a quick temper. No, I know I can rely on you not to tell him about this, because he would almost certainly try to put me out of the way, and in that case he would be hanged."

From his pocket he drew a small piece of paper and a pencil, and started to write. "This is where to send it," he said. "I shall expect it every Saturday, starting next Saturday. If it does not arrive, the police will be looking for Mr. Saunders by the Monday."

"I won't do it!" said the kid. "You daren't do this. You daren't go to the police—they wouldn't believe you!"

He laughed. He got up. A nasty leer came into his shifty eyes. "I might, of course, change my mind," he said. "I might decide that the thing to do is to tell the police tonight."

She caught her breath. "No!" she gasped. "Please! No!" She went quickly to him, and caught hold of his arm pleadingly. He looked down at her.

"Sometimes," he said, "in dealing with my more attractive clients, I am encouraged to keep my secret by a little friendliness on their part." He tried to put his arm around her. "Mixing business with pleasure is always a good idea."

She pushed him away. "Get out, you filthy beast!"

The smile went. He walked over to the table and picked up his hat. "Very well," he said. "Mr. Saunders will be arrested before the night is out!"

A sickening chill went down her. A pounding started in her ears. As he moved toward the door, she ran and clutched hold of him. "No, you mustn't do that! I'll do anything you say, but please don't do that!"

He put his arm around her, and this time she didn't dare to move away. "Don't look so worried," he said softly. "You're far too pretty to worry."

A feeling of sick despair came over her. As her head went spinning round and round, she could only remember that she had to keep this man from telling. He mustn't go out until he promised not to tell. There would be some way out later, but she needed time to think. But now . . . keep him here.

His arms were closing round her. He put his mouth on to hers, and she felt the clammy sucking of his lips. She wanted to retch but she couldn't. He kissed her again and again, and although her mouth was set and hard, he seemed to find satisfaction in it.

He took his mouth away from hers, and stroked her forehead, fondled her hair. She must play up to him. Get friendly. That was the way to gain time.

She forced herself to smile. "Gracious!" she said. "You squeezed me so hard you took my breath away!"

He let go of her and stood away, his leering eyes enjoying the look of her. "That's more like it! You're prettier than ever when you smile."

He sat down on the edge of the bed and lighted a cigarette.

She glanced at the clock. "Isn't it getting late?"

He patted the bed beside him. "There's no hurry," he said. "We were just beginning to get along nicely."

"But I'm frightfully tired, really." She had to get him out of the room while they were still friendly. Then he wouldn't tell—not yet, anyway. She went over to him, crushing down the loathing, making a tremendous effort to smile. She took hold of his hands and tried to pull him up on to his feet. "Come on."

He sat there, his hands in hers, looking up and down at her. Then he tightened his hands. Slowly she felt herself being pulled nearer to him. Suddenly, with a quick twist, he let go of one of her hands and jerked the other towards him, so that she turned half round and fell across the bed by his side.

He bent his face down towards hers. She tried to sit up, but his arm was holding her down. She wanted to scream, but she dared not. All she could remember was that she had to keep him from telling.

She felt his hands were crawling over her like lice.

Desperately, she wriggled herself free and broke away from him, pushing herself up from the bed and almost jumping to the other side of the room. There she stood panting, terrified, waiting for him to come at her.

But he didn't get up. He stayed there, his eyes cruelly enjoying her. Then he turned his head away, and lay on his back looking up at the ceiling, waiting. "You had better come back to me," he said. "I have told you what will happen if you don't."

SUDDENLY she saw him clearly, as something that stretched across her future like an endless pain. In a passionate spasm of frenzy she turned round quickly to the shelf behind her and picked up the first thing that came to her hand. It was a wire toasting fork. Gripping it tightly, she rushed across the room and struck at him blindly.

It was a puny weapon against him, but just as she brought it down, he turned his head and saw her, and brought up his hands quickly to protect himself. His hands caught the stiff wire handle and pushed it upwards, away from his chest. But he only altered its course. It came down with all the strength that terror gave her, and the prongs went straight into his throat. As he felt the stab of pain he tried to scream, but it changed into a gurgling cough. A spurt of blood came out of his neck, while the fork fell sagging down, still held by his flesh. She watched him struggle up to a sitting position on the side of the bed. His tie and his collar were all red. His fingers were pawing at his throat, and his face was working horribly. He tried to get up, but he swayed and went down on the floor. The whispering gurgle was coming from him all the time, as with one hand still clutched to his throat he tried to crawl across the floor.

For a moment she stood there watching him, stiff and unable to move. And then, white-faced and taut, she rushed from the room.

SHE sat shivering in my room, with her eyes fixed straight in front of her. I tried to soothe her. I washed her hands. After a time she stopped shivering, and gradually some of the fixed look went out of her eyes.

It was eleven. She had been here getting on for two hours, and she was steadier now. It ought to be safe to leave her for a little while. "Just sit here quietly," I said, "and don't leave the room. I shan't be long."

I looked for her handbag, but she hadn't got one. She might have the key of her room in her pocket, but I did not dare to ask her, because she might want me to explain.

I went down into the street, and walked swiftly in the direction of her room. I wished I had her key, but if necessary I would have to find a way of getting in without it. If the man was not dead, I had got to kill him. There was no doubt about that, no choice. He would be hanging like a black cloud over both of us for always. I walked quickly. How I was going to get into the kid's room without the key, I hadn't yet decided.

But I need not have worried about that. There were people standing in the street outside her house, a dozen or twenty of them, in separate groups of two or three, like the last remnants of a crowd that has mostly moved away. They were talking together, and looking at the house.

I put a cigarette into my mouth. "Got a match?"

The man I asked nodded, and brought out a box and struck one for me. "Hear about the murder? They just took the body away. Wasn't half a gory one, too."

"Where did it happen?"

"In this house here. The landlady found the body in the hall. She reckons he'd crawled out of a room on the ground floor and then pegged out. A girl did it. At least, it was a girl's room where it was done in, so it was probably her that did it."

"He didn't say?"

The man looked at me pityingly. "How can you say when you're dead?" he asked.

I moved on. So he was dead when they found him. He didn't do any telling first. But what difference did that make? They would be looking for the kid.

What I had to do was keep my head and think straight. Unless she had been followed—and that seemed out of the question, because they would have burst in on us before I left there—it did not seem likely that the police would trail her to me. The kid's landlady had never seen me. Benny's would be their first kickoff, and that would not lead to me. While she stayed in my room and kept out of sight, she was as well hidden as she would be anywhere. They would look for relations. I pulled up sharply in the middle of my stride. I had suddenly remembered Eggs.

They would try to trace the kid through her.

I went stone-cold. For the first time in my life I was plain frightened.

EGGS opened the door of the farm house with a candle in her hand. "Come in! Is something wrong?"

"It's about the kid—Jane. She's in a jam."

"Well, tell me what it is," she said.

I hesitated. "It's not easy to explain, Mrs. Wharton. It's going to be hard for you to understand."

"Don't talk in riddles!" she said impatiently.

She had to know. "The police are looking for her."

For a moment she looked horrified. But then the practical side of her came out on top. "What do they want her for? What do they imagine she has done?"

"They want to arrest her for killing someone."

"Killing someone?"

"Yes, killing someone," I repeated.

"But . . . by accident?"

"The police won't look on it as an accident. They are much more likely to call it murder."

The colour went right out of her face. She took hold of the mantelpiece, as if to stop herself from swaying. Gradually she pulled herself together, and then said in a firm voice, "Tell me all about it."

"I can't exactly tell you all about it," I said. "But the point is that it wasn't the kid's fault."

"Of course it wasn't! But tell me about it."

"I'd rather not explain it all now," I said. "I want to

get back as quickly as possible. The reason I came straight on here tonight was because I wanted to put you on your guard. It's just possible that the police may come and ask you questions. If you've got any faith in the kid and want to help her, don't breathe a word about me and her."

I moved towards the door. "I must get back," I said. "I'm leaving the car here. If I keep it anywhere near me in town it might give them a clue."

She was looking so upset that I put my hand on her shoulder. "Let's hope for the best. I'll find some way out of it all."

IT was nearly four o'clock by the time I dragged myself up to my room. The kid was on the bed, still in her clothes, but fast asleep. I remembered the last time I had slept on the floor, with the kid fully dressed on the bed. That time it was me. This time it was her. That time it hadn't mattered, but this time it was her.

She was safe as long as we could keep her presence in my room a secret. But she would not be able to hide here indefinitely. As soon as the hubbub had died down a bit, I would get her right away.

I put the kettle on and sat waiting for her to wake up, thinking what a mess I had got her into. Here she was, wanted for killing, the kind of person who would not willingly have hurt a mouse. And it was all because of me. She did it because of me. Yes, by God! There was no arguing out of that. All right; then what happened from now on was up to me too. We were in it together now. It was both of us or none of us. Let them come for her, try to take her, and I would kill them and go on killing them as long as there was anything left in me.

She was stirring now. She opened her eyes and looked at me in silence. Then she looked at the door, and the window, and all round the room, and quickly over her shoulder at the wall behind her. Then her hand went up to her throat. "What is going to happen?"

I stood up. "What is going to happen is that you're going to have a cup of tea."

"No, Bill. I must go . . . I must do something!"

"Try and ease up, kid. You're not going to do anything just at the moment except have a cup of tea."

I poured out two cups of tea, and took one over to the bed and held it out to her. She took it. Then I put a cigarette into her mouth and held a match for her. Together we sipped our tea and smoked in silence.

"I wonder if I killed him," she said at last.

It was no good keeping her in the dark. "You did."

The hand that was holding her cup jerked a little, but her voice was strangely steady as she said, "Why do I feel so cold and collected? How can I kill someone and then feel so calm about it?"

That's the way it sets in sometimes. I hoped it would last. "It's the best way to feel," I said. "If you can keep yourself from going off the end, we've got twice the chance."

"Twice the chance of what?"

"Getting away."

She shook her head. "How can I get away? They will arrest me. They are bound to find me soon, and then they will put me in prison for it—or hang me."

"They don't hang you for killing slugs like that," I said. "If you told them what happened, they might even let you off." I thought for a second or two, and then said, "It might be the best way—to give yourself up. You'd be taking a chance on what they did; but if you don't you'll be taking a bigger chance in getting away. Give yourself up and tell them everything."

We were looking straight at each other. I knew what it meant, and so did she.

"You know I couldn't do that, Bill. If I started to tell them anything, I would have to tell it all. And that would mean giving you away." She shook her head. "No—even if they catch me, I can't tell them."

"But I got you into it," I said. "You mustn't worry about me. You must do what's best for yourself."

She shook her head firmly. "I couldn't do that," she said again. "I should lose everything in the world if I did that." Suddenly she clenched her hands and trembled. "Bill—I daren't get caught! Do you think . . . do you think it is possible to escape?"

"It's not only possible—we're going to do it," I said. "If we're in it together, you and I can do anything! I don't believe they'll trace you here at all, and in that case the best plan is for you to stay hidden in here for at least a week, while the excitement dies down a bit. By that time I'll have everything mapped out, and before you know where you are you'll be miles away, where nobody knows you, where nobody will ever find you. Leave it all to me, kid."

She looked at me softly now, trustingly. Even her eyes did not say anything about it being my fault.

I WENT down into the street to get a paper, to see the way it was shaping up. I bought three different papers, then unfolded one of them. Something hit me in the face, sending the blood right down into my toes and starting the weals on my back tickling like mad. I stood gaping at it, wanting to put my fist straight through that sheet of paper. It was something I had not counted on, and it squashed into pulp all my cocky ideas about getting the kid away to safety.

In the middle of the page was a big photograph looking out at me with soft eyes, nose tilted, and a twist of the mouth that made it look as if she was just about to smile.

"THE POLICE WANT TO INTERVIEW THIS GIRL."

I gaped at it, with my heart pounding, and the fury rising in me. The hell they did!

I could have got her away, right away off the map, where nobody knew her and nobody ever would—but not now. Not with this damned photograph. This few square inches of paper had bitched the whole thing. Now the whole blasted place was full of amateur detectives. Now every snooping fool in the country would be peering at all the faces he could find. Now there was not even a village where she was not half known already.

They must have found this photograph in her room, and splashed it into the papers in the hope of getting her spotted while she was on the run. But it did not end there. This was just the kind of thing busybodies liked. For weeks, for months, even for years, people would be trying to remember her face, trying to find it. That kind of thing in a daily paper did not die at the end of the day. For ages, that photograph might be part of the tablecloth in thousands of homes. Wherever she went, it would be hanging over her head for years, for ever.

I looked through the other two papers that I had bought, and they both had the photograph. Millions of people were vaguely looking for her face.

I chucked the papers over the railings into an area. It was no good taking them back and letting the kid see them. Then I went and bought a stock of food.

Back in the room, she was standing looking out of the window, searching the street. I dropped my parcels on the table, and grabbed her by the wrist and pulled her quickly back. "Don't be a fool!" I snapped.

"But, Bill... no one knows me in this street."

"Everybody knows you!" I said, without thinking. But she picked the words up quickly.

"What do you mean—everybody knows me?"

I tried to cover up. "I mean it's safer to behave as if everybody knows you. Then the people who do know you won't get any chances."

She wasn't satisfied. The sudden temper I had shown had made her smell something. "Bill, you are hiding something from me. Did you get the papers?"

"Oh, I must have left them in the food shop."

"Didn't you read them? What did they say?"

"Nothing much. Said you had disappeared."

"But Bill—you are keeping something from me."

It was no good starting an argument. I took hold of her with my hands. "I looked at them very carefully," I said. "There was a photo in them all."

"A photo? You mean a photo of me?"

I nodded. "It's very like you," I said.

"But... that means they are absolutely certain to find me! Bill, it means I can't go anywhere without being recognized. It means there isn't a chance!"

She was trembling now, and I thought she was going to

cry. But she took hold of herself surprisingly. "Bill? Can you see any way out of this mess?"

I fondled her and looked into her eyes. "I'll find a way, if it's the last thing I ever do, kid."

"But what can you do, Bill? There's nothing you can do. You can't undo what has happened."

I shook my head. An idea was forming in my mind. "You can't change what has happened," I said slowly.

"but you can change some things."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

The idea was hammering through my head now. "People have changed. It wouldn't be the first time."

She shook me. "Bill, what are you going to do?"

"Give me time, kid," I said. "I've got a plan."

I WALKED down the street. Before the sight of that photograph in the papers, her chance had seemed to lie in getting far enough away and living as a different person. But now, that was not enough. She would have to look a different person, too.

But what about her? A girl with a face like the kid's—what would she say if you took it away from her? It was not treating her like a person, a human being. It sounded like turning her into a parcel you faked up so that you could smuggle it through the customs.



But if not—what else? She could never be safe any more, as long as she had that face. She would have to realize that there was no other way out. They could do it in a way that would make it not matter so very much to her. They could give her another nice one.

Who was this "they"? Who was going to do all this? How was she going to get to them? Who was going to stop them from recognizing her? Who was going to make them agree to do it?"

The idea faded backwards a bit, and started to look cockeyed. Why shouldn't a doctor do it? The world's greatest doctor—with a gun pressing into his back. A doctor and a nurse. And afterwards, when everything was all right, then bang! bang! and both of them dead so they couldn't tell.

I jerked myself up, shook off the haziness that was coming over me, pushed the play-acting picture out of my mind. Doctors were out of it. Nothing was any good to her unless it led to freedom, real freedom, the kind of freedom when nobody talks because nobody knows.

It would have to be a straight run, far enough away to leave that photograph behind. A straight run, using all the dark there was, praying to hell that nobody would spot her. She and I, with our heads down, butting right through the middle of everything. That was the only way.

"HULLO, kid!"

She was backed against the wall at the far side of the room, her eyes staring, facing the door as if she thought some horror was coming through it.

"It's me," I said. Gradually, the look of recognition came into her eyes. I went over to her. "Okay, kid?"

Her lips moved. Her voice was so tiny I could only just hear it. "I thought you were never coming."

Her guts were going. God help her, if it wasn't enough to make any girl's guts go. I put my arm around her, and held her tight. "It's all right, kid."

Her lips trembled. "When are they coming? When are the police coming to arrest me?"

"They're not. Everything's going to be all right."

She shook her head slowly. "No, Bill. They *are* coming. I can hear them coming. I can feel them coming."

I shook her. "Get hold of yourself, kid."

"Bill," she said dully, "we'll have to face it. We can't just go on waiting here. I may as well give myself up and have it done with. I think I'll be glad. Anything will be better than waiting here like this."

"No!" I said quickly. "You don't have to wait here any longer. I've got everything fixed up. We are going right away. You and me, right away to start living all over again. We're starting tonight!"

She answered slowly and deliberately: "You're only saying that to try to cheer me up. And it doesn't cheer me up. There is nothing you, or I, or anyone else can do about it. You know that as well as I do."

"That isn't true!" I said, desperately trying to sound confident and calm. "I tell you I've got everything completely mapped out. We start now. Tonight!"

But it just wasn't getting inside her head at all. She was quivering now, and her eyes were blank and meaningless. She was no good to me like this. I needed all the best of her. She'd got to keep her head clear.

I slapped my right palm hard across her cheek. "Kid," I said, "for God's sake get this straight into your head. There is a way out, all completely fixed up, but you've got to be keyed up for it. You've got to trust me. I can get you away, right clear away and safe forever, but only if you are ready to come."

A bit of the something came back into her eyes. It was almost the old kid looking at me now. "Tell me," she said.

I TOLD her about plans I had made down at the port. A sea captain had agreed to take us away on his boat. "He wants the money. He'll be all right."

"But we haven't got the money."

"Yes, we have," I said. "Eggs had it saved up. I have been out there again, and she got it from the bank and gave it to me."

"But I still don't see how we are going to get down to the boat without someone recognizing me."

"It's dark and it's raining," I said, "and we'll be in a car all the way. No one will see you tonight."

"Auntie's car?"

"No. I daren't touch that. We'll take another one."

"You mean . . . steal one?"

"Borrow one," I said. "Three streets away from here there is a big cinema with a car park behind. At eleven o'clock the people all come out. But half an hour before that, there is just an odd person trickling out occasionally. It's about ten now. In half an hour, with your face muffled up, we duck down into that car park and hide between the cars. Then we wait for one of the car owners to come out."

"But . . . why do we wait for the owner?"

I took hold of her shoulders and held them tight. "Now, listen, kid," I said. "Remember we are running away for our lives. If I have to knock someone out, I won't be really hurting him. I'll just be keeping him quiet while we are getting away. Understand?"

She shook her head. "I still don't see why you want to wait for the owner of the car."

"Because we can't add to the risks that we've got to run," I said. "If we just take a car, and the owner misses it and reports it to the police, then the cops may be looking for the car, and they might pick us up on the way to the port. But if we take the owner with us, he won't be able to tell anybody anything."

"But you don't mean you are going to . . ."

I shook my head and smiled. "Nothing, kid. Absolutely nothing. I may just have to keep him quiet; but it's just like boxing—nothing to worry about."

She looked steadily into my eyes. "I leave it all to you, Bill. Just take me away. That's all I want."

WE came to the park. We walked in, heading down between the two closely packed lines of cars.

"Which is yours, sir?" asked the attendant.

"Duck in there between those two," I whispered to her, and pointed. She walked between the two cars.

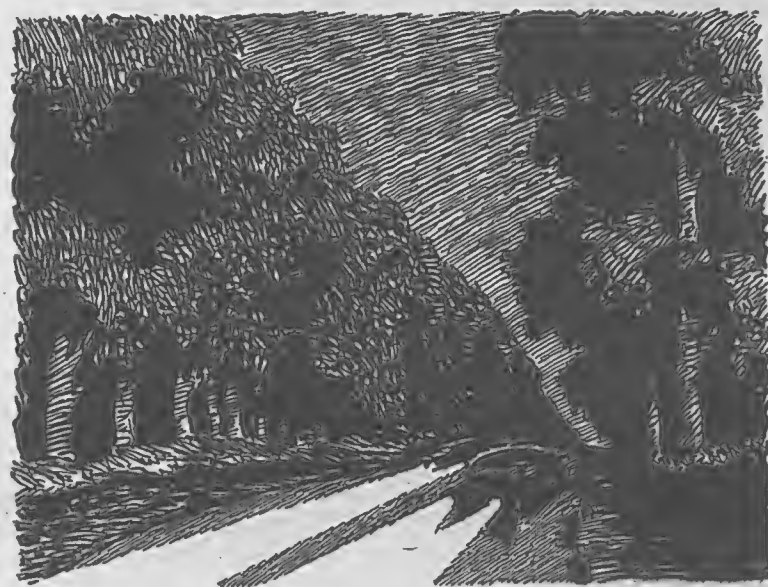
"Have you got your ticket, sir?"

I fumbled in my pocket. "Here it is."

As he moved towards me I clipped him clean and caught him as he sagged. Then I lugged him between the cars, and laid him on the ground.

I went back to her. I put my arm around her and held her tight. "We shan't be long now, kid. Just keep cool and quiet, and remember there's nothing to worry about."

The sound of footsteps was coming from the entrance.



I could see people silhouetted against the street light. By a stroke of luck the very first one was a man alone. He walked across to a car the other side of the park. As he slipped into the seat, I grabbed the kid and rushed her across the space between. "We want a lift," I said.

"I beg your pardon?"

Sitting there, straining his head out of the door trying to see me, his jaw was just right for it. Giving him all I'd got, I shovelled him across on to the other front seat.

"You get in the back," I told her.

Inside of a minute we were heading down the road. It was a decent car, with a nice turn of speed, and I pushed her along as fast as I dared. Within three hours we should be on the wharf, getting into the launch, climbing up the ladder to the boat, shaking ourselves clear and free from everything.

We were nearly clear of the town by the time the man beside me stirred. With her in the back, there was nothing to do but just give him the same clean thing again. I could not risk stopping yet. Holding the wheel with my left hand, I suddenly swivelled in my seat and brought my right arm across at him. He sagged down again, but in the sudden lunge I had jerked the wheel badly over. There was a scream from the back of the car as we shot across the road in a slithering skid. I caught a glimpse of a cyclist wobbling in front of me. Just as the car straightened up again, I felt the jar of hitting him.

"Bill, you . . . you've knocked him over."

Gripping the wheel, I drove straight on without slackening speed. "We can't wait. Keep your head down."

"But, Bill, that car that was standing by the side of the road there. I believe it is coming after us."

"Nonsense!" I said. But in the driving mirror I could see the lights of the car she was referring to. It must have been about two hundred yards behind. It might have seen us knock the cyclist over. It might be following us. I put my foot down harder.

I threw the car fiercely round the next few bends. But still, every time there was a straight piece of road, those same lights were in the mirror. Then suddenly came the dingling clang of a police-car gong.

I set my teeth and stiffened. Of all the impossible

bits of luck, I had knocked that cyclist over in sight of a police car. "Keep your head down," I said again.

The needle went fifty-five, sixty, sixty-five, as we headed along the main road. But still those lights kept coming in the mirror.

"Don't lose your head, kid," I said. "Get ready to jump out and run when I tell you."

They were creeping up. The clang of the gong was right on top of us now. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the nose of the other car level with my back wheels. For a moment I felt almost paralyzed by a blinding fury. As it crept on, halfway beside me now, I wrenched the wheel hard over. There was the bang of a tire, the crash of tearing metal and a scream. And then the whole road seemed to shake and shudder, and things went upside down and we were flung through the darkness.

IN the sudden silence, I sat there dazed, for a few seconds. Dimly a pain was tearing at my hands. Suddenly, clear and cold, I sorted out the scene. The car was right way up again now. It must have turned clean over as we had gone down the bit of embankment from the road. The other car was about ten yards away. It was on its side. No sound came from it at all. The only sound from anywhere was a little moan from the kid.

I tried to open the door, but it had jammed. Reaching upwards, I forced back the sliding roof. The man beside me was dead. I scrambled out through the roof and tried the back door of the car. It came open, and the kid flopped out on to the running board, moaning.

There was no time to be lost. We weren't stopped yet. I took her up in my arms and carried her a few yards away from the car, and laid her gently down on the grass. Then I went quickly back to the car.

We still had a chance. The launch was waiting. This car wasn't ours. This man was a stranger giving us a lift. The cyclist was nothing to do with us, because I hadn't been driving. This smash was nothing to do with us, because he had been driving. I couldn't tell if or how soon the cops would crawl out of that other car.

Standing on the bonnet of the car and reaching over through the roof, I lugged him into the driving seat and pushed one of his arms down through the spokes of the steering wheel. He was the driver, clear enough now.

Then, carrying her in my arms, I struggled up the grass side of the embankment back to the road.

"Bill!" She could speak. She was going to be all right.

I started to carry her along the road. The launch was there. The ladder was there. Nothing could stop us now. "We're nearly there, kid," I said to her.

Behind me, the lights of a car came searching through the darkness. I carried her into the middle of the road, and stood there to stop the car. It slowed, hesitated, came again, then stopped. The driver came out. "Good God!" he said. "Quick, I'll take you to the hospital."

"To hell with the hospital!" I said. "Get in and drive us. I'll tell you where to go."

And then, suddenly, in the glare of his headlights I got a look at her. Her face was red and shiny, and her mouth was strained open. Not like this we couldn't go on. There was just time for a quick pause to get her seen to first. "Take us to the hospital!" I said.

He pulled up outside the hospital, and jumped out and opened the door of the car. I carried her through the entrance and into the hall. White-coated people were coming swiftly at me. "In here."

"I'm not leaving go of her," I said. "Bring your best doctor, quick. Tell him if he doesn't come quick I'll . . ."

"Lay her down on this table. Let me take her."

I tugged her tighter to me. "Nobody's taking her!" I shouted. "She belongs to me! She's mine! Mine!"

But they took her just in time, as the pain came tearing up my arms and the room went muzzy and grey.

I WAS standing, fidgeting restlessly, in a bare room. One of my arms was in a sling, the other thick with bandages. Presently the door opened and a woman came in. "You can see her now," she said.

"It's about time!" I moved towards the door.

"Just a minute, please." She put her arm out to stop me. "Before you go in I want to warn you."

"What do you mean? They told me there was no danger. They told me she could come out straight away."

"So she can," the matron said. "There is no danger. The injuries are only superficial. But I want to warn you before you see her that . . ." She hesitated.

"What are you getting at?"

"I have never seen her before, of course," she said, "but her face has suffered considerably. It is just possible you won't instantly, er . . . recognize . . ."

Her words faded away from me. I closed my eyes and saw the only face in the world, with the gay little uptilted nose and the mouth that was always just going to smile. Was it gone? Had I taken that away from her?

And then the other side of it came banging into my mind. Did it mean that the photograph in the papers was no longer a photograph of her? Did it mean that we could come out of the darkness? Did it mean . . .

I pulled myself back to it. "Give her to me!"

"NEXT time you are making a trip to town, kid, will you try to remember to get me some razor blades?" We were sitting outside the bungalow together in the soft evening air. Before she spoke she lowered her head, fixing her eyes on the ground. "Why not ask one of the men on the ranch to get them for you? I don't know when I'll be going in again."

"I'm not in that much hurry," I said. "I can easily wait till you go again."

"No, I should get someone else to get them for you."

It was strange to hear her talking like that, because one of her greatest pleasures was driving the rickety old Ford into the town. She usually went at least once a fortnight, always making a day's outing of it.

"All right," I said. "If it's too much trouble—"

"Oh, Bill! I didn't mean that. It's just that I don't know when I'll be going into town again."

"But you enjoy it so much, kid. What's the idea in knocking the visits off?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said vaguely.

"Well . . . please yourself, kid," I said. But I was puzzled. "Kid, is there some special reason why you don't want to go into town?"

"You . . . Bill, it's just silly of me. It was only a couple of kids. They didn't mean anything."

"Kids? What did they do? What happened?"

"They were only children. They didn't understand. It was just something they said." She was crying now.

"Who were they? What did they say?"

"They were just two children in the street," she said in a tiny, distant voice. "They were playing as I came up to them. And then they looked up as I got near them, and"—her voice was wobbly—"and they pointed at me and started calling something out."

"What was it?"

She answered in a whisper. "Funnyface."

My hand was on her arm. But until she yelped, I didn't know my nails were biting into her.

"Who said that?" I was almost talking to myself.

"It was only a couple of kids, Bill. It's only my silliness, really. I shouldn't have mentioned it."

"Nobody's going to say things like that," I said.

"Bill—you're all tightened up, the way you used to get! Please—oh, please listen to me, Bill!"

I stood up. "Nobody's going to do it."

But her arms came around my neck, and her eyes got right in the way of mine. "Bill! Don't talk like that. Don't look like that. Bill—you put me in heaven. Please keep me there. Please! Please!"

The tears were still hanging around her eyes. I wiped the two wet beads off her cheekbones with the tip of my little finger. "They don't know what they're talking about," I said. "You're lovely."

She smiled and shook her head. "Not any more."

"Yes. More than ever. More than anyone."

"Bill! You're squeezing me so I can't breathe!"

"I love you," I said.

"That's what matters, Bill. That's all that matters. Never think about anything else at all. Just keep on saying that. Keep saying it and saying it."

"I love you. I love you."

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

NORMAN ANTHONY'S *How to Grow Old Disgracefully* is the autobiography of a brilliant, inventive editor. For the last twenty-five years Anthony glittered in the literary world as a freelance artist and writer. He joined the magazine *Judge* in 1920, and three years later was made editor. He followed this with a stint as editor of the old *Life*, and finally, in 1931, created that fabulous publication, *Ballyhoo*, which had a brief but meteoric career.



Norman Anthony

How to Grow Old is at once amusing and sad. Growing old disgracefully as Norman Anthony did it may have been fun in the process. The author makes it appear so. But in the end the book leaves the reader melancholy. Anthony rocketed to success several times and fell with equal speed.

Anthony was married twice. He was desperately in love with his second wife. But after ten wild years she found being a good sport fatiguing. She balked at easy spending, drinking, and the races. They parted.

Today Anthony is living in a famous men's club; quipping with Franklin P. Adams, pretending he's having fun, exhibiting a touch of bravado about it all. But nostalgia is strongly evident and it manages to depress the reader.

How to Grow Old is worth reading. You'll get glimpses of the dampened spirit of a professional funnyman and laugh at most of the witticisms sprinkled through the pages. For instance: "Once," Anthony writes, "when a musician who wasn't exactly popular came into the club lugging a huge cello in its case, Franklin P. Adams said, *sotto voce*: 'When a cello needs a friend!'"

Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., New York. Price \$2.75.

AMERICAN Mary Mian married a sculptor and was transplanted from the United States to his family home in the Creuse, France. *My Country-in-Law*, in which Mary tells her story, is a fascinating book of her experiences with her in-laws and the neighboring farmers.



Mary Mian

The Creusois are Celts, and the flavor of many an amusing Irish tale spices this account of their talk and actions.

One of the more important complications in Mary Mian's life was brought about by her baby daughter, La Piquita. Mrs. Mian insisted on bringing up the child according to pamphlet directions from the Children's Bureau in Washington. But grandmother Christine and great-grandmother Marie plumped for an old-fashioned French upbringing.

Mary Mian writes with gentle but devastating humor. This is one of the more delightful books of the year.

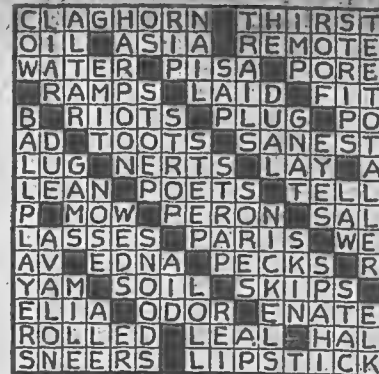
Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Price \$2.50.

THE MERRY-DAY HOUSE has published four exceptionally fine illustrated books for young children. One is about *Spunky*, a mischievous elephant whose tail grew so long he couldn't walk. Another is about the *Magic Lamb* whose miraculous wool saved Bobby's family. The third, about *Cocoa*, the *Horse Who Wanted Real Shoes*, is the most charming of the four, though *Brother Jack*, in verse, will tickle all youngsters.

Merry-Day House, New York. Price \$.69.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane



Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

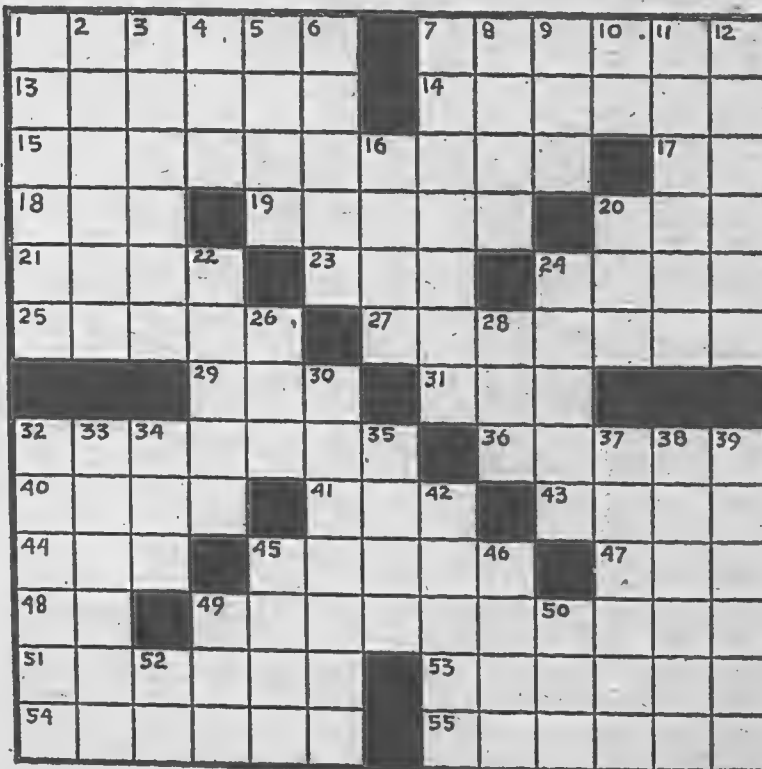
- 1 An excellent what may be made of a box and pinhole?
- 7 Whale chisels
- 13 William Pitt was a great what?
- 14 Bob Hope starred in *The Princess and the what?*
- 15 Carl Sandburg wrote what children's book in 1930? (two words)
- 17 X per cent of ML
- 18 Umpires declaim it, Ste-er-ri-ke what?
- 19 Money wagered by professional gamblers is said to be what kind?
- 20 Rider Haggard's novel character and title
- 21 What river rises in Bohemia, dumps into the Elbe?
- 23 Complete: The carpenter —, foraging —, soldier —, mason —, harvesting —
- 24 Complete: Thy tooth is not so keen, Because thou art not —
- 25 Who might be called the early Greek Secretary of Agriculture?
- 27 What's holding up nylons right now?
- 29 Kind of relief
- 31 What isolationist senator was defeated in the '44 Senate race?
- 32 What was Irvin Cobb's home town?
- 36 Baseball bobble
- 40 Soup is musical (anag.)
- 41 The Cornhuskers play for the University of what?
- 43 What was Claudius

- Caesar Drusus Germanicus' first name?
- 44 Name the Secretary General of the U.N.
- 45 1554
- 47 What hasn't altered its title from Persian to Iranian?
- 48 Cyprinoid fish
- 49 Degree of arc or angle by which a specific angle falls short of 90°
- 51 Give the whereabouts of the Tuaregs
- 53 Name an all-time football great
- 54 What folk recently took a bit of taking down?
- 55 What Pacific Island was named after the Sunday of its discovery?

VERTICAL

- 1 Name the church of Moslem's Christian minority
- 2 Inflame
- 3 What stern Pilgrim father's first name was Cotton?
- 4 VIII in Greek
- 5 Sort of decays (anag.)
- 6 Birch and pine have a decidedly pleasing what?
- 7 What ancient was inducted into the army at twenty, served until he was sixty?
- 8 Early Scot
- 9 Complete: Children — people!
- 10 Dewey's highest degree
- 11 Who is said to scratch out an

- artistic living?
- 12 What do men on their knees with rattling bones pray for?
- 16 Toothsome untoothsome thing
- 20 Kind of saw
- 22 What pictures are said to puzzle you?
- 24 G. B. who wrote *The Matriarch*?
- 26 Would you call a depressed kangaroo pouch a sad this?
- 28 The straw of what drink makes excellent roof thatch?
- 30 We were lulled to sleep in prewar days by what Japanese?
- 32 What's the perennial question of Europe?
- 33 The family name of the social bees is what?
- 34 Complete the Collector's Song: Will you — like you dun, dun, dun before, baby?
- 35 What's the hardest thing for us puzzle solvers to get?
- 37 Centre is late (anag.)
- 38 William of what became King of England?
- 39 Ace of cads
- 42 Liquid baloney would be what?
- 45 Thomas who wrote *Utopia*?
- 46 Mexican Cruz
- 49 A Dobell Steamer was a what?
- 50 A male plant's called a what?
- 52 Babe Ruth excelled in what box-score department? (abbr.)



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

LIBERTY



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HOW DO YOU KNOW YOU'RE YOU?

Continued from Page 25

It is true that an experienced fingerprint expert can make a guess as to the sex, age, and height of the person to whom a given print belongs, and sometimes regarding the general nature of his work, but the guess is based upon the fineness or coarseness of the lines, to determine sex; the presence of skin creases or partial obliteration, which indicate advanced age; and the size of the prints, to suggest the stature of the owner. Certain kinds of work produce typical effects on fingerprints, but these are guesses only, and while they may be helpful, are not in any-wise reliable evidence.

The expert can also hazard a fairly good guess at which finger a given print came from, but here again his opinion is by no means conclusive.

THE process of classification of fingerprints is not nearly so complicated as it seems to the uninitiated. It is simply a device for breaking down a large group of fingerprint cards into smaller groups, and each of these groups into still smaller ones, and so on, until even with a hundred million cards in the files, there's only a relatively small group with *exactly* the same classification. Thus to establish my identification, for example, the searcher, after ascertaining my classification formula, would simply fix in his mind some more or less outstanding feature of one of my prints, and look for this among the cards filed with mine. Having found that card, he would check other prints, other points of identity, and thus, in the end, isolate my card from all the others, for there's only one person

in the world who has the special combination of pattern elements which I have on any given finger, and that person is myself.

What are those elements? They're details but, like many details, they're important. If eight of them on an evidential print are exactly alike, and in the same relation to one another as those on a print taken from a suspect, then identity has been legally established. Those eight little points are enough to hang a man.

The details usually used to establish identity are ending ridges, islands, dots, and bifurcations. The expert, appearing before a court of law, usually has at least two greatly enlarged prints: one taken from the person being tried, the other found at the scene of the crime. Lines on each print run from identifying details to numbers on the margin, so that the jury may see for itself that each numbered detail is the same on both prints.

Fingerprints left at the scene of a crime are seldom visible in their original condition. They are *latent* prints; they must be developed by one means or another to make them visible.

Nature has provided us with a positive means of identification, and she has likewise provided that, without any effort on our part, we "sign" with our fingerprints almost everything we touch.

If you'll examine a picture of an enlarged fingerprint, you'll see hundreds of little white dots on the black friction ridges. These dots represent the mouths of sweat ducts from which the products of the sweat glands are poured out, and they serve as an automatic inking device for the intricate rubber stamp which Nature has affixed to each fingertip. And, as though she were in league with modern criminal investigators, Nature has even pro-

vided that this natural inking process be greatly accelerated during moments of stress—such, for example, as when one is committing a criminal act!

This is, as I have said, an invisible ink. Only when external substances serve to ink the friction ridges are the prints (ordinarily) visible. Science, however, has developed *many* methods of making visible, and preserving as legal evidence, a latent print.

The most commonly used and the best-known method employs a powder. Almost any finely divided powder will do—talcum, flour, even cigarette ashes have been utilized in emergencies. Best results, however, are secured by using powders devised for this specific purpose.

Iodine fumes also are used. Iodine crystals are heated, and the violet fumes thus created react upon the chemical elements of the substances which produce the latent print. The visible prints thus brought out are "fugitive"; that is, they fade away in a few minutes and must be photographed promptly.

THE camera used by the fingerprint man looks like a large box camera with a truncated pyramid at the front end. This snout is placed in direct contact with the surface upon which the latent print has been developed, and a lever is pressed. The shutter opens; lights inside the camera, powered by batteries also in the camera, illuminate the print. In a matter of seconds the print is photographed.

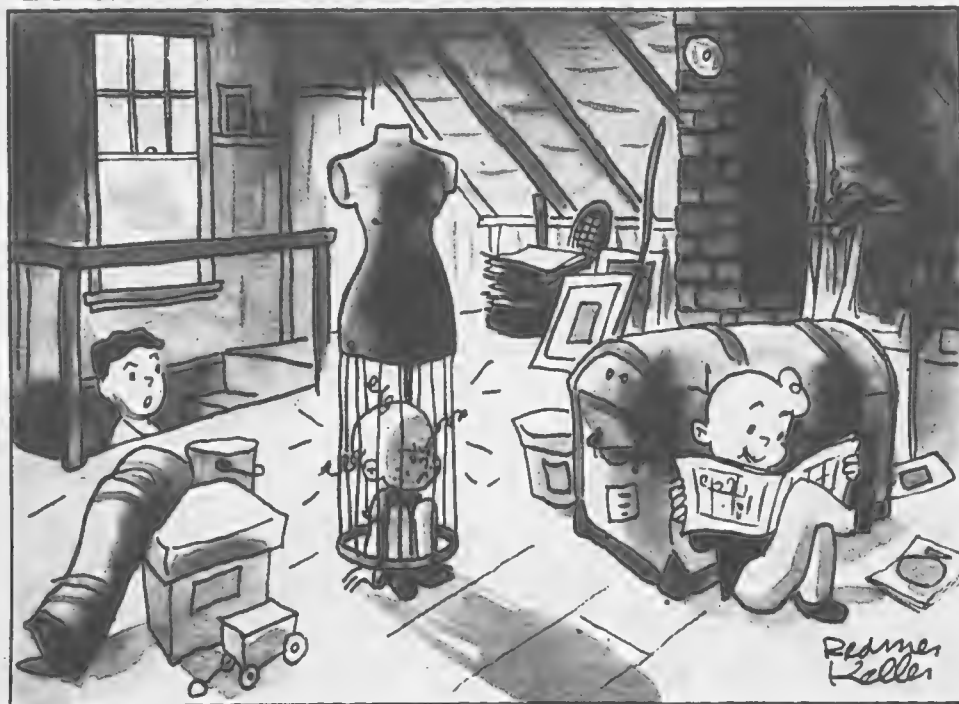
Later, if desired, the print may be "lifted" by means of transparent cellulose tape or opaque rubber "lifters," which are smoothed down over the print and then peeled off, taking the powder with them.

Ordinarily, at the scene of a crime only a few of the criminal's fingerprints are secured; most fingerprint men would consider themselves lucky indeed if they averaged one reasonably clear print from every job. A set of fingerprints is classified and filed away by utilizing all ten fingers in arriving at a classification formula. How, then, can a single fingerprint found at the scene of a crime be used to identify the criminal?

Fiction writers to the contrary, it is *not* usually possible for the FBI, or any other agency, to determine from a single fingerprint (or even several fingerprints) the identity of the person who made the print or prints—even though that person's card is on file. As has already been pointed out, the classification formula is based upon the characteristics of *ten* fingers, and the cards are filed, and searched for, according to that formula.

The only exceptions to the foregoing statement would involve exceptionally dangerous, much-wanted criminals; the FBI and other agencies maintain a Battley single-fingerprint file on such persons. The Battley system is entirely different from the

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LIBERTY

ten-finger system of classification; it requires the use of a special concentric-circle reticle in the magnifying glass used by the classifier, and it produces a formula for each individual fingerprint.

In brief, if you have a suspect and even one latent print found at the scene of a crime, you can easily demonstrate that the suspect did, or did not, make the evidential print; but if you have only a few evidential fingerprints and no suspect, you cannot name the person involved unless he is important enough in the underworld to deserve the doubtful distinction of a Battley file.

Universal fingerprinting has been widely advocated, and it seems likely that, perhaps years from now, legal action will be taken to provide each citizen with this highly desirable protection.

Maine has already made a definite move in that direction. In 1943 the Legislature of that state passed a law providing that all students attending public schools receiving state funds, or their equivalent, must be fingerprinted. This law did not, of course, affect private and parochial schools, but most of them have requested this service. The tremendous task of taking all these fingerprints, classifying them, and filing the cards is already under way and should be completed some time this year.

It is obvious that in the course of time the vast majority of the citizens of Maine will have their fingerprints on file.

PERHAPS by that time *all* of us will have our identities unmistakably and permanently registered. Then there will be no possibility that an amnesia victim will cause his friends and relatives endless worry. Accident victims will be identified, and estates settled. Insurance companies will be provided with quick, positive evidence of identity, so that death claims may be speeded up. Passports will be easier to secure. We'll have greater protection against criminals, and—should there ever be another war—against enemy agents of all kinds.

If you'd like to join immediately the more than five million other foresighted Americans who have voluntarily had their fingerprints taken, it's a simple thing to do, and costs nothing. Go to the nearest police station, the sheriff of your county, or your State Bureau of Identification. The fingerprinting will take perhaps five minutes. You might ask the officer who does the work to roll two sets of prints, sending one to Washington and the other to your State Bureau, which also has a Personal Identification file. This speeds up identification in many cases.

Incidentally, neither your State Bureau nor the FBI searches the Personal Identification file when seeking to find the perpetrator of a criminal act.

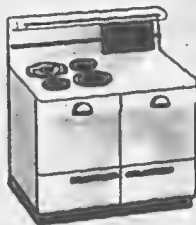
For example, you might send



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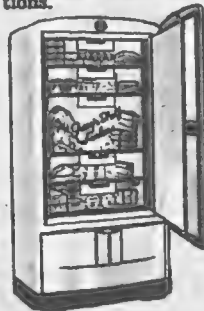
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in your prints to the FBI for their Personal Identification file, and a month later leave a complete set of prints at the scene of a crime. (Something, by the way, it is quite possible to do: pick up a clean bottle in your right hand, pour a drink into a clean glass held in your left hand, and you'll leave a set of latent prints which can be easily classified under the ten-finger system.) But even in such a case, you would not be singled out by the FBI unless your prints were also in the criminal files. The Personal Identification files are searched only when a person, due to death or any other reason, cannot make his own identity known, or when his identity is in doubt.

Yes, you really should be fingerprinted; for after all, the only thing your fingerprints can do is to testify that you are truly you—and you're rather proud of that, aren't you?

THE END

GIRL OF MY CHILDHOOD

Continued from Page 29

the infinitesimal elves I had always thought them.

We had a brief glimpse of the lower part of the house as Minot rushed us through it: naked walls, calcimined a dead white; windows with green blinds pulled flush with the sills and strips of cheap brown calico serving as curtains; drab linoleum on the floor, not even an innocent rag rug to be seen. In the front room, a stiff mail-order suite of furniture upholstered in green; not a single picture, not a table with an ornament on it, and on a narrow ledge beneath a window only a Bible and an old almanac. The dining-room table was covered with red-

checked oilcloth—the only bit of real color in the place—with two kitchen chairs drawn close, one on either side. We did not see the kitchen, but I could fancy it had been scrubbed as lifeless as all the rest of the house. There was an all-pervading smell of yellow laundry soap.

WE cut out the paper dolls rather hastily because we were not at ease for a moment, although Minot was gayer than usual. When we were surrounded at last with tatters of paper, she said, "I tried to get some pop from the drugstore for us to drink up here, but they didn't have any." Esther and I crossed glances. It was the first time we had ever heard of the drugstore being out of pop. We started gathering up our paper dolls and putting them away in the shoe box I had brought along.

"There's some maple sugar in the cupboard downstairs," Minot said with a kind of desperate inspiration. "We've had it ever so long, but it's still good. We'll have some of that instead of pop."

I felt an awful crawling of humiliation for her. At our place, my mother would have let us make candy after our work on the dolls. But our place was never so church-clean as this house. Sometimes my mother would just sit down and sigh around tiredly at the mess we had made. But I think we lived in our house.

"We'd better go now," I said.

It was then that Minot suddenly threw open the cover of an old trunk and bade us look into it. "That's my mother's wedding dress," she said casually, then lifted the yellowed satin-and-lace dress in one hand while she rummaged among some worn shoes and slippers and a half dozen cards that looked like dance programs. "And here's my father's picture—and my parents' marriage

certificate. So now you can tell them that I did have a father!"

We stared, fascinated, at the dashing mustachioed stiff-collared and come-hither-eyed Mr. Cecil Bradshaw of the year 1907. His name and the date were written in fancy curlicues on the photograph. The eyes were large, dark, and liquid, like Minot's, but with something else in them that I didn't like. However, Minot did have a father, and of that fact all Sun Rock was apprised within the next day or two.

"Now we can have some maple sugar," Minot said evenly.

We followed her down to the kitchen, where the range glistened with polish from lid to shining steel apron, pots and pans gleamed from hooks, and the white-pine table was scoured to a rise of its grain.

"Maybe we'd better not touch the maple sugar," Esther said nervously. "Your mother might want it for something."

But Minot had already climbed upon a chair beside the cupboard. The bare-faced blue-and-white clock without a frame on the kitchen wall said half past five. I clutched my box of paper dolls as Minot jumped down from the chair with a small package in her hands.

"It's almost suppertime, Minot," I said, and then there was a sound at the front door, and in a moment Minot's mother was standing in the kitchen.

"What're you doin'?" Mrs. Bradshaw demanded. In her sudden fury she looked old and terrible.

FOR a moment Minot seemed to become the same chalky blur as her mother, except for her eyes. With stiffly outstretched hands she set the package of maple sugar on the table. "We were cutting paper dolls," she said in a monotone, "and I thought the kids—"

"You thought!" Mrs. Bradshaw interrupted harshly and jerked the hatpins from her huge felt hat. "You mean you didn't think! Haven't I told you I won't have people snoopin' round here to see how we live?" Her nostrils spread and then sharply closed. "We're not good enough for the people in this town. Well, let them keep their brats at home where they belong. We don't want them stickin' their noses in here. I told you that, didn't I? But you got to go draggin' them in when I'm—"

"We were only in the attic," Minot said in a voice that was so cool she might have been talking to an utter stranger.

"Let's go home," Esther whispered, her hand tugging at mine.

"In the attic!" Minot's mother said. "And what were you doing in the attic?"

"I told you—we were cutting out paper dolls," Minot said. "And I showed them pa's picture and—"

Mrs. Bradshaw's legs seemed to do a fantastic jig beneath her long black wool skirt. "You showed—you showed—" She began gasping for

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breath and put a hand out to the table.

Hastily Minot thrust a chair back of her mother, and her face showed a queer anxiety. "Sit down, mama," she pleaded. "Don't go and have another spell, now. Do you want me to get your—"

"No, no—I'm all right," Mrs. Bradshaw whispered, her eyes closing as she seated herself. "Just—just leave me."

Somehow I got my rigid body in motion, took Esther by the shoulders, and said, "We've got to go now."

And out we went, through the front door and into the pearly mist that had settled on Firefly Swamp.

I WAS probably crudely dramatic when I burst into our house and told my story.

"The woman is cracked!" was my father's crisp comment.

"I wouldn't say that, Daniel," my mother said gently. "If the world had treated us the way it has treated that poor woman, we might feel like closing our doors against it too."

My father looked up from his paper. "How do you come to know so much about her?"

"Oh, I've talked to her a little—mostly about her garden. I admitted to her, last time we talked, that her tomatoes were much better than mine, and one thing led to another."

For days after that, Minot avoided Phil and me on our way to and from school. Esther and I decided she had been forbidden to have anything to do with us. But one morning I caught up with her when she was walking very fast up the road. It was a morning of glittering hoarfrost and every twig along the wayside was like a great silvery caterpillar standing on end. The only other colors in that white enchanted world were the pale gold of Minot's swinging curls and the bright red of the knitted toque she wore.

"Can I walk with you, Minot?" I asked, and added quickly, "Esther and I aren't mad at you."

"I don't care if you are or not," she replied haughtily, and resumed her swift walk, her books swinging in their strap at her side.

I wanted to cry, and fell back a few steps. And from that day on, because I thought she wished it so, Minot Bradshaw walked alone.

She was sixteen when she graduated with honors from Sun Rock High School. Mr. Quint thought she should be the salutatorian of her class, but her mother refused to hear of it. Such things did not matter so much in those days, however, even in a town the size of Sun Rock, because our thoughts were more with the boys who were at military camps in training now, and in so short a time would be dying on the battlefields of France in the first World War.

Esther and I were not in Minot's graduation class, of course, but we sat together in the crowded audi-

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the local library. Night after night, while I was still in high school, I would see the light glowing behind the cheap drawn shade of her bedroom window. For Esther Clyde and I still watched her from afar, with awe and a kind of protective fear for her. She had once been our little-girl property, and ours alone, and we could not forget that. When I saw Blackie Murdock look at her that afternoon in the store, when I saw him turn to go, then pause to look at her again, his blue eyes coolly appraising, I was afraid.

ESTHER and I were not yet out of high school that spring when the pavilion for the Sun Rock band concerts was opened for the first time. The pavilion was circular, with a sort of pagoda roof, striped red, white, and blue. John Murdock had donated it to the town in honor of the Sun Rock men who had served in the war and in special tribute to the four who had given their lives.

Everybody was out for the grand opening that last Saturday night in May. Everybody, that is, except John Murdock, his son Blackie, Mrs. Bradshaw and Minot. John Murdock was bedridden, and Mrs. Bradshaw was busy cleaning the offices on the upper floor of the Smythe Block. Esther and I picked a spot under a lilac bush beyond the pavilion floodlights, where we could see everyone without being seen ourselves. The band, made up of talent from Sun Rock and near-by river towns, started off with The Star-Spangled Banner, and went into The Stars and Stripes Forever, then began to falter through Over There, when Esther grabbed my arm and whispered, "Look who's coming!"

I stared. The floodlights showed them plainly—Blackie Murdock and Minot Bradshaw. But they were not together. Blackie was following her at a distance—or seemed to be following her, at least. Minot was wearing the same tan linen dress she wore in the store, with collar and cuffs of white tatting. Her hair glistened in taffy-pulled coils about her head, her eyes were dark and blank, her face pale, without rouge.

Neither Esther nor I spoke, but I knew we were thinking the same thoughts. Had he really followed her? Had he asked her to walk with him, and had she refused? And why had she come at all? We watched Minot look indifferently about her until she found a place where she could sit by herself and listen to the music without being disturbed by anyone. Blackie threw himself down some distance from her, where he sat staring at her as if there were no one else within a mile.

And then, when the band struck up, something else happened. A little boy of two or three came stumbling across the lighted grass, crying, "Mama, mama!"

Swiftly Minot caught him into her arms, held him against her breast to soothe him, murmuring and smiling

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torium and thrilled to the time-honored exercises that took on a new solemnity because of the war. When Minot, slim and tall and golden, walked across the stage in the white lawn dress her mother had made for her, to receive her diploma from the hands of Mr. Quint, Esther and I stared at her shoes—and then at each other. They were high-laced and of yellowish kid, with strange inward curving high heels—the same shoes we had seen in the trunk.

When I spoke of it at home later that night, my father said something about "wearing her mother's shoes" that brought a rebuke from my mother. But I was not so young that the significance of the remark escaped me, and I prayed fervently that Minot's feet might fall upon pleasanter ways.

She went to work in the lace and trimmings in the Glass Block store a few days after graduation. She was working there three years later, when Blackie Murdock came home from that first World War. He must have been about twenty-four then. Minot was nineteen.

I DON'T know what people expected of young Blackburn Murdock. He had always been contemptuous of discipline, and perhaps they had hoped his military training would have remedied that. His father, John Murdock, the richest man in the county, must have hoped so, because he was half crippled from arthritis by that time, and he put his son in charge of the big south quarry. But Blackie, lacking the constant restraining hand of his father to hold him in check, apparently set out to show Sun Rock what war had done to at least one of its native sons.

Sometimes at dawn I would hear a thudding of hoofs on our road and would rush to my bedroom window to see Blackie Murdock flying past

on his Palomino horse. The road across the flats would have held his car all right, but he apparently preferred to ride to his work. It was more dramatic. But sometimes there would be mornings when I did not hear the pounding hoofs, and then somebody would report that Blackie and his low-slung car had got into trouble over in Flagg Center, or in Henton, fifty miles away.

It was common knowledge, however, that Blackie's deviltries often took him no farther than across the river to Hunkytown, where stills flourished in those days of prohibition, and where there was a dance hall full of crazy Hunky music and thronging with girls who were ripe with invitation. The mothers of Sun Rock vigilantly guarded their daughters from the fascinating peril, but they might as well have spared their energies. Blackie Murdock craved lustier fare!

I happened to be looking over some lace trimmings at Minot's counter the day Blackie came into the Glass Block to buy a pair of suspenders. Even back of the lace counter, Minot would not have looked incongruous in a nun's habit. Her pale gold hair, coiled coronet fashion about her head, illumined her face like a halo. "Spirituelle," Mrs. Keefe, who was Catholic, described her, regretting the girl was not of the faith so that she might have taken the veil. But I knew it was not spirituality that gave that saintly vacancy to Minot's strange purple-brown eyes. It was the thorough job her mother had done in quenching the fires of the girl's spirit.

Some of our young people tried to draw Minot into their social activities, but they were met with a remote indifference. She must have spent most of her time reading, for she was always taking books from

down at him with an expression on her face that made me think of the group of words our English teacher had given us, beginning with "angelic" and going on down through "heavenly" and "seraphic." I had never seen the baby before, and I'm sure Minot hadn't, but he cradled himself within the curve of her slim body with utmost confidence and gazed raptly up into her eyes. People looked on in astonishment. Blackie's face was inscrutable as he got out a cigarette and lighted it in his usual swaggering way. A plump farm woman hurried over and claimed the baby, and Minot reluctantly surrendered him.

When the concert was over, Esther and I watched breathlessly while Blackie approached Minot. We couldn't hear what he said, but we saw Minot's odd aloof smile as she shook her head and walked quickly away from him toward the Smythe Block, where her mother was still at work behind the lighted windows.

Three times in the next two weeks Esther and I saw Blackie lounging about the store within sight of Minot, his hat cocked jauntily on the side of his head, his lips twisted with a grin of mocking self-assurance. And then, on a Saturday afternoon, we saw him leaning with one elbow on Minot's counter and doing his best to flirt with her. He didn't seem to be making much headway, but there was a deep brooding contemplation in her eyes whenever she looked at him that was mystifying to us—and disturbing.

THAT warm Saturday evening the moon came up like a great bubble of red wine through the trees east of the pavilion. Before the band concert was over, Esther and I saw Minot walk away through the trees—not toward the center of town this time. In a minute or two Blackie Murdock got up from another corner of the park and followed her.

We were not the only ones who saw them go, nor were we alone in our curiosity, but we were young enough to give our curiosity rein. We had to do some skulking, because the moon was now high and white. But we knew our way in the soft ditch behind the red willows that lined the road.

Minot and Blackie walked side by side at last, yet not touching each other. A mist like spun golden-pink honey lay over the swamp, and here and there among the sedges near the road winked the brief wax-pale glow of an early firefly. When Minot and Blackie halted suddenly under a clump of willows, we flattened stealthily down on our stomachs, afraid almost to breathe.

They had been talking in low murmurs for some time before Minot's voice rose. "I don't know anything about love," she told Blackie, almost angrily, "and I don't think you do."

"I know enough," Blackie declared. "I know you're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen, and

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I know how to make you love me."

He tried to take her into his arms, but she thrust him away and stood looking at him, her face clear to us and unafraid. "Don't do that!" she said. "I'm not one of your girls from Hunkytown. Nobody is going to get fresh with me till I'm married to him."

"Married! Well, of all the—" Blackie snorted, and his voice tangled in his throat. "Me—marry you? Listen—" Minot slapped him resoundingly across the mouth and turned, straight and graceful, away from him. But he caught her by the shoulders and whirled her toward him.

"I guess that was coming to me," he muttered. "But you're going to listen to me, just the same. Maybe you don't love me—not yet. But I love you, and that's on the level. If I have to marry you to get you—O.K., then I'll marry you! How's that? I'll marry you tomorrow—or any day you say."

"Even if I don't love you?" Minot said.

We could see his smile in the white moonlight. "I'll take care of that," he told her, and this time she did not thrust him from her when he drew her into his arms and kissed her. "See—it's going to be easier than you thought," he said after a moment, and I could see that something had suddenly come alive in her, because she was smiling at him as she wound her arms about his neck and offered her lips again.

ESTHER and I clenched hands in the ditch. "Crawl back quick!" I whispered.

When I got home, a half hour later, my parents both looked sharply at me and asked what had kept me out so late. But there was no need for me to reply, because at that moment a quick knock sounded

on the front door. My mother opened the door, and there stood Minot, white as paper, but her head high and her eyes darkly blazing.

"My mother has had a stroke," she announced bluntly. "Will you please phone Dr. Hiller and tell him to come?"

My father went to the telephone, and though Minot protested with a strange cold vehemence, my mother insisted on going home with her. I slipped out behind them, without asking permission, and in a minute we were standing in the cheerless Bradshaw parlor, where Minot's mother lay stretched out on the sofa, a faded piece of quilt covering her. The right side of her face worked in terrible spasms, and not seeming to notice my mother or me she gasped out of the corner of her mouth, "Promise me, Minot—before I die—promise me you won't marry—that man!"

Minot's lips scarcely moved as she replied with soft and awful intensity, "I won't lie to you, mama. I want—somebody—of my own. And I've told you—I'm going to marry Blackie Murdock."

Mrs. Bradshaw seemed to sink into the couch. "You have killed your mother!" she said in a sepulchral tone. "I have loved you and slaved for you—because you were all I had—after your father deserted me and ran off with that devil! And now—you're deserting me—just like he did. But you'll live to see what you've done, Minot. You'll curse the day you turned against me. I'll follow you—"

The door opened and Dr. Hiller entered briskly and my mother took me by the arm. We went out together and crossed the road, and the moon was overcast.

"I don't think she'll last the night," my mother said in reply to my father's questioning. "Minot might

have helped, I think, but she—well, she didn't. She wouldn't—or couldn't, maybe. I really think that girl wanted to kill her mother!"

"What are you talking about?" my father demanded.

I was ordered curtly to run upstairs and go to bed. I awoke sometime later to the sound of Dr. Hiller's voice downstairs. Minot's mother had died soon after his arrival at the Bradshaw house.

A month after the funeral, Minot and Blackie were married in the presence of John Murdock in the big brown house.

"LET'S drive past the old Murdock place before we eat," I suggested as Phil put the car about. "It's only seven o'clock."

He grumbled something about being hungry, but in a few moments we halted before the big house where John Murdock had lived and died. The house was no longer brown, and the gingerbread trim was gone. It was a gleaming white now, with green shutters, above a terraced lawn upon which stood the same pair of ancient black cast-iron dogs, each on its rectangle of green, under copper beeches that had grown to tremendous canopies.

A slender woman in white, her hair still golden, was on the lawn, cutting great burgundy dahlias from a border. As we watched, a big robust man with coal-black hair and young blue eyes got out of his car in the driveway, caught her about the waist and kissed her.

"I'm late, Minot!" he said, but she smiled up at him and patted his cheek. "And you need a shave, Blackie," she replied. "Did you forget the Lawsons were coming over after supper tonight?"

The screen door of the porch was flung open suddenly and two handsome boys in Army uniform came out, one limping, the other leaping.

"Hey, catch Brad for me, mom!" the lame one yelled.

The dark-haired man caught the racing youth by the collar and held him. "What's going on here?" he asked.

"We just found the map of the old Indian trail through the quarries, up in the attic," the lame boy said, coming up to his father. "Grandpa once said it was worth a thousand bucks to anyone who found it, and now Brad wants to give it to his girl."

"Aw, shut up!" Brad grinned. "It isn't worth a dime to anybody now. We'll split the darn thing between us if that's O.K. with you."

Minot and Blackie Murdock and their two sons stood there laughing, quite unconscious of any observers.

So Phil and I drove down into Main Street, looking for a place to eat. And on that Saturday night the town band was just assembling under the pagoda that had been newly painted red, white, and blue because we had recently won another war.

THE END

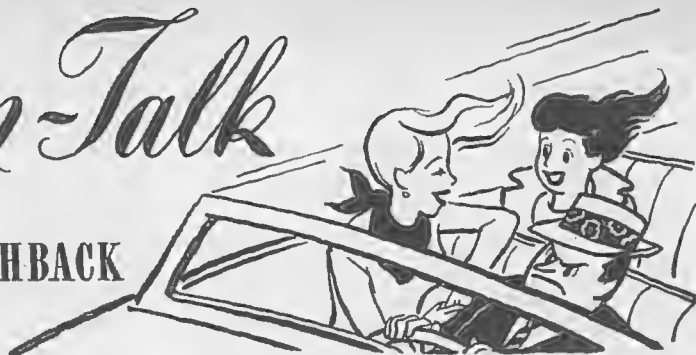
LIBERTY



LIBERTY

Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET FISHBACK



PAPOOSE POUCHETTE: A New York department store has an ingenious little gadget which should help out many a mother. It's a sturdy ribbed-cotton pouch with a wide strap to swing over the shoulder like an over-the-shoulder handbag. It is considered safe for a baby from six to eighteen months to ride in when Momma has her hands full. The little seat is of foam rubber, and the shoulder strap is adjustable so that Snooks will lean comfortably secure against Mom's hip, regardless of her height. If she has bundles or luggage



to cope with in addition to Baby, she'll find it very handy. When not in use, it may be folded up into a small package. The store got the idea from an Australian bride who had made one in which to bring her baby to the United States. She got the idea from a kangaroo.

JUNE BRIDES: Honeymooners are going places these days, now that travel tours have been resumed for the first time since the war. According to Walter J. Letts, president of World Travels, Inc., a New York travel bureau, the trend is away from Niagara Falls. Statistics from 1938 to December, 1941, indicate that New York, Washington, Chicago, Hollywood, Miami, Yosemite, Yellowstone National Park, Havana, Hawaii, Bermuda, Nassau, Mexico, Quebec, and Montreal were then favorites with honeymooners. Of 2,138 honeymoon tours now being arranged, only six are scheduled for Niagara. A record number will head for South and Central America. Mr. Letts says that American women are much more travel-minded than American men, the ratio being five to one.

IT MATTERS HOW THIN YOU SLICE IT: Federal nutrition experts say that the manner in which a raw carrot is sliced determines the amount of vitamin C that is left in it when the consumer consumes it. Cut surfaces of carrots lose their vitamin C when exposed to air, according to Elizabeth M. Hewston and Elsa Orent-Keiles, who have

conducted many experiments on Peter Rabbit's favorite food. Thick slices, unpeeled, yield the most vitamin C.

PORTRAIT OF A MOTHER TALKING TO HERSELF

When Tarzan dawdles en route to bed,
You must keep a civil tongue in your head,
Because the more that a mother frets,
The more rebellious her offspring gets.
The madder you are, the more he'll bait you,
So do be calm, or he'll dominate you.

THE SERVANT PROBLEM: James C. Adams of North Findley Avenue, Bernardsville, New Jersey, made no appreciable progress in solving the servant problem when he offered trained apes as servants to the public through the mails. In an interview with the police he admitted sending out such letters, but insisted they were to "test various degrees of credulity of the public." As an author he felt his actions were justifiable since they constituted a scientific experiment to obtain material for magazine articles. His letter was made public in the New York Herald Tribune, when one of the recipients handed her copy to the police. It ran: "We recently received an inquiry from a



party with a name similar to yours but without an address, requesting we send them one of our educated apes for a thirty-day free trial. You ask if our apes can be used in housework, table waiting, and so on. Definitely, yes. Our apes are in service now in many residential homes. Their initial cost is low, they require little food and practically no clothes. They make ideal servants. Unless we hear from you to the contrary, we will send your ape, together with an instructor, in the near future. The instructor will live with you for a week to orient your ape to his new environment." Much as she might have liked having an "ideal servant," the lady to whom Mr. Adams addressed that particular letter, did not want an ape on approval, and with the help of the sheriff, exposed the hoax.



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EUROPE'S CHILDREN

Continued from Page 15

believe would be helpful in tracing him. Then give your own name, address, and nationality.

IN a typical recent month the Tracing Bureau found 253 people alive, 170 dead. One of the staff, Henry Berman, nineteen-year-old Latvian, "found" himself when an inquiry about him came across his own desk from his aunt, Mrs. Johanna Joffe of New York City. Henry replied and is now seeking admission to the United States. He has no relatives in Europe. Both his parents were killed by the Nazis in 1941, and after their death he spent four years in concentration camps. And there was the case of Sara Schwimmer, thirteen. Sara heard her name read on the air during the Tracing Bureau's daily broadcast over Military Government networks, and as a result she and her four brothers and sisters are once more together with their Uncle Hugo in Czechoslovakia. The bureau is still trying to find Sara's parents, whose last known address was the Birkenau concentration camp, near Auschwitz.

Concentration camps had a modified counterpart in German homes, which absorbed many United Nations children brought to Germany by the Nazis. UNRRA officials, with Army representatives of the three occupation zones of western Germany, are striving to locate and repatriate these youngsters, but have found it difficult to get accurate information as to their numbers. Including children found in assembly centers, about 7,000 so-called "unaccompanied children" have been located in the three zones. "Unaccompanied children" are those who are either orphans or separated from their parents or relatives. Many have been returned to families or given haven in other countries, like the 153 refugee kiddies sent by UNRRA to Wintershill Hall, near Southampton, England, late in 1945 from German camps.

Wintershill Hall, a British manor house surrounded by rolling lawns and meadows, is an ideal recuperation spot. It was contributed rent-free by the owner, James Montefiore, for the use of the children, who range in age from eight to sixteen. All of them were scheduled for death when V-E Day arrived. Dr. F. M. Friedman, director of the shelter, explained that these few managed to survive because of exceptional hardihood supported by lucky turns of circumstance or by rare little flashes of kindness in some German guard or civilian.

From centers for displaced persons, UNRRA selected the children on the basis of health, age, and general qualifications. Their present support in Britain is provided by the Jewish Refugee Committee, and their status is that of transmigrants

given an opportunity to rest and recover their strength and balance of mind. Wherever surviving relatives can be found, the committee will investigate the possibility of placement with them. The others will be assisted in completing their education or trade apprenticeships so that they can become self-supporting in whatever country they finally secure citizenship.

The majority are natives of Poland, the rest are Germans, Hungarians, and Austrians. None wish to return to their own lands, because their families have been obliterated and because they believe the anti-Semitic feeling in provincial areas is so intense that it will continue for a long time. One boy, returning to his Polish home, found hostile stares on the faces of the people, who greeted him with remarks like, "What! You are still alive! We thought they got rid of all of you in the gas chambers." A large percentage want to claim Palestine as a permanent home, and even those permitted to go to America, Canada, or some other country, have kept Palestine high on the list of alternative possibilities.

IN studied contrast to the Nazi concentration camps, Wintershill Hall operated with a minimum of rule and restraint. Dr. Friedman found it imperative to avoid roll calls, especially with lists, because any list recalled dreaded days in Germany when the difference between life and death was a check mark opposite a name. When arrangements were made for dental repairs he had to warn the dentist against use of the word "gas," because his young charges were unable to conceive of any kind of gas which served a humanitarian purpose. As at Kloster-Indersdorf, the youngsters begged to tell their stories to any sympathetic listener.

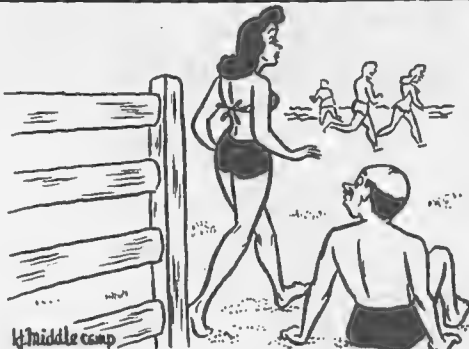
Wintershill Hall was a paradise to Arthur Isaakson, sixteen, from Richnow, Germany, who slaved for the Nazis for three years at Rega before he was sent to Belsen to be exterminated. At Belsen, at four in the morning, he and other prisoners were compelled to stand outdoors for three to four hours under the pretense that they were being counted. He was then made to work without breakfast from 9 A.M. until six at night. What little food he got he had to eat in the yard, regardless of the weather. In the final three weeks Arthur had only one fourth of a loaf of bread, all told, plus a cup of watery soup two or three times daily. He slept in a hut housing 800 and saw from 150 to 300 prisoners die every night. One of his morning chores was to help carry the corpses outside and stack them up like wood. Arthur was liberated by the British, and when he is again well and strong his ambition is to become a first-class chef and pastrycook.

Abraham Broch, sixteen, from

Cracow, Poland, may never rub out the horrible experience which the Nazis inflicted upon him. He escaped from the camp at Treblinka and hid in caves, cellars, and ditches until February, 1944, when he was captured and brought to Plaschow. In an attempt to escape he was shot in the leg by an SS. guard and was subjected to an experiment in amputation without an anesthetic. Fortunately the German surgeon completed the operation neatly enough so that Abraham has recently been fitted by UNRRA with an artificial leg. He has applied for permission to join his uncle in New York City and may be with him by the time this account of his experience is published.

The girls received equally brutal treatment. Nellie Jussem, sixteen, of Vienna, assigned to a work camp at Tirahenberg, near Breslau, wielded picks and shovels digging tank traps and trenches for the German defense. She and other girls worked ten hours a day and laggards were beaten with bull whips. When invading Russians were within five miles of the camp, the Germans marched the girls westward for six days and nights continuously, with nothing to eat but snow. Those who dropped behind or became ill were shot. Finally, because the Nazis were desperate to escape the Russians, some of the girls got away and were hidden by sympathetic Frenchmen until the Russians arrived. Asked if the Russians were good to her, Nellie said, "They gave us good food and dresses, but to us girls, no—they were not good." After a pause she went on, "You see, all the other women had run away when the Russians came." Nellie has been reunited with a sister in London who will help her to become an X-ray technician.

In Greece, the story of one little



LIBERTY

girl tells the story of many. Avgi Vlaghou, thirteen, wears a new brace which allows her to walk on her paralyzed leg. Her mother has tuberculosis. Her older brother is feeble-minded, and Avgi has to help care for her other brother, who is five. Her father died early in the occupation and the family lives in a one-room basement without windows or furniture. With others they share a courtyard with a single cot and a few cooking utensils. But UNRRA has helped to make Avgi happy by making it possible for her to walk again, and she has resumed her studies with prospects for a future brighter than she had ever expected.

And back in the monastery at Kloster-Indersdorf the children are learning to forget the only song they knew when they arrived, the chant of The Tale of Treblinka, which depicts the horrors of the death camp for which it was named. Here is the last verse:

My heart breaks when I think of
all my friends
Who met a violent death there.
My heart breaks when I remember
where my brothers and sisters
perished.
My heart breaks when I remember
that there my mother and father
were murdered.
And I join the others at the shunt-
ing site,
Sobbing bitterly with them and
crying,
"Don't leave me here alone!"

The Tale of Treblinka has given way to an older, more powerful story which some are hearing for the first time. It is a story about a Man who was Himself persecuted long, long ago—a Man who once said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. . . ."

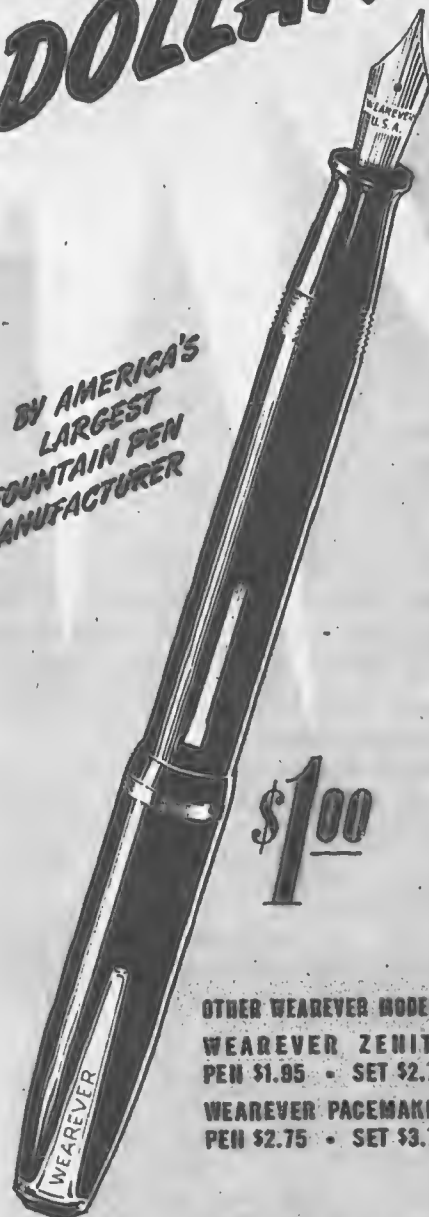
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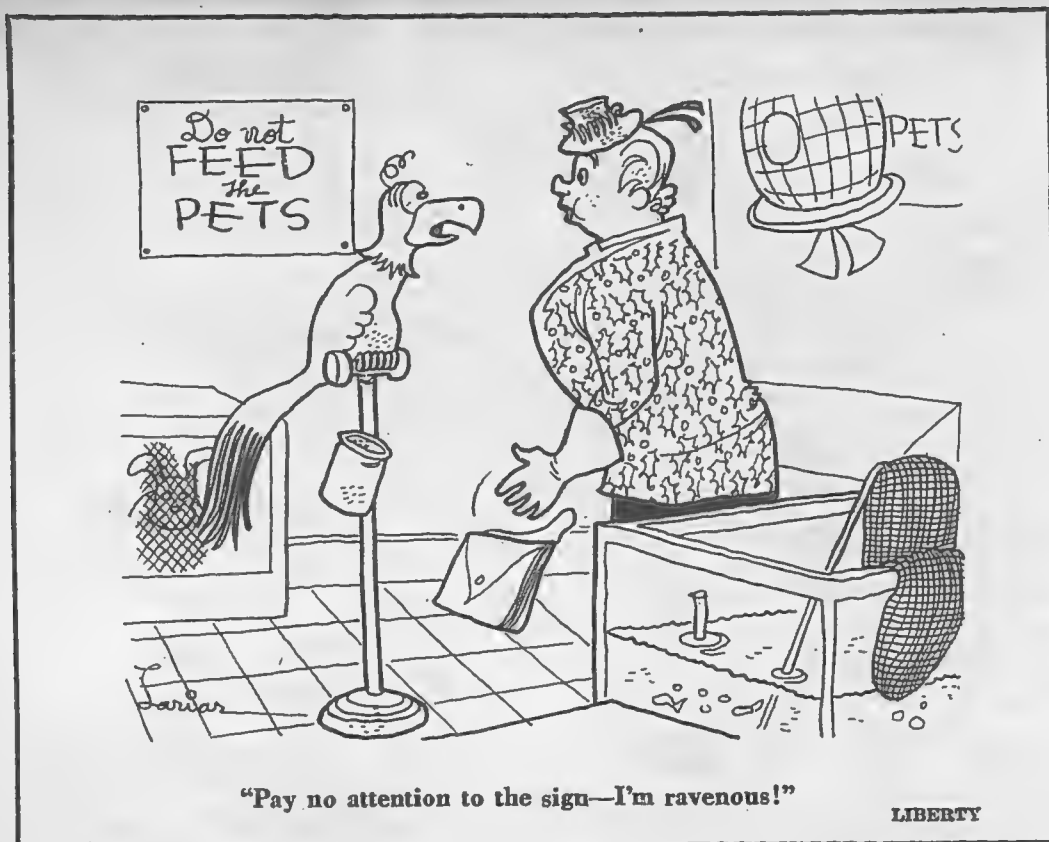
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"Now, hold on tightly to Mommy's hand
—these things frighten me."
LIBERTY



COMEBACK

Continued from Page 38

one was aware of it except himself. His shot went off at a tangent and it was game for Reilly and five-four in the set. His service coming up, and he'd have to hold it or the match was over.

Yes, even this bit of shadow under the umpire's chair felt good, helpful, cooling. The towel was wet in his hands from his own sweat. The Reilly kid was standing there, looking at him, and Ted knew he was thinking: Lawson's tired. I've got him. He's tired.

Ted stood. "Ready?"

Reilly nodded. They walked out on the court, into the applause.

It quieted. Ted set himself. Served. Good. He went in behind it. The kid's lob was short and he killed it, watching the ball kick the racket out of Reilly's hand. He served again, forced himself to go in once more. The kid netted. Thirty-love.

Suddenly Ted's breathing was evening out and his legs weren't wooden any more. Elation throbbed through him. *Here it comes! Here's that second wind!*

B-O-N-G! It shot past Reilly for an ace. Oh, he had the kid going now. Yes, he could sense the change. He'd taken the play away from Reilly. The kid was worried.

Ted tossed the ball over his head, smashed it. It turned Reilly half around as the kid made a vain attempt to return. The umpire announced "five all in games."

In the stands Ted saw Pat Hanford leaning forward, gazing at him. Clare threw a little salute that said, "Nice going!" The kid was cracking. He had him.

Drive, return, drive. . . . Get in there, take that net. Reilly slashed and Ted slashed back. The kid's re-

turn hit the tape, fell back into his own court. He began fretting. "Love-thirty. . . ." Ted had taken six points in a row. The kid double-faulted, and Ted knew conclusively that the youngster was worried, upset. One more point and the service was broken, with his service coming up.

Backhand. Now in, fast. Ted's volley was out of the kid's reach and the place went wild at the surging comeback. "Mr. Lawson's game. Games are six-five. Mr. Lawson serves. . . ."

Change again. No breather necessary or wanted. Get it over with. This match was his to win, his after a long long wait. From here, the Nationals, South America, the title next year or the year after. The boy handed him the balls. He turned, facing Reilly.

What's wrong? Here he stood on the verge of this all-important triumph and he felt nothing. Where was the exultation, the thrill, the tremendous lift he'd expected? Why was it he suddenly felt so blank inside about accomplishing this thing he had been so determined to accomplish?

REILLY was waiting, and the umpire, and the packed stands. Serve. Serve and go to the net. His racket moved in a swift arc.

"Fault!"

The next one was good, the high twisting hopper, and he stormed in behind it. The kid was there too, again ready, eager to fight it out. The ball was at Ted's feet and he tried to pick it up—couldn't.

"Love-fifteen."

He blasted the next one, though, for an ace. That's the old service! His breathing was still good, strong, even; his legs O.K. Stroke, stroke, stroke. The ball came off Reilly's bat at too much angle and the linesman called, "Out!"

Thirty-fifteen. This is yours—yours, Lawson! Doesn't it feel swell, after all this time thinking and dreaming and hoping?

Here it is! Back swing, follow through. Ah, that was on the nose. He took the net. But Reilly lobbed and Ted knew, instinctively, that it was a good one, a very good close one. He turned and raced back. The ball was dropping.

It hit the turf, in the corner, a fraction of an inch inside the base line and side line. The linesman cried: "Out!" as, off balance, Ted cut into it, netting.

Ted looked at the linesman questioningly. Perhaps his body had been partly obscuring the official's view and he saw it wrong. The stands at Ted's end were buzzing. From the sides and other end there was applause and a few cheers; he now had a forty-fifteen lead which Reilly could never fight out of.

"You called it 'out'?" the umpire asked the linesman.

"I did."

Reilly had come to the net and was gazing over at where the ball had struck. The kid knew it was good. Ted knew it. A lot of people in the stands knew it. Well, that was one of the breaks of the game. Next time it'd be called the other way—things like that evened out.

THIS was his big chance, Ted knew. One point and it would be one set each. The kid would be so rattled then, he wouldn't recover till Ted had taken the next set, swiftly, and the match.

He waited for the elation, glow of triumph, to course through him. He felt nothing. He looked up toward Pat Hanford. Still nothing. *That would be a long time away in South America, just playing tennis.*

Across the net Reilly was crouching, waiting. And abruptly that lost piece of Ted's life fitted itself into place. He had not been aware of it until now, but tennis no longer held the importance in his life it once did. The eagerness he knew was not that of a Reilly feverishly anxious to win a tennis tournament. His was deeper, bigger.

He owed the kid a point, two points really. If Reilly'd had this point he'd be even Stephen at thirty all. O.K., then—

Ted swung and the first service landed short, hitting just under the tape. The second was inches wide of the box, exactly where he aimed it. Forty-thirty. . . .

The silence of the place was deep, tense. "Fault!"

Poise, set; he let it go. Too much. "Double fault!"

A man had conceived a dam and died. Others would have to build it; others, like himself, who had come back, would have to build many things for many men who would not come back.

Service. Automatic, robotlike. The ball coming back. He could get only the tip of his bat on it and he knew,

LIBERTY

vaguely, uncaring, that the kid was leading and he stood but a single point from defeat.

Strangely, incredulously, though, his mind was not full of the possible defeat but of a dam unbuilt and a girl whose eyes danced, who thought straight as an arrow—"You haven't considered going back?"

Defeat? No, this was victory. Here on the courts he had found what he knew now he'd been unconsciously seeking all the while. The uncertainty of what to do with his life, after a void of almost four years, now was replaced by certainty. He saw clearly, surely, that tennis was extremely important to the Reillys, as once it had been to him; but his tennis glory lay, along with Jim McNally's body, buried in the sands of Anzio.

Yes, the studying might be hard, there'd be cramming; but he was aware of its worth, now, as he'd never been before. A diploma meant the opportunity to gain recognition, perhaps even headlines, as one of the best dam engineers in the nation. It meant that he and Clare...

HE knocked the service in there and moved as it streaked off the kid's racket. Stroke. His return. Ted's reflexes sent him forward. He threw himself at it, straining; his bat just got under it. The ball sailed in a short lazy arc over the net. Then the kid's sweeping racket killed it.

The stands went wild as Reilly jumped the net and began thumping Ted's back excitedly, exultantly, telling him what a great game he'd played. Ted thanked him quietly, slapped the youngster's back a little in return and walked away.

Clare came out to him and put her hand in his. He wanted to tell her all about the unfinished business that lay before him, and the importance of it to both of them. But there was no desperate hurry; her hand would be there, in his, for the many years that were ahead. The cheering died away behind him.

THE END

*****★*****

The following paragraph is the standard test given applicants for jobs as radio announcers. Read it clearly and without mistakes in twenty seconds and you have an above-average diction!

"I bought a batch of baking powder and baked a batch of biscuits. I brought a big basket of biscuits back to the bakery and baked a basket of big biscuits. Then I took the big basket of biscuits and the basket of big biscuits and mixed the big biscuits with the basket of biscuits that was next to the big basket and put a bunch of biscuits from the basket into a box. Then I took the box of mixed biscuits and a biscuit mixer and biscuit basket and brought the basket of biscuits and the box of mixed biscuits and the biscuit mixer to the bakery and opened a tin of sardines."—*Facts*.

JUNE 22, 1946



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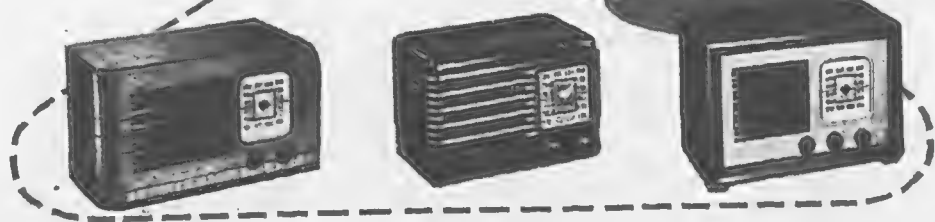
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PIONEERS IN FM RADIO

America's
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FOUL BALL

Continued from Page 31

"But we can't take this laying down," Herbert says.

"Who said we were?" Kate says, smiling at the kid. "But when there's any planning to be done around here, I'm the one to do it."

She shoos us out of the kitchen so she can whip up the dinner.

"Geez," Herbert mopes, "what can a dame do?"

"Herbert," I says, "ask the man who's married one."

And I leave it at that until a couple nights later when Kate invites her Garden Club to meet at our suburban shack.

I'm just sneaking upstairs with a two-bit mystery thriller when I'm nailed to the stairs by Kate's voice, cheerfully chirping, "Why, Pamela, I'm so glad you could come."

"It was sweet of you to ask me," Pamela says, "but I'm afraid I don't know a thing about gardening. You should see my poor geraniums."

"Geraniums?" Kate says. "Well, I know just the person for you to talk to."

I tiptoe down far enough to watch Kate steer Pamela into the parlor, then straight over to Sprockett, who is the club secretary. He puffs out importantly when Kate presents Pamela's geranium problem.

"Getting spindly, I imagine," Sprockett says. "All stalks?"

"Why, yes!" Pamela says.

"And you have them in a shaded northern exposure?"

"How," pipes Pamela, "did you know that?"

"A common mistake," Sprockett says. "Just get them out in the sun and cut them back."

"There," Kate says, "what did I tell you?" Sprockett turns a pleased pink.

Kate draws Pamela off to one side, and I hear her whisper, "Poor Mr. Sprockett, he's a very sick man."

"Why, he looks the picture of health!" Pamela says.

"Shh," Kate says. "He doesn't like to talk about it. If you could just—well, cheer him up. It would mean so much to him."

That's all Pamela needs. Suddenly she's Florence Nightingale, she's One Man's Family, she's all the Bette Davis heroines rolled into one tender package. She descends on the startled Sprockett, making such a rich-uncle fuss over him that Edgar begins to open up like an orchid.

"KATE," I says, drawing her out into the hall, "what in the world are you up to?"

"Why, Rocky," she says, "what do you mean?"

"You didn't have to ask Sprockett what was wrong with Pamela's geraniums. You told me a week ago they'd never grow in that shade."

"Did I? I must've forgot."

"And as for Sprockett—why, that old coot's never been sick a day in his life, and you know it."

"Really? My, maybe I've got him mixed up with somebody else."

"Now, look here," I says. "I don't know where your little charade is hiding, but I do know you've got the wrong slant. There's only one way to handle that prickly pair—a dash of arsenic in the fruit cup."

"That's the trouble with you," Kate says, "you've got a Mickey Finn mentality. No subtlety, no imagination. When are you going to learn that a soft answer turneth away wrath?"

"I'm just as much a soft-answer man as the next guy," I says, "but soft answers will never turneth away Sprockett or that Poindexter pill."

"We'll see," Kate says. "It's all so simple. Don't you see? Edgar's built

his whole life around his flowers and Pamela around her imaginary illnesses. Why? Because they're both completely alone, they have nobody to think of but themselves. Now, if they—"

"It won't work," I cut in. "You can't put two thistles together and get orange blossoms."

"It's spring," Kate says. "Anything's apt to bloom in the spring—if"—she smiles and starts back to the parlor—"if somebody nurses it along a bit."

Well, it's strictly Kate's show, not mine, and I'm very happy to let her have it, so I retire to the boudoir with my hunk of fictional homicide. Some three hundred and fifty pages later, Kate breezes in, frowning.

"Where's Herbert?" she says, and I tell her the kid's around somewhere. "It's after ten," Kate says. "You'd better go get him."

I'M starting down the street toward Lennie Field's house when I hear a coyote call, the signal of Dusty Dalton's Prairie Patrol. I give the answering call, and Herbert suddenly pops up from behind the Sprockett hedge.

"What's up?" I says.

"The fix." He draws me back into the shadows, whispering, "Sorry I couldn't cut you in on this, Rocky, but we had to work quick and I couldn't get a message to you."

Then the kid opens a crack in the hedge, and I peer through it at the Sprockett lawn, where I see the Butternut Blitzers creeping across the green plush. I get the distinct impression something ominous is afoot. Then Herbert strikes a match and holds the flame up to a small envelope package which I discover is a disastrous dime's worth of mixed flower seeds.

"This," I whisper, "is sabotage."

"Rocky," he says, "Sourpuss Sprockett is gonna have things coming up in his grass that ain't never come up in Meadow Park before."

I promptly confiscate what's left of the bomb load, about half a package of floral dynamite, then I send the kids scooting home and march Herbert back to the bunkhouse. "You can't damage some other guy's property," I tell him. "It's vandalism."

"How about what he did to my uniform?" the kid says, and I'm stuck.

"Herbert," I says, "I want you to promise me something. Don't ever pull off another stunt like this without checking at headquarters."

"I'm sorry, Rocky," the kid says. Then we shake hands on it—the Prairie Patrol's secret grip, and when you shake hands that way, it means you can't ever let each other down.

"Well, Herbert," Kate says, when we get upstairs, "I don't think you have a thing to worry about now. Tonight I planted the seeds of victory."

"Geez!" the kid gulps. "You too?"



"Thank you. I've always wanted to upset an apple cart."

LIBERTY

SALTED PEANUTS

Rum is not my personal curse.
I've a vice that's even worse.

Gin was never my undoin'.
Salted peanuts are my ruin.

Night and noon, at any hour,
At brunch or tea, in bed or shower,

Or at the opera, wan and wistful,
I just eat 'em by the fistful.

And when I've had enough—oh, my!
Do I stop eatin' 'em? Not I.

I always munch that One Too Many—
Then wish I hadn't eaten any!

Don't like taters or other tubers.
All I really go fer's goobers.

—Ethel Jacobson.

KATE keeps the Blitzers off the street for the next couple weeks, and every time Herbert gets restless and starts pacing the parlor, she tells him not to worry, things are coming along fine.

"But, gee," the kid says one night, "we're getting out of shape. No practice."

"Sunday," Kate tells him. "I think Sunday will do it."

"Do what?" I says, and Kate gives me that sphinx business.

"A little test," she says.

It turns out to be one of those lazy spring Sundays, when you stretch out with the Sunday papers, kick off your brogans, loosen your tie, yawn, and say to yourself, "Swell day to take a walk," after which you drop peacefully off to sleep.

"Rocky," Kate says, shaking me, "Rocky." And I rouse up drowsily, Kate pointing out the front window. I rub my eyes. I can't believe it. Edgar and Pamela are walking down the street toward us. Edgar has on a hound's-tooth sports coat and beige slacks, a jaunty fedora topping the ensemble, and Pamela has blossomed out in a flowered print dress and a big floppy hat. They're arm in arm. They're giggling.

"There," says Kate, "is the soft answer at work."

"Good Lord," I says, "they're coming here!"

"Of course," Kate says. Then she calls Herbert in from the kitchen, and she whispers something to the kid that I can't hear, but I can see Herbert's face. Even the freckles get pale.

"Are you sure?" he says.

"I'm sure," Kate says, and the kid vanishes out back, just as the doorbell rings and Pamela comes tripping into the parlor, gushing, "Such a lovely, lovely day."

"Well, Kate," Sprockett says, "are you ready for our constitutional?"

"Rocky," Kate says, "has been looking forward to it all day."

Kate changes to her sensible shoes and I slip on a sports coat. I open the front door. I freeze. Smack in front of the Sprockett shrubbery is Herbert, fielding some hot grounders Lennie Field is batting out from the Poindexter part of the block. I glance quickly at Kate. She is smiling confidently, and I get the point—she planned it this way.

"Spring practice," Kate says.

"They might break a window or something," Sprockett says. "I think—"

"The exercise is so good for them," Kate says, and she turns to Pamela, beaming, "Don't you think so, Pamela?"

"Of course," Pamela says. "Why, Edgar, look how much better I've felt since I started helping you work around the garden."

"And you show it, too," Kate says.

"Everybody needs exercise," Pamela says, "especially youngsters."

"I suppose you're right," Edgar says, trying his best to laugh it off lightly.

Just then Lennie knocks out a pop fly which soars over Herbert's head and plops down smack in the middle of Sprockett's lawn. Edgar's face sinking with the ball. Kate glances at him sharply, holding her breath. Herbert hesitates, then trots after the ball. Sprockett winces and turns his head away, but he doesn't say a word.

Kate relaxes.

"Rocky," she whispers, as Pamela takes Sprockett's arm and the two parakeets start down the block, "we're in."

"Kate," I says, "I've got to hand it to you."

HERBERT picks up the ball and starts toward the street, then he suddenly stops and bends over, like he was hunting for a lost penny.

"Oh, Rocky," he calls, "can I see you for a second?"

I make my excuses and retire to the curb for a conference. The kid's face is so white his freckles stand out like rust spots on new tin.

"They're coming up," he says.

"What's coming up?"

"Things."

Suddenly my collar is awfully tight.

"What'll we do?" the kid asks helplessly, and I'm stopped cold; but when I see the way he looks at me, I know I can't let him down, so I tell him not to worry, I'll think of something.

I rejoin the Sunday strollers, and when Kate takes my arm, I suddenly realize I not only have to deliver, but I've got to do it quick, before she finds out how her little scheme has been monkey-wrenched.

"You see how simple it was," Kate says, when the lovebirds lag behind to toss peanuts to the pigeons. "Pamela has completely forgotten she ever had an ache or pain, and Edgar's so wrapped up in Pamela

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This native of Bechuanaland is smoking tobacco in a sand pit. From an old print.—Bettmann Archives.

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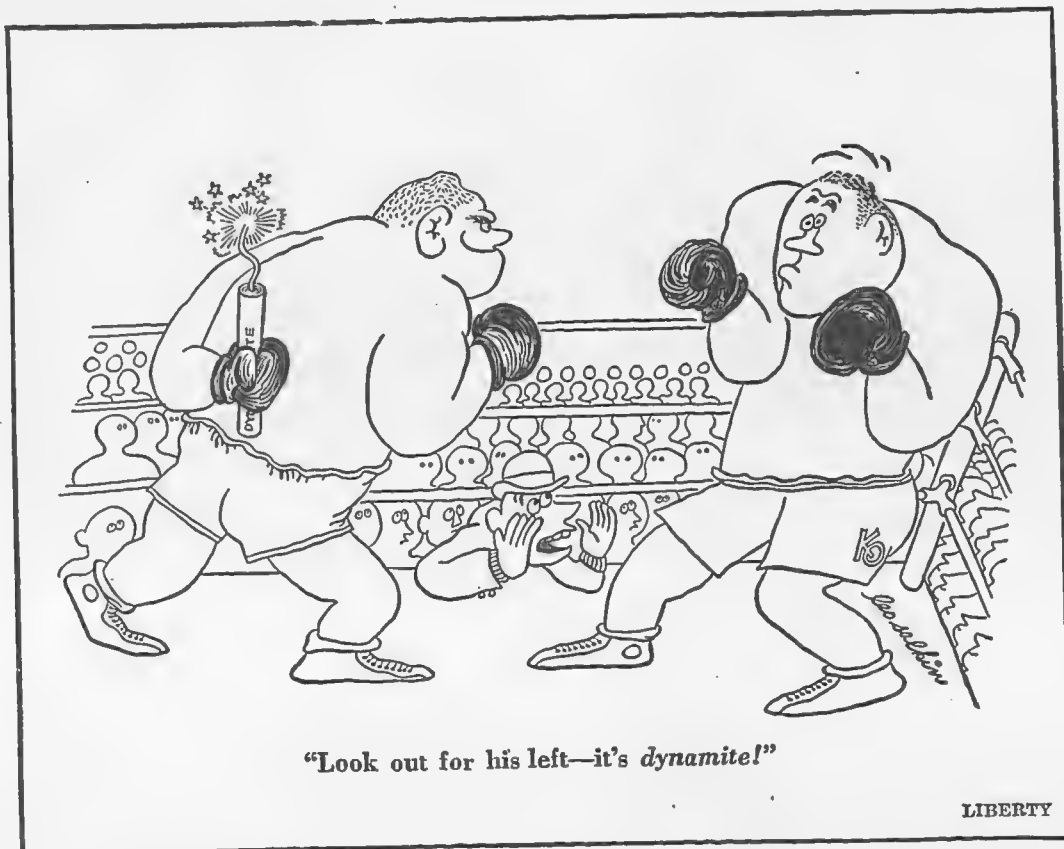
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he'd let the kids wrestle in his delphiniums if Pamela said it'd be good for their health."

AFTER dinner Herbert and I take over the K.P. The Rocky Ford brain is ticking with seventeen-jewel precision, and by the time we get the dishes stacked and washed, I've outlined my whole strategy to the kid. It's clean, sharp, direct. Phase One of the master plan is getting Kate to bed, an operation which turns out to be easier than I'd figured, because she's done in from the Sunday stroll. Then I turn to Phase Two, which involves finding a flashlight and a couple garden trowels, after which Herbert and I sneak over to the Sprockett lawn and start in on Phase Three, the tough one. "Now," I says, "we dig."

We both get down on all fours, and with the flashlight to guide us, we start uprooting the alien shoots. I'm surprised how many nosegays you get out of a ten-cent package.

"Rocky," the kid says, "I'm sure sorry to rope you in on a deal like this."

"Forget it," I says. "Only, next time, you watch the way Kate operates, kid-glove stuff. It's the only way."

At the end of the first hour, blisters set in. Then I get blisters on top of the blisters. The little pile of sinister seedlings keeps growing, and another half hour's work should see us safely home.

"Herbert," I says, when I hear footsteps, "this is really fixing it up."

I turn to smile at the kid. I freeze. It's not Herbert. It's Edgar Sprockett, and Pamela is standing right beside him. Sprockett grabs my flashlight and aims it at the lawn, unfortunately hitting a bald spot where some castor-bean seeds had sprouted.

"Good Lord," he says, "what've you done!"

"Well, you see," Herbert explains, "some flower seeds sort of got spilled, and we were trying to—"

Sprockett crouches and runs the flashlight over every inch of lawn, and at each raw spot he sets up a wail. "Torn up by the roots!" he moans.

"We were just trying to fix it," Herbert says.

"Fix it!" Sprockett roars. "You've ruined it! Ford, I'll have you in jail for this, if it's the last thing I do!"

"Now, now, Edgar," Pamela soothes. "Remember your blood pressure."

"Blood pressure, my eye!"

"Don't shout at me!" Pamela screams.

"I'm not SHOUTING!"

"Oh," Pamela gasps, and goes into her agony act. "My heart. I—I can't stand it."

SHE starts drooping like a withered bean vine; Sprockett turns to catch her, but his flashlight suddenly shows up a nasty gash in the green velvet and he forgets Pamela, stooping to finger the rip, moaning, "It's ruined! Ruined!"

"You and your grass!" Pamela shouts, making a quick recovery. "You don't care what happens to me, just as long as that yard is all right. I could—" She begins to sink again, her shoulders sagging, her voice growing faint and piping. "I could—die, for all you care."

"You're not going to die," Sprockett snaps. "You're healthy as an Amazon."

"Oh, Ed-gar," Pamela wails, looking around desperately for a soft place to faint in, as Kate comes running up in her bathrobe and pink mules, her curlers flying.

"Now what is it?" she says, and Pamela moans, "It's Edgar. He's been saying the most awful things to me, simply ghastly."

"I just said she was healthy."

"There! You see, he said it again."

Pamela breaks down completely, sinking back against Kate, sobbing.

"I'll take you home," Kate says.

"Anywhere," Pamela sobs, "away from that—brute."

Kate leads the stock-company Camille down the street.

"Well, good night, Sprockett," I says, signaling Herbert to retreat.

"Night, Ford," Sprockett mumbles absently. Then he suddenly remembers his lawn, and yells, "Hey, just a minute!"

But he's too late. The Ford house is near, the Ford feet nimble.

THE end of the romance is also the end of the peaceful era of good will on Butternut Street. It's war again. Pamela promptly takes to her bed, hopping out of it only long enough to grab a poker from her hearth and chase the Butternut Blitzers down two blocks of clear track. Sprockett assumes a strong defensive position behind the Atlantic Wall of his spiraea bushes, the heavy artillery of his garden hose pointed menacingly toward the street.

"And," Herbert groans, "the big game's day after tomorrow. We won't be able to hit the side of a barn if we don't get some practice right away."

"Herbert," I says, "if there was a thing in the world I could do, I'd do it, but—" I shrug. The reservoir of Rocky Ford ingenuity has been drained dry.

We are staring dismally out at the street, when Kate marches in.

"Well," she says, "what are the master minds working on now?"

"Look, honey," I says, "we're sorry about our little agricultural experiment, and we tried to patch up the damage. Now please don't keep rubbing it in."

"I'm going to keep rubbing it in till you feel it," Kate says, "and when you've both learned your lesson, then I'll fix things up again. But I'm warning you, it will be the last time."

Herbert sits there for a long time after Kate goes upstairs, not saying a word, then he looks up at me. "Rocky," he says, "do you think she could really fix it again?"

"If it's fixable," I says, "Kate can do it."

We slink upstairs to see Kate, a bowed and beaten duet.

"Rocky Ford," she says, "are you ready to cut out those pinochle games? And those two-dollar payday lunches at the Carlton? Are you going to fix the lawn mower, paint those shutters, wash the car?"

"You drive a hard bargain," I says.

"Take it or leave it."

"I'm in."

"And, Herbert," Kate says, turning to the kid, "are you going to eat your green salad without any fuss? Hang up your clothes? Go to the grocery store when I ask you to,

and come straight home—no marbles on the way?"

The kid nods weakly, and Kate says, "There's just one other little thing. Both of you have got to promise me that you'll *never* pull another trick like those flower seeds."

We're licked and we know it. We promise.

"Herbert," I whisper, as Kate sails out of the room, "when a dame's got you down, you might as well just give up."

"Come on, Rocky," Kate calls up to me. "You're going with me."

We start toward Pamela's house, Kate warning me not to say a word, she's going to do the talking.

I trot meekly up to the Poindexter porch behind Kate, who rings the bell, and Pamela comes to the door, munching a three-decker sandwich. The minute she sees us, she hides the sandwich and ushers us into the parlor, sinking down on the couch.

"I had another one of those frightful attacks this morning," she says.

"Oh, that's too bad," Kate says. "Maybe I could fix you some broth?"

"Food!" Pamela wails. "Why, I haven't been able to touch a thing all day!"

"Have you taken your temperature?" Kate asks, and she spreads her hand across Pamela's forehead, then feels her pulse and shakes her head. "There's so much of it around these days."

"So much what?" Pamela says, bolting up.

POEM TO BREAK THE MONOTONY OF A NUMBER OF THINGS

(Mr. Hoffenstein permitting)

My luck with this here sterner sex
Should rile, torment me, and perplex;
Teach me to be aloof and cool
As, *par exemple*, Ella Boole.
It should imbue me with disgust
Of man's uncouth, unlovely dust;
Should make me greet with snarl and scowl

Every wolf who's on the prowl,
And cry, "No, nol" to each "Woo-wool" . . .

But lady poets starve who do.

"Flu," Kate says. "I wouldn't take any chances. It sometimes can be—serious."

Pamela quietly folds up, one arm dropping limply at her side, her eyes closing drowsily, her voice husky. "I—I feel so—so weak."

"Here," Kate says, "let me get you to bed."

Kate puts her arm under Pamela's shoulders and helps her to her feet. Pamela staggers to the stairs, sagging weakly, leaning on Kate. Pretty

soon Kate slips down and whispers, "Get Mr. Sprockett over here."

"How?" I says.

"Never mind how. You get him."

"But, Kate, how in the world—"

"All right," Kate snaps. "I'll get him."

She flounces out of the house and I tag along behind her.

"Mr. Sprockett," Kate says, when we get up to the old boy's lawn, where he is reseeding the bald spots, "You'd better come with me."

"Where? What's the trouble?"

Kate lowers her eyes. "It's Pamela," she murmurs, her lips quivering. "She's been asking for you."

Sprockett looks at her suspiciously. Kate blinks her eyes, making them water sadly. "You're the only one who can help her now," she says. "I'm afraid," Kate goes on, "she's lost the will to live."

Sprockett hesitates a moment, then dashes down the street. Kate smiles and takes my arm, strolling along in Edgar's wild wake.

"Kate," I says, "what's the pitch?"

"Men!" she says, shaking her head.

"That's one thing they can't resist is the notion that they've broken some poor woman's heart."

"Edgar will never fall for it," I says. "That dame is strong as an ox, and she shows it."

"We'll see," Kate says.

Herbert pokes his head out the front door, and Kate calls to him.

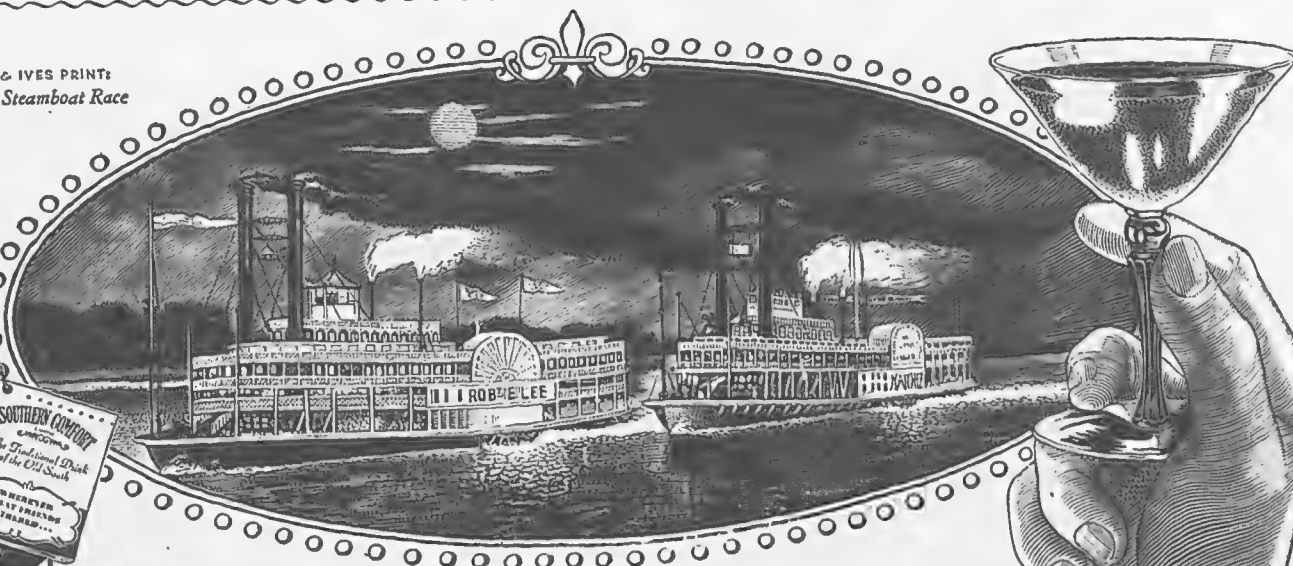
"You might as well be in on the kill," she says, and the kid breaks

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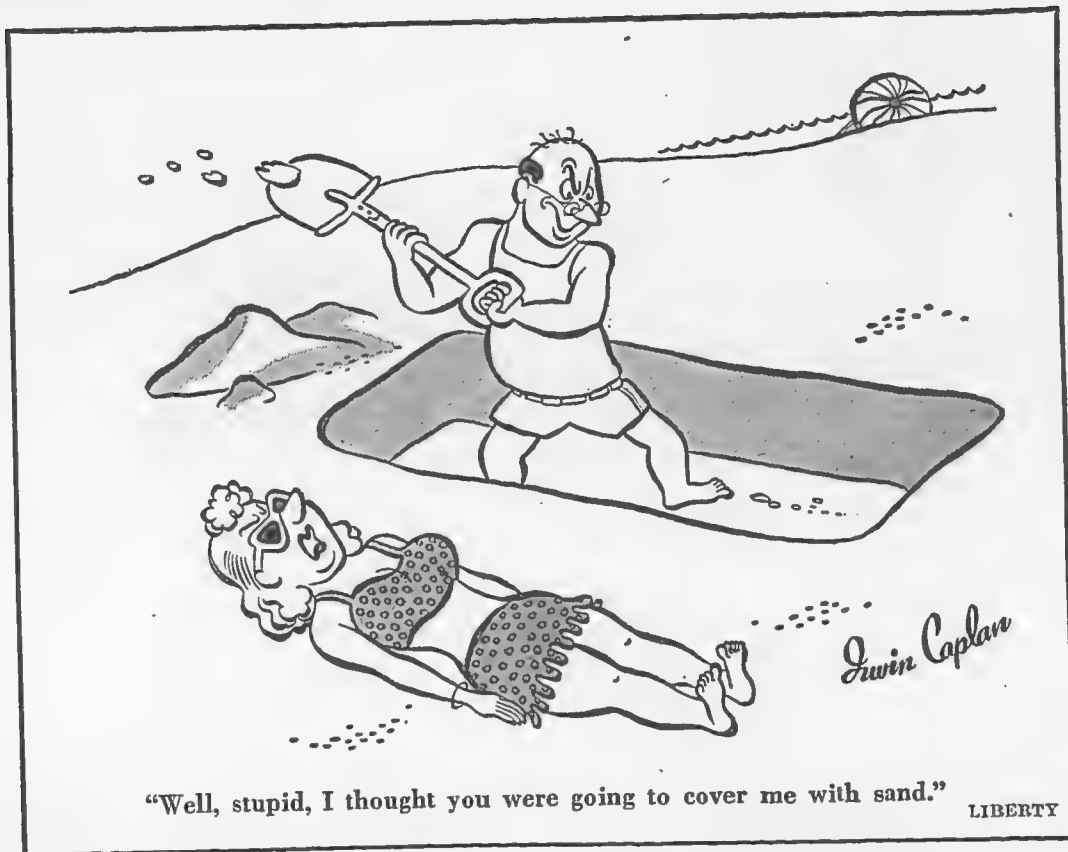
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well with cracked ice.



out in a big grin. "Geez!" he says. "You fixed it?"
 "You'll see," Kate says. "You'll see."

The three of us tiptoe upstairs to Pamela's boudoir, and find Sprockett parked in a chair drawn up to the bedside, holding Pamela's limp white hand. She has on a lacy pink negligee, which I instinctively gather was Kate's idea, and when I look at her face, I stop dead in my tracks. She's as pale as her pillow.

"I didn't know," Sprockett says, and Pamela, in a voice from the tomb, intones, "How could you, Edgar dear?"

AS we step up to make our farewells, I notice Kate slip something out from under Pamela's pillow, then inconspicuously drop it into her purse.

"Herbert," Pamela whispers, when she sees the kid, "I want you to look in the hall closet before you go. There's something for you down there."

The kid thanks her and bows out, Kate and I following him down to the front hall. Herbert opens the door, and there is his fielder's mitt. He grabs it up, slips it on and bangs his fist into it.

"Better round up the Blitzers," I says. "You can get in a couple good hours' practice."

The kid beams and starts to run out, then stops, his freckled face knotting in a puzzled frown. "Her face," he says. "Why did she have on all that powder?"

"Maybe she found the compact I dropped when I was getting her to bed," Kate says. "Careless of me, wasn't it?"

"Kate," I says, "sometimes you scare me."

"Really, Rocky?" she says, flashing me a Mona Lisa. "Why?"

THE END

THE MYSTERY OF MONSIEUR PLINY

Continued from Page 35

"Wasn't any. They was like this when the Injun brought 'em here."

He could be making up the Indian out of whole cloth, Anatole thought. "My pa," he asserted, "wouldn't sell or trade that rifle."

"All I know," Pliny said, "is I bought it fair and square. So you dassent take it away less'n you bring an order from the court."

It was true, Anatole admitted. Theft would have to be proved. A point in Pliny's favor was that the rifle was exposed boldly in the room, which would hardly be the case if Pliny had stolen it himself. The pressing thing right now was to find Jules Blanchette. A stinging fear grew within Anatole. Fear that his father had been murdered. Why that missing rawhide lace? The boy could think of two possible reasons. Both were appalling.

"If anybody hurt my pa," he blazed, "he'll pay with his skin!"

TO show his contempt for Pliny he turned his back to the man and walked out of the cabin. As he tramped across the open glade to the timber's edge, it seemed to him that he was proving Pliny had not murdered Jules. For if Pliny had, would he not also shoot down a witness? Pliny would need only to fire at Anatole's retreating back.

Well inside the trees, Anatole sat on a log to think. He thought about a missing rawhide lace. He considered the character of Pincher Pliny. Anatole's mother had taught him that a man's actions are determined by his character.

What was the character of Pliny? He wasn't a trapper. Some said he

made his living trading cheap beads and whisky to Indians for fine fur. He always kept inside the law. What would such a man do if he were to find Jules Blanchette sleeping in the woods, with a ninety-dollar rifle leaning against a tree and a twenty-dollar pair of boots drying by the fire? If he should come into possession of those boots by either trick or trade, why would he remove a rawhide bootlace?

A cord of rawhide six feet long, Anatole thought, would be just the thing to tie a man's hands behind him. Or to secure a man's ankles so he couldn't run. A thief might do that to prevent pursuit.

But suppose—the thought brought a shiver to Anatole—suppose it were murder! Then the killer must hide the body. He would sink it to the bottom of the nearest lake by tying to it a heavy weight with a stout rawhide lace from the victim's boot!

The nearest lake was Lake of the Wolves, one mile east of here. Anatole went grimly that way. The tall trees closed in on him. He crossed a narrow tamarack swamp, passed again into dry spruce forest. Then, as spruce gave way to birch and balsam, he could smell the lake. When he came to its beach the expanse of cold blue water there chilled him. The lake was deep and more than a mile across.

DARKNESS was an hour away. The boy began searching the beach for prints of his father's boots. It was hard-packed sand and Anatole found no footprints. But a little way back in the birch timber he found the ashes of a fire.

It was the last campfire of Jules Blanchette. Anatole was sure of that, because an old brier pipe which Jules always carried lay at the foot of a birch tree near the fire. Jules would not have broken camp and left the pipe here. Or if he had, he would have returned for it.

With a sore heart the boy began looking for signs of violence. On hands and knees he circled the fire looking for footprints. A renegade Indian, or Pliny himself would have worn moccasins.

But Anatole found no such prints. He did find several dim tracks of his father's boots, such as Jules might have made while picking up wood for the fire. Then, about twenty paces from the ashes, the boy found an empty brass shell. It was the shell of a Magnum cartridge, caliber .300, and he knew it had been fired from his father's rifle.

The light grew dim and Anatole made a night fire of his own. He unrolled his pack, a light fur-lined sleeping bag enclosing the barest necessities. He boiled tea and ate a chocolate bar. In a little while he slipped into the bag and lay looking up at the stars. He thought about a missing bootlace and a deep cold lake. What would he find tomorrow? The boy twisted in the bag and shivered.

LIBERTY

It was five o'clock when he wakened, and broad light. Doggedly he resumed searching the beach. Hidden under a balsam bush overhanging the lake he found a canoe. It might belong to some Indian who occasionally fished here, or it might belong to Pliny.

The canoe showed no bloodstains. Yet a frightful picture persisted in Anatole's mind—Jules asleep by a fire, a thief making off with rifle and boots, Jules waking to give chase, the thief whirling twenty paces away to fire one shot, and then all evidence sunk in the lake.

THE boy embarked in the canoe and paddled about fifty yards offshore. There was no wind and the water was clear as crystal. He could see bottom to a depth of fully fifteen feet.

As the canoe drifted, Anatole peered fearfully into those depths. He paddled from here to there, near shore, offshore, to the right, to the left, staring down into the transparent water. Farther out, the water was too deep to show bottom. Looking for a body in a lake this deep, Anatole decided, was hopeless. He drove the canoe to the balsam mooring and left it there.

Anatole went back to the birch tree where the fire had been made. He heard a squirrel scolding at him from the branches overhead. It made the boy remember he'd eaten no meat since noon yesterday. He aimed his carbine at the squirrel.

But before he could pull the trigger, Anatole saw the stripped skeleton of another squirrel in that same tree. It was wedged in a high fork and the carcass had been raided by birds of prey. Only the head, bones, and tail remained. Anatole stood there, thinking.

He moved to the spot where he had picked up the Magnum shell. From here a man would be at just the right angle to shoot the squirrel whose stripped skeleton lay in that high fork.

It meant that his father might have shot the squirrel. If so, the squirrel had failed to fall and Jules could retrieve it only by climbing the tree. The tree was easy to climb. Then Anatole saw the snag of a broken limb about thirty feet above ground and near the stripped squirrel. Suppose the limb had broken under Jules' weight and he had fallen from the tree!

Anatole looked at the ashes of the fire again. He realized now that it had never been a campfire. A campfire is made with dry wood. But the unburnt ends around these ashes were green.

This fire had been made of green twigs and leaves. A signal fire!

Anatole saw a few tiny shavings at the base of the tree which his father had whittled to start the fire. They were birch bark shavings. Then he saw two creamy white rectangles on the tree, about a foot above the ground, where Jules had

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stripped away bark. The rectangles were the same size, each about four inches wide by ten inches long.

There would have been no need to cut those exact sizes if Jules had merely wanted to whittle shavings. His father had fallen from this tree and broken a leg. It was the left leg and the break was between ankle and knee.

That would have left most men helpless, but not Jules Blanchette. Jules had spent a lifetime in the woods. Sitting here with a broken leg, his back to this tree, Jules would first make a smoke fire to call help. Smoke which might be seen by some Indian, or by Pliny at the cabin a mile away.

Once the smoke was drifting upward above the treetops, Jules would do the best job possible on his leg. He would take off the boot from the broken limb and remove its rawhide lace. Then he would strip two rectangles of bark from the tree, each long enough to reach from ankle to knee. Then, whatever the pain and effort, he would set that broken bone. He would slap on the splints, curved by nature to fit the curve of his leg, and tie them securely into place. Around and around those splints he would wrap the rawhide lace.

What then? The boy pictured his father sitting here, his leg in splints, waiting for someone to answer the smoke of his fire. What if no one had come! How long could Jules endure the pain and exhaustion? Anatole bit hard on his lip. His father was tough, like a steel wire. He would wait a reasonable time for an answer to his signal and then—then he would begin crawling toward the nearest habitation.

Toward the cabin of Pincher Pliny. That was it!

The cabin couldn't be seen from here, but Jules had an unerring

sense of direction in the woods. So had Anatole. The boy faced in that direction and walked for fifty yards, then dropped to his hands and knees and began searching for prints.

Soon, in a spot where the soil was bare of gravel and grass, he found them. Not the prints of a crawling man, but the prints of a man upright. The print of the right boot only, and just to the left of this a shallow circular print about an inch in diameter.

Anatole gave a shout of elation. Here was incontestible proof. His father had used the rifle as a crutch. The curve of the stock plate would be just right to fit snugly under the left armpit of a cripple. Jules was a small man, only five feet three. The Winchester was a rifle four feet long from end to end. Using it as a crutch, Jules had hobbled straight toward Pliny's cabin.

In the narrow tamarack swamp the ground was soft and the prints were deep. It checked with the mud-caked muzzle of the rifle as Anatole had seen it in the cabin.

Beyond the swamp the prints disappeared again. But Anatole found one more set at the rim of the cabin glade, in plain sight of Pliny's door. Jules Blanchette, using his rifle as a crutch, had limped to that doorway.

Therefore Pliny had lied about the Indian. No Indian, but Jules himself, had taken that rifle to the cabin.

ANATOLE, with his carbine at ready, advanced grimly toward the cabin. It stood silent in the noon sunshine, its door open.

Anatole saw Pliny on the bunk, dozing. The man was fully dressed, boots and all. Three steps more and Anatole was pushing his carbine hard against Pliny's hip.

"You lie about my pa!" The sharp edge of Anatole's voice wakened Pliny.

The man opened his eyes, blinked,



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

PEEKNIC: Fun through a keyhole.

PAT-TROLL-MAN: An Irish cop after carp.

P-ALL BARE-ER: Casket carrier in a nudist camp.

CO-ROBBER-ATE: To confirm the time the house was entered.

GRADE A: A gray day but a lovely one.

KLEP-PTOMAINE-IAC: He swipes only bad oysters.

CON-SPEAR-ACY: Plot between thespian carriers of them.

PSY-COLLIE-GY: Science of a dog's mind.

ANTSER: Solution of the picnic problem.

AIR-REST: Catching a thief by plane.

then slapped at a fly stinging his moist fleshy chins. "Oh, it's you again!" He tried to sit up, but Anatole stopped him with the carbine.

"My pa came here," he shrilled, "with his leg broken. He used his rifle for a crutch." He nodded toward Jules' rifle.

"Guesses are cheap," Pliny said, and tried to grin. But the grin faded as Anatole cocked the carbine. That made Pliny cautious. "I ain't seen yer pa. If he come here, I wasn't home."

Anatole didn't believe it. With a broken leg, his father would stay in the cabin while the leg mended.

"I found his camp by the lake," Anatole said. "His tracks lead right here."

"How d'yuh know it was yer pa's camp? Might've been an Injun's."

"Not with this by it." Anatole's left hand delved in a pocket and brought out Jules' briar pipe. "It was right there by the—"

The boy broke off as he now saw a detail about the pipe which had escaped him before. Jules had not mislaid the pipe, but had purposely left it at the birch tree because it was a personal article certain to be picked up and examined by anyone finding the camp.

Anatole forced Pliny to roll over and lie face down on the bunk. He used stout fish cord to tie the man's hands firmly behind him.

Then he stepped back and fished a tiny thimble-shaped cone of paper from the bowl of the pipe. It was dim twilight when he had found the pipe, so he had missed the message in the bowl. Now he read it aloud to Pliny:

I are break the leg. I rest few day at Plinys then maybe I mak it to Musk Charlie's.

J B

"How long did he stay here?" Anatole demanded. "And when did he leave for Muskrat Charlie's?" He knew that Charlie's cabin was twenty miles southwest. It would be a logical second stop, because Charlie had a horse and could get quick help from Moose Meadows.

"Looks like he came by here," Pliny suggested, "and found me not at home. So he went right on to Charlie's."

"On one leg?" Anatole scoffed. "Without even staying all night? Get on your feet, Pliny. We'll go to Charlie's and find out."

Pliny turned his head and saw the carbine still cocked. He got to his feet, whining, "They's a law agin kidnagin'."

"You're not gettin' out of my sight," the boy said fiercely, "till I find out if you kilt pa."

TEN minutes later they were trekking southwest through the woods. A cocked carbine at his back, his hands tied behind him, Pliny couldn't argue. Hooked to Anatole's pack was his father's rifle.

There was no need to look for tracks. For halfway from Pliny's to Charlie's ran Musk River and Ana-

tole knew that a crippled voyageur could cross at only one point. The crossing was called Charlie's Ferry because Charlie kept two canoes there, one moored at each bank.

"It's ten miles to the river and we can make it in three hours," the boy said.

"I'll see you jailed for this," Pliny threatened. But a nervous fright was in his voice now. Pliny was hiding something. Dread chilled the boy that it still might be murder. Murder for what? What could Jules have, other than boots and a rifle, that Pliny wanted?

After three hours their route took a gentle downslope to tamarack bottomland. Then Anatole saw a column of smoke straight ahead.

He punched Pliny on frantically, and soon they saw the river with a dismal smoke fire on the bank. Jules Blanchette lay by the fire, either fainted or dead.

"Pa!" Anatole called hoarsely. "It's me, pa! Are you all right?"

He made Pliny lie face down by the fire. Then he knelt by his father and felt his heart. A breath of life still stirred in Jules. His left leg was hideously swollen. Close by him lay a pair of shop-made crutches.

"I didn't do nothin' that wasn't legal!" Pliny bleated. This was a changed tune. It implied an admission that Pliny had encountered Jules.

Anatole took a rope from his father's pack and tied Pliny's feet so the man couldn't get up. He raised his father's head and held a canteen to his lips. "It's Anatole, pa. You'll be all right now."

Then he saw why Jules had gotten this far and no farther. The canoe usually moored here was gone.

The boy chafed his father's wrists

until Jules opened his eyes. He smiled faintly when he saw Anatole. Jules' skin was deathly white around the edges of a three weeks' beard. He was wearing moccasins. "You are good boy, Anatole." His voice was thin and tired.

Anatole fed him a chocolate bar and boiled some tea. A few swallows revived Jules visibly. In a little while he sat up, his back against a birch.

"The leg, she hurts like the poison, Anatole. Mebbe now they must cut her off."

Anatole wouldn't hear of it. "I'll get you to Charlie's, pa, and he'll go on a horse for a doctor. How long did you stay at Pliny's?"

"I am there ten day on the bunk while the bone she is grow together a little." Jules seemed to notice Pliny now for the first time. "So you bring him here, Anatole?"

"What did he do, pa?"

"I didn't do nothin' that wasn't legal," Pliny muttered.

Jules gave a short laugh. "By gar he is right, Anatole. What he does is all so legal."

IT came out then, bit by bit. Jules had limped into Pliny's cabin and had rested there ten days till the bone knitted. Pliny had discovered thirty dollars in his wallet and so had charged him three dollars a day for bunk and board.

"It was a fair price," Pliny whined. "A horsepital'd've charged him more'n 'at."

"When I am ready to go," Jules related, "I still cannot put on the boot over splints. So I ask Pliny for moccasins. He trade me pair of moccasins for the boots."

Anatole's stare withered Pliny. "He got what he wanted, didn't he?"

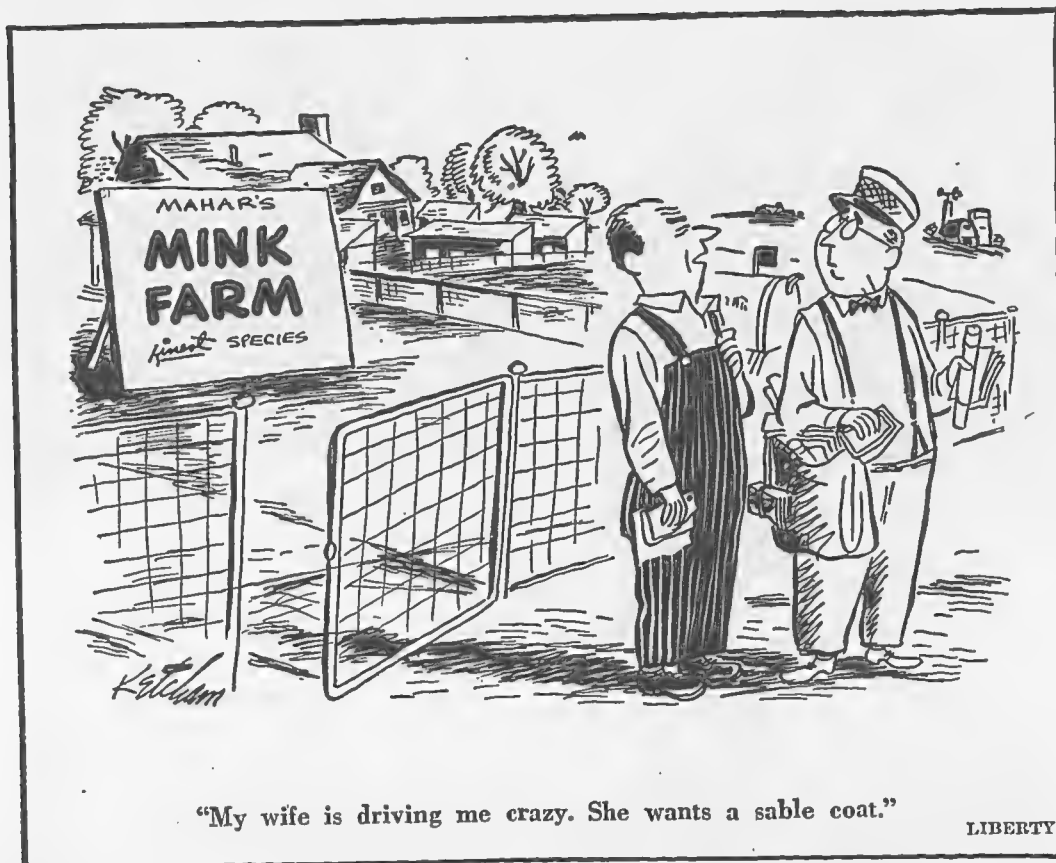


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Pliny mumbled. "So what?"

"So you took advantage of a cripple," Anatole said bitterly.

Jules went on: "So then I am want to go to Charlie's. But twenty mile, she is long way for go on one leg. But I see pair of old crutches in the cabin. Pliny has use them one tam after he step in wolf trap and sprain the ankle. So I ask him to lend me these crutches—and what you t'ink, Anatole? He trade me the crutches for my so beautiful rifle."

"That's what he was usin' the rifle fer, wasn't it?" Pliny whimpered. "A crutch! So I give him two crutches fer one, didn't I? He didn't have to make the deal less'n he wanted to, did he?"

"So you see, Anatole," Jules said, "it is lak he say, what he do is all so ver' legal. To the Mounties we can say that he is guilty only of the inhospitality."

This masterpiece of understatement shocked Anatole. His fingers itched to use the carbine on Pliny. Instead he placed it in his father's hands. "Watch him, pa, while I bring a canoe from the other side."

The boy stripped and dived into the river. Expertly he began stroking toward the far bank, where a canoe was moored. He would get his father across, make him comfortable there while he streaked ten miles more to bring Charlie's horse.

JULES sat holding the carbine at careless aim on Pliny. "I do not tell him," he said softly, "that you try to kill me. He is young and hotblood, and his mother would not lak for him to make you dead with bullets, Monsieur Pliny."

"Me try to kill you?" Pliny protested. "I didn't."

"The river she has rise two feet," Jules explained, "so Anatole do not see the track of the boots here. Me, I come slow on the crutches, but you

follow and come round me fast and are here first. I find no canoe; I find only the tracks of my own boots in the mud of the river bank—where you untie the canoe and let her drift away.

"Why are you want me to die here, Monsieur Pliny?"

Fear tightened Pliny's eyes and he didn't answer.

"Is it because of the hot day when your wool undershirt itches and you tak it off? I am asleep, but the pain of my leg wake me and I see the ship on your chest—what you call, tattoo? Does it mak you hope I do not arrive home safe so that people know this? That you are not a trader with Indians but a sailor who hide out in woods? Do they have the description of you in far countries, Monsieur Pliny?"

Still Pliny didn't answer. Jules could see Anatole paddling a canoe deftly toward him.

The boy beached the canoe, quickly resumed his clothes and pack. He raised Jules to his feet and handed him the crutches. Jules limped to the canoe and embarked.

"What about him, pa?" the boy motioned toward Pliny.

"Untie him, Anatole, and let him go home. The rifle, she is his. He has mak the legal trade with Jules Blanchette, and I, Jules, am honest voyageur."

Anatole cut the man's bonds. Reluctantly he unhooked the rifle from his pack and gave it to Pliny. Pliny took it truculently and stood up.

The boy pushed the canoe into the river and shoved off. Paddling toward the far shore, his back was to Pliny. Fifty yards out he heard a sound which made him look over his shoulder. It was a rasping sound made by Pliny as he pumped a shell from magazine to chamber. Deliberately Pliny aimed at Anatole's head.

"Hi there!" the boy yelled. "You

better watch out! Don't you go shootin' that rifle!"

Pliny kept his aim and Anatole continued to shout at him. "You better look out! My pa used that rifle for a crutch."

How was Pliny to know that the boy called out to remind him that the rifle hadn't been cleaned since last used as a crutch? That under Jules Blanchette's weight its muzzle had sunk deep into the mud of a tamarack swamp!

Having no such code himself, how could Pliny sense that this boy, schooled in the code of the North, must voice such a warning even to his worst enemy?

When Pliny pulled the trigger, no bullet emerged from the mud-plugged muzzle. The barrel split back like the skin of a half-peeled banana. The bolt sheared off and flew deep into Pliny's breast. Pliny never knew what hit him. His body collapsed on the river bank, and the crutch, bargained from a cripple but no bargain now, lay hard and heavy on his head.

THE END

DIAMOND-DECKED DRUDGE

Continued from Page 21

that everyone who saw it would compare her with Katharine Hepburn at her Academy Awardish best.

Including herself. For Twentieth called her in to see it. "Test of Vivian Blaine," read the opening, followed by: "Height: five feet two; weight: 140 pounds; age: 20." Vivian sat in nervous silence, her hands wet. She thought she was a monstrosity: the camera made her seem even larger than she was. She thought her voice sounded nasal. She wanted to make the whole thing over. All at once she realized she DID want to go to Hollywood, and that all the "I hate Hollywood" and "I hate Fox" routine was just a defense mechanism that grew out of her fear of failure. "I wasn't discouraged. I reasoned that all the great actresses were novices once. I figured if they would just realize I was untrained and would look better when I lost weight, I might have a chance."

The test was shipped from New York to Darryl Zanuck, who must O.K. every contract. Notwithstanding Katharine Hepburn, weight, and lack of experience, Twentieth Century-Fox signed Vivian Blaine to a seven-year contract on the strength of that test. She signed on January 22, 1942, and, still scared, left New York on the 28th. Vivian's mother, thrilled and excited, went with her.

They arrived in Hollywood with \$200 to their name—and registered at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. Vivian's starting salary was \$100 a week but she hadn't seen any of it yet. A few days at the hotel ate into their \$200, and an apartment they rented took another sixty-five. She didn't

know when payday was, and it didn't seem polite to ask. But she was happy. She loved California.

She reported at the studio and was told, "You start with the drama coach tomorrow." She was to begin what studios call "grooming"—a tough, arduous, and heartbreaking program.

THE drama sessions ran from ten thirty to twelve and two thirty to five. Vivian took a bus to the studio gate, then walked what seemed about ten miles. She went home for luncheon because she didn't know anyone at the studio. For six months she shared lessons with other young players, including Trudy Marshall, June Haver, and Jeanne Crain. One day the class would read Rudyard Kipling's *If*. Next, it would be given a script of a Noel Coward play. One day Vivian would be the boy; the next, the girl. Occasionally she would be given what was termed a characterization, like falling to the floor in a faint.

Vivian was serious about her work, but a bubbling and zany sense of humor kept her in hot water. Once, the drama coach was showing the class how to do a sneezing scene. "She was going great guns," says Vivian, "when her false teeth went flying across the room." The class was stunned and embarrassed to silence, but Vivian laughed herself into hysterics. This didn't help matters any with the drama coach, who began to heckle her.

"Nevertheless, she helped me tremendously," says Vivian. "She made me mad enough to want to do something about myself. She had a machine that recorded a recitation and played it back to you. Every time I heard myself I saw where I needed improvement."

Vivian learned about make-up, how to dress, how to walk. Around

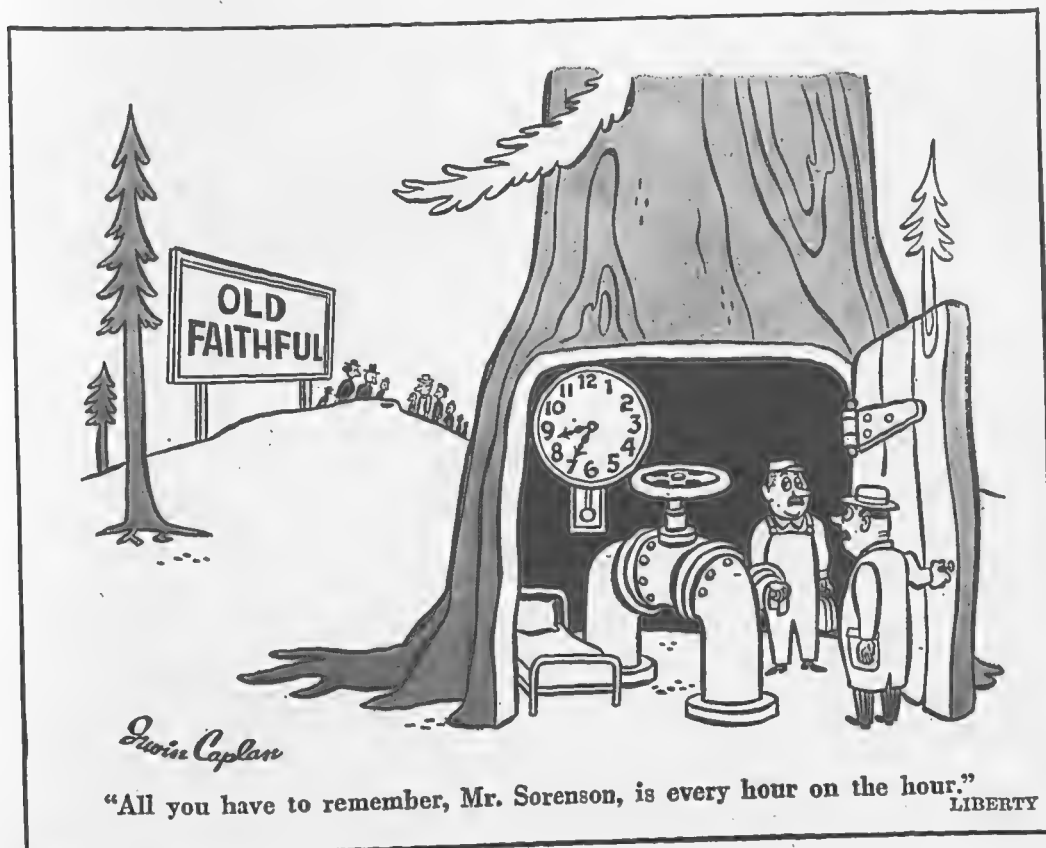
the house she walked with a book on her head.

After two months of sharp, analytical training, she got her first role, the lead in a B picture. She and the picture were distinct flops. The director was new, and although Vivian was signed for her voice, she didn't sing a note. "The picture wasn't good, and I was worse," she says emphatically. "The director was as scared as I. He screamed at me. It was my first experience with temperament, and I went home every night a nervous wreck."

Vivian was beginning to see the light. She found that Hollywood success was many-faceted. It involved studio politics: who was working with you, who liked you and who didn't, whether someone had a sweetie he wanted pushed, the strength of the story, the quality of the photography, a lot of things she hadn't read about in books. When she saw the picture, she thought she looked amateurish and fat. "I figured I'd better go back to my drama lessons because I sure had a lot to learn."

Three months later she had two and one half minutes in *He Hired His Boss*, starring Stu Erwin. Two months later she had a bit in *Girl Trouble*. "From an ingenue in my first picture I went down to a two-line bit," she recalls. "But I was in no position to refuse to do anything. I knew that an awful lot of people had ruined themselves by figuring they were too good to do a bit."

After this, her salary went on, but—in studio parlance—she "sat." This was the toughest of all. "Servicemen who were trained to do a job but didn't get across will know what I mean," she says. "You forget that you're getting paid for doing nothing. It begins to gnaw at you that everyone else is making progress, that you aren't young long, and that



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if you don't make it now, ten years from now will be too late. The longer I 'sat,' the more I doubted myself. I faced option time with mingled emotions: fear that my option wouldn't be picked up, and the knowledge that there was no reason why it should be."

Vivian started doing camp shows, five or six a week. Once, although billed with performers like Frank Sinatra and Betty Hutton, she stopped the show with fourteen encores. Still the studio gave her nothing to do, nor any songs to sing. It looked as though her visit to Hollywood was to be short-lived. In January of 1943 her mother passed away. Just before she died she told Vivian, "Some day you will win an Academy Award." To Vivian it didn't seem likely.

In Jitterbugs, she had the best female part ever written into a Laurel and Hardy picture—and her first chance to sing. But although the reaction was good, she "sat" for another eight months. Magazine articles about Twentieth's "Stars of Tomorrow" mentioned everyone on the lot except Vivian. She was still fat, although she posed for the routine number of cheesecake pictures. But she had no sense of direction: she didn't know what to do about either her weight or her career. At this point the shrewd, intelligent Manny Frank, her agent, advised her to ask for her release.

This proved to be a smart move. Vivian wound up testing for the lead in Greenwich Village, a Technicolor film. For it, her hair was dyed "cherry blonde," furnishing ammunition for a studio publicity campaign. The studio was shy on redheads, and Zanuck's two singing stars—Grable and Faye—had informed their boss they were to become mothers. He needed another singing personality immediately, and Vivian Blaine was it.

WITH Manny's counsel, Vivian started to climb but she was still handicapped by her 130 pounds. On liquid diets she had gained five pounds in a week of starvation. Walking five miles a day did no good. After a month on a low-calorie diet and various exercises, she was nervous from lack of nourishment, but she hadn't lost an ounce. Highly touted electrical reducing machines didn't work on her. Finally a top-grade masseur guaranteed to trim her down in six weeks, after which Darryl Zanuck called her in. He asked her to wear a bathing suit so he could tell whether she had lost, and where. Her legs were so black and blue from massages that she had to wear black stockings. Zanuck's comment: "You're still too fat."

Finally Frank called in a Beverly Hills doctor who had reduced a number of stars. He gave Vivian some pills, told her to drink only three glasses of water a day for three days, and report back. He had hit on the answer; under his treat-

ment, she lost fifteen pounds in a month. In a matter of weeks she weighed 102, and she photographed like a million dollars.

In Nob Hill, co-starred with George Raft, and Joan Bennett, she was slim and lovely. Four leading pin-up artists—Mozart, Crandall, Petty, and Varga—chose her as the Perfect Pin-up.

Finally things started going her way. There were interviews, broadcasts, personal appearances, cocktail parties. Fans mobbed her at the opening of Nob Hill.

Just before she started to work in State Fair, she married Manny. Linda Darnell was matron of honor, and the whole thing was handled by the studio publicity department. Cameramen covered the wedding and columnists broke the news. Vivian began to get her first taste of actual stardom—and didn't like it very well.

First there was the general feeling that her marriage would retard her career. Next, the studio wished she had married a movie star. At one publicity conference, with Vivian and Manny both present, a press relations man lamented, "We had a romance all built up for you with one of our players. If you had married him, we would have planted twice the publicity."

Her marriage had to survive the old knife-in-the-back routine. When-

ever any unpleasantness arose regarding Vivian's work, and though Frank was her agent, she was told, "Keep your husband out of this." One day she remarked to a supposed friend that she was terribly tired and that by another year there'd be some changes made. The next day Louella Parsons was on the phone asking whether the divorce rumors were true. A top recording company wanted her to make records, which meant money and a chance at a new field. But her studio wouldn't let her sign the contract. She found that she couldn't honestly speak her mind. If she unconsciously offended a member of the cast or crew on a picture, she encountered a subtle negative reaction to her every scene, a sure and practiced way to rattle even a veteran.

SHE was beginning to get a faint premonition of what was in store for her. She headed the cast in Doll Face. But the night the billboards flashed all over town, she had a cold, a fever of 103 degrees. She was miserably tired and had to get up at five thirty the next morning. Still she had to appear at the premiere of a Twentieth picture. "If I don't, the columns will have me jealous of the star," she said briefly.

At the premiere, she posed, smilingly, for the photographers. In the darkened theater, with the picture building to its dramatic denouement, Manny heard a faint snore. Vivian was asleep.

Fatigue is the constant nagging reward for the split-second schedule she lives. So when Manny showed her the top of a mountain and said, "This belongs to us. It's where we'll build," she left the complete project in his hands.

Their partnership is a strong factor in her rise to stardom. Manny irons out difficulties, traces down rumors, and was instrumental in jacking her original stipend up to a fat four-figure salary. He battles for her, makes friends for her even at the expense of incurring enemies for himself, and watches the press and public like a hawk.

Today she sparkles when she talks, and until recently did all her own housework and cooked dinner every night. But, at twenty-four, she is wondering how long she can endure a 5.30 A.M.-to-midnight schedule. She knew she was going to have to work night and day to get to the top. But she didn't realize it would be like that as long as she remained in pictures.

Somehow Vivian expects more than she's getting, now that she has weathered the B pictures, the intensive training, the living in a goldfish bowl, the terrific concentration on one goal. Today she's a star. Yet, bundled in mink and flashing costly jewelry, she still works like a dog. As the millionaire remarked of his struggle for success: "It isn't worth it, but only the millionaires know it."

NO SQUIRT

"Squirtless grapefruit tested by Western governors."—*News Item*

Hail, inventors!
Never mind
That better mousetrap.
Here's a find!
A nobler project,
Sirs, by far,
Than the fabled Good
Five-Cent Cigar:
The Squirtless Grapefruit,
World premier!
We've shed our final
Citric tear!
And ducked—too late
To miss the slap
Of the erstwhile breakfast
Booby trap.

No welder's helmet
Sheathes our head;
No jet propulsion
Need we dread;
No secret weapon,
Swift and strange,
When tomorrow's Grapefruit
Gets our range—
And our table talk
Will be fit to print,
Thanks to No Spurt,
No Squirt, No Squint!

—*Ethel Jacobson.*

THE END

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES



Even a mustache and a trusting wife could not shield villain Welles.

THE STRANGER (International Pictures) Orson Welles, Loretta Young, Edward G. Robinson

THE STRANGER launches Hollywood's postwar spy cycle by showing that Nazis are still good game for international man hunts. It also gives Orson Welles his first chance since Citizen Kane to do double duty as actor and director.

Although the picture is loaded with Wellesian moods, shadows, and suspense, amateur detectives will get a night off because the identity of the villain is obvious. No one but Mary (Loretta Young) doubts for very long that her husband Charles Rankin (Welles) is guilty of almost every crime except possibly beating his mother. An escaped Nazi big shot, Rankin is hiding out beneath his shaggy mustache in a Connecticut college town. He has become a teacher and, of all things, the son-in-law of a U. S. Supreme Court justice.

In Europe, however, the Allies have set a transatlantic trap for Rankin, though they don't know

what he looks like or where he is. One of his old pals is allowed to escape from prison, shadowed by the War Crimes Commission's pipe-smoking sleuth, Wilson (Robinson). The fugitive twitches his way across several continents, reaches Rankin's town, then disappears. Wilson figures that Rankin is his man, but he's stymied because Rankin's wife is innocently withholding evidence needed to expose him.

It's now a question of breaking down Mary's will. This involves a dramatic workout for Loretta Young whose usual film function is to be a decorative hanger for sequins and satins. From here on in, the movie builds up to its climax.

There's another movie within The Stranger—snatches of documentary film, showing Nazi atrocities. After you've seen them, you'll be more anxious than ever for the fictional Rankin and his infamous friends to get what's coming to them.

THE WIFE OF MONTE CRISTO

(PRC) John Loder, Lenore Aubert,
Martin Kosleck

THE works of France's Alexandre Dumas have always been good screen fare, perhaps because Dumas himself used the Hollywood approach by grinding out his romantic novels with the help of half a hundred anonymous authors writing under his name. This latest Dumas production has the distinction of being made by Producers Releasing Corporation, Hollywood's least colossal studio, which usually goes in for cops and robbers instead of knights and ladies.

The story has to do with how the count (Martin Kosleck), who goes by the nom de plume of the Avenger, and his rapier-wielding wife (Lenore Aubert) clean out a crooked clique peddling poisonous medicine to plague-ridden Parisians. There are sword fights, clashes by moonlight, masked horsemen astride rearing horses, and death-defying escapes. The picture fades out on the



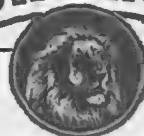
The unhappy wife of Monte Cristo.

count and countless riding away together, after first promising to return to Paris and save their fellow conspirators.

If you like Westerns, this ought to amuse—for it is, after all, but a Western with French dressing.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

We can dream, can't we? Our favorite daydream goes something like this...

★ ★ ★ ★

We sing a beautiful love song and immediately Esther Williams rushes to our side. We leap lightly to the dance floor and do a terrific rumba with the lovely star in our arms...

★ ★ ★ ★

Well, Van Johnson actually does all that and more in M-G-M's great new Technicolor musical, "Easy to Wed"!



Yes, Van sings, dances and romances with two of Hollywood's glamour-girls—Esther Williams and Lucille Ball.

★ ★ ★ ★

And with Keenan Wynn to round out an unbeatable foursome, "Easy to Wed" is easily the most light-hearted laugh-fest to come rippling your way.

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M has given it a grand supporting cast including Cecil Kellaway, Carlos Ramirez, Ben Blue—and Ethel Smith at the organ for an extra treat.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Easy to Wed" is easy to take. A lot of credit goes to Director Edward Buzzell and Producer Jack Cummings. And to Dorothy Kingsley who adapted it from the screenplay "Libeled Lady" by Maurine Watkins, Howard Emmett Rogers and George Oppenheimer.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's not easy to top such musicals as "Anchors Aweigh" or "The Harvey Girls."

★ ★ ★ ★
But "Easy" does it!

—Leo



BARGAIN PORTRAIT! Paul Bransom, famous painter, has done a magnificent new color portrait of Lassie. It was inspired by Lassie's new Technicolor film, "Courage of Lassie," starring Elizabeth Taylor, Frank Morgan and Tom Drake.



There's only a limited supply, but you may have an 8" x 10" reproduction by writing Lassie, Box 1084, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Please send 15¢ to cover mailing costs.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

ONE MORNING IN AUGUST . . .

Continued from Page 23

A bridge a mile from the explosion has become known as "The Bridge of Shadows," because of the white imprint of a wagon and a pedestrian, caught in mid-stride, which were on it as the flash came. The near railing likewise was photographed against the bridge floor.

This shadow phenomenon is due to an application of the stencil principle in reverse: the objects outlined were a shield against the heat that seared the surrounding surfaces to a darker shade.

THE modern reinforced-concrete building of Hiroshima's newspaper, the Chugoku News, half a mile from the bomb center, is a blackened shell.

Chief Photographer Doshiwo Kida, keeping an early appointment with repairmen, had just stepped through the front door and was mounting the stairs to the second floor when there came a magnesium-like flash at the window behind him. As he half turned, blinded and startled, the blast roared through the window, driving slivers of glass into his body. Consciousness left him in the same instant so that he heard no explosion. Few people in either city remember hearing anything.

Reviving, Kida staggered bleeding into the street and found the city under a black lightning-streaked pall and already taking fire. His daughter was with a work party from her school which was helping to clear inflammable buildings from around fireproof structures in preparation for incendiary attacks. The party was wiped out.

In a room near the center of the

news building, on the first floor and well removed from the outside wall facing the explosion, pressman Hisato Ishikawa was dashed against the far wall. Glass from the room window, some still in his body, nearly severed an arm, leaving the fingers rigid in a half-closed position after two months in a hospital.

A block or so farther up the street stands the many-storied modern Fukuya department store. It is doubtful if this building, like the news building, is worth salvaging. Store manager Eiji Onishi said it wasn't much use rebuilding anyway, for there is no merchandise to be had. But he supposed they would some day.

Of the store's eighty employees, twenty-five were killed and the balance injured. Seventy or eighty persons of an office staff occupying the second and third floors were killed.

It took until mid-February to get the first floor of the store reopened for the sale of food and household utensils. In a corner room of the second floor, with a potted rubber tree in the vestibule, Tomomichi Hayashi, whose photo studio in Osaka was destroyed by fire bombs, has opened a new studio. Business is not so good, he said; mostly students having their pictures taken for school entrance examinations; but he thought he would stay open.

A mile from the center of the bomb blast is the brick-and-steel Red Cross hospital. Except for the Ministry of Communications hospital, it is the only one left in Hiroshima.

Glass splinters still stick in the plaster-coated square concrete posts that had held the walls of the hospital's lecture auditorium on the second floor.

Dr. Fumio Shigeto, subdirector of the hospital, said it had been built by the townspeople. And with the

population depleted and impoverished, he shrugged his shoulders at the thought of rebuilding.

He had just left the railroad station on his way to work, and was waiting for a streetcar, when the bomb went off. At the flash, he threw himself flat on the street so that the blast passed over him. There were thunderclaps and immediately heavy rain, he said, caused by the condensation of atmospheric moisture by the heat. He thought at first that it was some new kind of fire bomb, but deduced its true nature two days later when he found that X-ray film at the hospital had turned black.

Out of 400 nurses, twenty-one were killed outright, and three died later. All but 15 per cent of the rest were injured. Two are still under treatment, in doubtful condition. One's eyes were blown out, and the other is suffering from deep body slashes. Three doctors and two pharmacists were killed, but of the 250 patients, most of them injured, only two died. Twenty who were outside sunning themselves were badly burned.

One thousand patients were added to the hospital list from the injured in the street, and as they died they were burned in the front yard. Ashes and bits of bone are still there.

IN all women within a 1,000-yard radius of the bomb, the doctor said, menses were interrupted, and in only a few have those functions resumed. He believed this was due to the destruction of the ovarian functions by gamma rays, or radioactivity. Recovery, without which the capacity for motherhood is lost, he said, depends upon the degree of injury and the health and age of the victim. Those now recovered are among the younger ones.

In the same area, according to the doctor, many men who lost their wives and sought to remarry were found to be sterile and impotent.

Other abnormalities attributed to the bomb include slow nervous reaction and impaired memory, with, in a few cases among the latter, inability to speak coherently. The speech injury, the doctor said, could be caused by microscopic brain hemorrhages. "There is nothing we can do for them," he said.

A look around the hospital indicated that there isn't much it can do for anyone. Every category of medical supplies, with emphasis on gauze, is needed.

In the blackened, devastated building being used as Hiroshima's city hall, Mayor Shichiro Kihara, a thin old man in black, sat gloomily on a chair in the middle of his office. A sprig of cherry blossoms was on the table that served as a desk.

With the help of various other city officials, whom he sent for one by one, he told me about the state of his town. Twenty-two of the city's twenty-five major bridges had been destroyed. As this is written, five of the bridges are back in service.



Most of the city's eighty streetcars had been destroyed. When I was in Hiroshima, the city had eighteen streetcars running. The power-line system had been restored. The powerhouses themselves had escaped damage because they are outside the city.

A so-called Housing Association, composed of local people backed by the national government, has built 1,500 houses to date. The Association plans to build more, and the city itself expects to have 500 houses, each accommodating five persons, completed by next August.

Against the total of 62,000 houses destroyed, this isn't much, but with the population reduced to 137,197, housing for everyone won't entail restoration of the original number. When the city is rebuilt, it will be for 300,000 people instead of 400,000. It was considered too crowded before.

The people have no resentment for America, the mayor said. On the contrary, they feel a kinship with her: Hiroshima was the point of Japan's original commercial and cultural contact with the United States, and it was from there that Japan's first settlers to Hawaii and America came. The people look upon MacArthur's regime as something of America in Japan, and they like it.

NAGASAKI'S recovery is in about the same stage as Hiroshima's, with the focus of restoration on the industrial section rather than the business and residential areas. For that reason the job will probably take longer.

But plans and reconstruction achievements to date imply a less phlegmatic outlook than in Hiroshima. The officials explained, with a trace of embarrassment, that for some time they had omitted the center of the blasted area from their rehabilitation plans because of American radio reports that radioactivity there would persist for many years.

The repair of all damaged houses, given priority over the construction of new ones, was completed by last December. Fourteen hundred new houses have been built by private effort, and the government has put up 850 of 2,000 planned; it expects to finish the program this summer. These houses, each with room for four people, are assembled from prefabricated wood sections made without nails in near-by Isahaya. They are available for purchase at 5,000 yen, or may be rented. Only about 3,000 families are still doubling up with friends or relatives.

All the schools that could be repaired are back in use. Streetcars have been running normally in the city proper since last November. Those to Nagasaki station, in the area where the bomb fell, were running again by February.

There was considerable smallpox and typhus in the prefecture, though none in the city, when the writer

visited Nagasaki in the early spring. The American Military Government is helping to make vaccines available from a factory in Kumamoto, in an adjacent prefecture. Of food there is plenty.

Those factories not completely wrecked have been partly restored and are making peacetime goods. A plant that made torpedoes is now producing domestic electrical appliances. And from another torpedo factory now come household utensils. The Mitsubishi shipyards, outside the blast center but badly knocked around by powder bombs shortly before the atom bomb hit, have turned from submarines and surface warcraft to construction and repair of fishing and cargo vessels.

THAT a third of Nagasaki could vanish almost entirely at one blast continues to be a source of awe to the people. And, as in Hiroshima, the evident blasting power of the bomb strains the imagination. On a hill half a mile away from the center of the blast lie the broken slabs of a concrete prison. Hunks of cement weighing tons were blown fifty feet beyond the prison wall as though they were bits of paper. All in the prison were killed.

Close by the prison ruins, Mrs. Shigeo Kataoka, a bride of ten days, was planting potatoes in a new garden patch among the many in the area. The gardens all looked green and vigorous.

At the city hall, now housed in a downtown school building, city and prefectural officials produced maps and ledgers to answer all questions about the bomb. It was like a board-of-directors meeting. Vice-Governor Tokiichiro Takewaka, in striped trousers and morning coat, sat as chairman with the visitor at the top of the large U-shaped table, and as a question was asked, the official whose province it concerned stepped up with map and ledger.

Of 40,495 people who lived in the very center of the bomb blast, 23,345 died, then or a little later. Nagasaki's pre-bomb population was 276,740. There was the same interruption of menses in surviving women as in Hiroshima. No effects have been noted in the men.

Ninety per cent of the city's industrial capacity was destroyed. And of the city's 55,000 houses, not one escaped at least some damage. Wholly lost were 14,416. Fourteen of the city's fifty-one schools were destroyed and the rest damaged, and four hospitals were lost.

What eventually to do with the flattened factory district appears to be Nagasaki's principal source of reconstruction indecision. The townsmen have plans on paper for five years of groundwork and another five years for actual building. But the final shape and purpose of this reborn section cannot now be known. That awaits the word of the United Nations.

THE END

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ROLLING HOME

Continued from Page 19

He nodded. "But so does rent. A thousand a year won't purchase an auto court, but for twice that amount you own a beautiful rolling home. And when you have to move, all you do is hook on and take it with you."

We lived in this trailer for three years with pride and comfort. One winter we spent at Bend, Oregon, where the snow and ice literally encased us. That made no difference. Our trailer was well insulated. Returning late at night, we always found it as cozy as a steam-heated apartment.

Whenever we knew we would be located for several months, we found it a great convenience to build a small porch with a "utility box" at one end. This box takes care of such odds and ends as gas and oil cans, surplus jars, bottles, etc.

Having possessed ourselves of this rolling apartment, we settled back with a comfortable the-world-is-my-oyster feeling. The only thing to be coped with in a move was the "utility box," and one good bonfire generally took care of that. Otherwise you just hook on, whether it is fifty or 1,000 miles farther on down the country.

IN our case it was 2,000 miles—from Oregon to Arizona. But no matter how the rest of the world went on wrestling with the housing shortage, it was no problem of ours. And we soon learned to stick to the trailer commissary instead of standing in line in some crowded restaurant.

We hauled our big trailer easily over the Cascade Mountains, the Siskiyou, the Coast Range, and the high Sierras; through snowy lanes lined with snow-drooped conifers, and along hot baked sands where the nearest thing to a tree was a saguaro cactus.

Whenever we grew tired of the day's traveling, or found a spot particularly alluring, we simply stopped there and were immediately at home. Preferring outdoor freedom, we avoided trailer camps whenever possible—and in our Western sparsely settled mountains and sweeping deserts it is not only possible but often even necessary.

When spending a night far from a trailer court, a few bushes strategically located are always essential. Plumbing facilities will be the same as grandmother had when she crossed the plains with grandfather.

However, any thoughtful traveler will bear in mind that others may come after him, and proper disposal of cans and other wastes should not be neglected. A short-handled shovel is required throughout the West during fire season, and it is also a handy tool for the sanitary department.

When the "wide-open spaces" are not quite wide enough, and a little

too open for privacy, small service stations are often willing to make their sanitary facilities available for a small consideration. There are trailers equipped with chemical toilets, but these have never appealed to us. The space in a trailer is too valuable to be sacrificed in this manner, and besides—it might be my overdeveloped imagination, but I just don't care for them. This seems to be the general conclusion of most trailerites I've talked with.

Trailer travelers lacking the necessary pioneering spirit should try to chart their courses to hit some trailer park. Nearly every town now has at least one, and even the poorest will have toilets, water, and electric plug-ins. Every trailer is electrically wired, and you simply plug it into the local power, as if it were a radio or a percolator.

A good park will also have showers and laundering service. This latter consists of washing machines operated on an electric meter, and the biggest wash you can round up will seldom run the meter over fifty cents.

You can also use the trailer park irons and boards, but it is more satisfactory to carry your own. I have a small folding board which fits neatly behind the davenport, and no one would ever guess. The iron, of course, retires into any closet space.

This brings up the question of water supply. Most trailers have two systems: (1) storage tank, and (2) a faucet for direct coupling onto trailer-park water systems via hose connections. Some tanks are so small that they carry only a short emergency supply of a few gallons. Our travel tastes require a tank of at least twenty gallon capacity. This can be stretched over a period of a week. Water is drawn from the tank by means of a small hand pump at the sink.

Every good trailer is equipped with refrigeration. Of course, when traveling, there is no power for an electric refrigeration unit, so it is important to have equipment that will hold a block of ice.

TRAILER shopping is far the most fascinating and exciting of all shopping adventures. The world is not only your oyster, but is a great market basket filled with everything from fresh crab to artichokes, hammered silver jewelry to Mexican pottery, Indian blankets to—well, all kinds of delightful knickknacks too numerous to mention.

You can literally eat your way across the country—reveling in the delectable foodstuffs for which each area is famous.

The trailer housewife learns to take advantage of what is at hand. And in addition to an ever-changing outside source of supply, trailer cupboards bulge with bottles, cans, and package goods. These are restocked at towns along the route.

And how about the cook's galley?

That can be anything from a two-burner gasoline stove and cramped table space to apartment-like convenience.

The principal thing to remember about gasoline stoves is to use *white* gasoline *always*. Any other gas will gum up the works. If you have a gasoline stove, it will serve you nobly, if you'll just be reasonable. A gallon of gas will run a week, and you can bake biscuits every day.

A good gasoline range with three burners and an oven will put out meals you couldn't beat at the Waldorf. There is hot heat for quick-frying steaks, low heat for simmering beans or stew, and the oven bakes brown both top and bottom.

Many trailers are equipped with butane or Flamo. This operates with the simplicity of any city gas. Five gallons of butane lasts nearly a month, and the supply can be replenished at local butane plants.

If you have no oven, you can prepare a whole meal in one kettle. The ideal kettle for this sort of thing is one made of heavy cast aluminum, or a small pressure cooker can be used. For instance, there is the delectable combination of pork chops and sweet potatoes.

Remember, you are using only one kettle. First dredge the chops with flour and fry to a golden brown. Remove from kettle and put in several peeled sweet potatoes, applying a cup of water. Return the chops to the kettle on top of the potatoes, and simmer until done. Cream gravy is made from the juices left in the kettle. If you haven't forgotten the salt and pepper, you'll be delighted.

This is only one of many one-kettle recipes which I use. You can invent them yourself and make a real hobby of it. Incidentally, it preserves vitamins and minerals and minimizes dishwashing.

So you are going to buy a trailer! This is where you start asking yourself questions: Are you going to camp in it, travel, or just live in it? And what is the condition of your pocketbook?

There is a wide selection of house-trailers in every class. A well-arranged one-roomer can be very convenient and have that illusion of spaciousness, while a three-roomer can be simply a series of claustrophobia-producing cubbyholes. Of course, partitions are desirable for privacy, but these can best be of a sliding or folding nature, so that when opened up they will afford unhampered vistas, thus stimulating a sense of roominess and airiness so essential to happy trailer living.

A bedroom can well be partitioned off with a sliding door, but trailer sinks and stoves are camouflaged to blend neatly in with the living-room effect when properly put away, so that nothing is gained by cooping them up in a special compartment.

Give special consideration to construction. Is it weather-tight—especially the roof—and properly

insulated? Correct wheel alignment and over-all balance spell easy towing. A heavy trailer does not require a large car to pull it, provided it is a well-balanced and carefully designed factory job.

Ours weighs over 4,000 pounds and is pulled easily with a 1940 Chevrolet sedan.

Well-made trailers have remarkable roadability. We cruise along at full speed limits on long straight stretches. On the other hand, my husband (who is an expert driver) flatly refuses to go down a steep mountain grade without first coming to a halt and shifting into low gear. It's good insurance for "getting there" and saves both car and trailer brakes.

As to the cost of trailer travel—on one trip we covered 4,000 miles, were gone a month, lived like royalty, and the complete cost for living and travel was \$205.26. You can't stay home and do much better.

Trailer regulations differ from state to state, but if you observe the following, you will probably get by most inspections:

Maintain clearance lights on all four corners of the trailer; have a trailer stop-and-tail light that operates from your car foot brake; install proper right and left signal arms on car; equip car with a long-arm, rear-view mirror that will show road behind trailer; and provide safety chains on each side of trailer hitch.

A DAY spent watching trailer traffic will indicate the average trailerite is a pretty good citizen, thrifty and enterprising. Often he is enjoying orchids on a dandelion income. He is our hardy pioneer seeking new frontiers—one who dares set forth to discover new worlds.

Often he finds them, and we see more and more each day where some trailer house has come to rest on five or ten acres of good soil. A real house grows up and the wanderer puts down roots.

At the end of the war we came back to Oregon, where we bought the "only spot in the world"—for us. Here, on the bank of Rogue River, we enjoy our country "estate" and still live in the comfort of our house-trailer until such time as economic conditions smile once more upon the housebuilder.

Yes, some day I will have that house for Great-Aunt Martha's dining suite and grandfather's beautiful rug—and of course the tiled bath. But we will always own a trailer, too. How else could we still retain our freedom to set forth at will to new adventures?

THE END

*****★*****

Lady: A woman who makes it easy for a man to be a gentleman.
—Humboldt (Nebr.) Republican.

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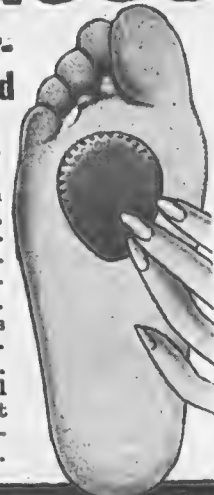
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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

(Continued from page 10)
officers, and 19,800 enlisted Naval personnel. It will consist of 48 drill periods a year, with approximately 100 hours of flying a year for pilots plus an annual two-week training period aboard carriers—with pay.

The Army, in streamlining its new National Guard, as distinguished from the Enlisted Reserve Corps, has tentatively set for it a goal of 622,500. This veteran militia intends to emphasize its air power—47,600 strong, in its reorganization. The new National Guard, with its 22 infantry divisions, 2 armored divisions, and some 18 regimental combat teams, will not only be responsible for preserving local law under the jurisdiction of the state authorities, but would also be a front-line reserve capable of immediate expansion to war strength and service anywhere in the world.

In peacetime the National Guard meets a certain number of times a year for drill and has an annual training period in camp. Participants in these programs are paid at approximately the same per diem rates as members of the regular Army. You can join the National Guard at the nearest NG armory.

If you are in any way concerned in continuing with your military endeavors, here is your chance to devote your avocational time and interest to public safety.

* * *

William Hern, Biloxi, Miss. If your shop was not unionized when you left your job to enter service, you can't be forced to join, as a condition of reinstatement, the union that came in while you were away. But don't overlook the fact that your job rights under the Selective Service Act extend for one year only. After that you can be let out without cause. Maybe you'd be smart to string along.

* * *

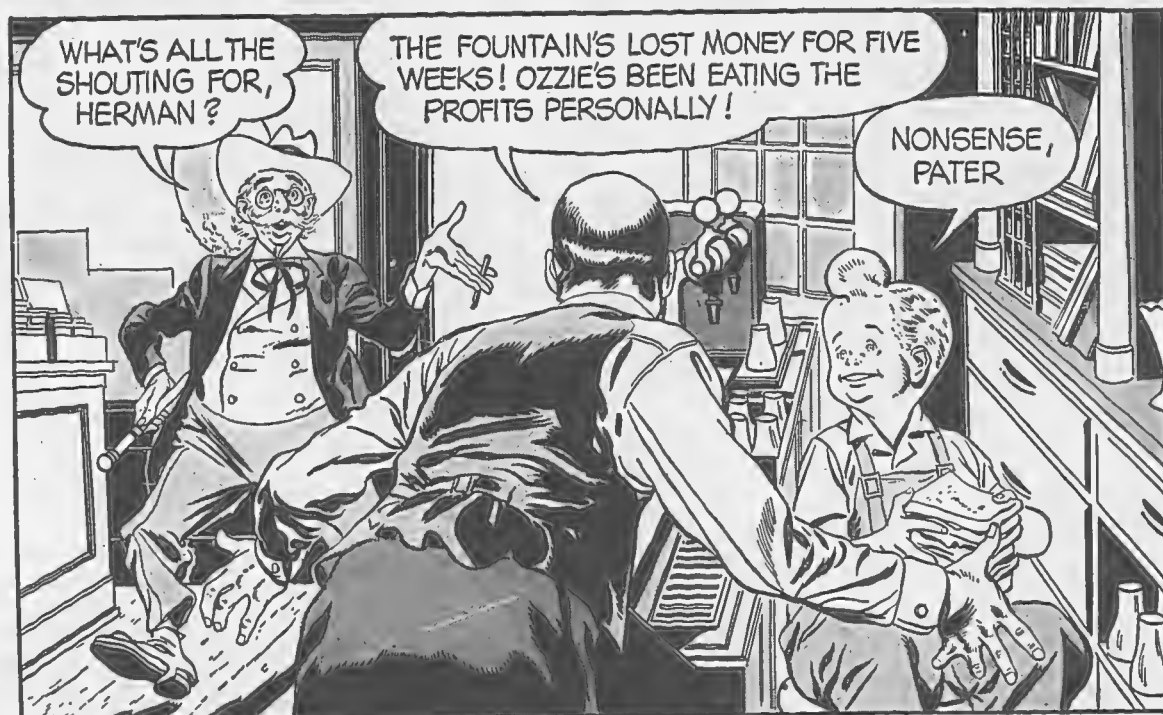
Charles A. Warren, St. Louis, Mo. It is possible to have a government-guaranteed loan approved even though you have already invested your ready cash in your business. The phrase, "or to provide funds for working capital," recently added to the loan regulations of the G.I. Bill, covers your case. Evidently your bank is not yet aware of this.

* * *

Margaret Dolan, Jackson, Miss. The U. S. Employment Service is handling the job of replacing servicemen with civilians in clerical jobs overseas. As a competent secretary and a veteran, your chances of finding a job should be good.

VETERANS! The Bulletin Board is your department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

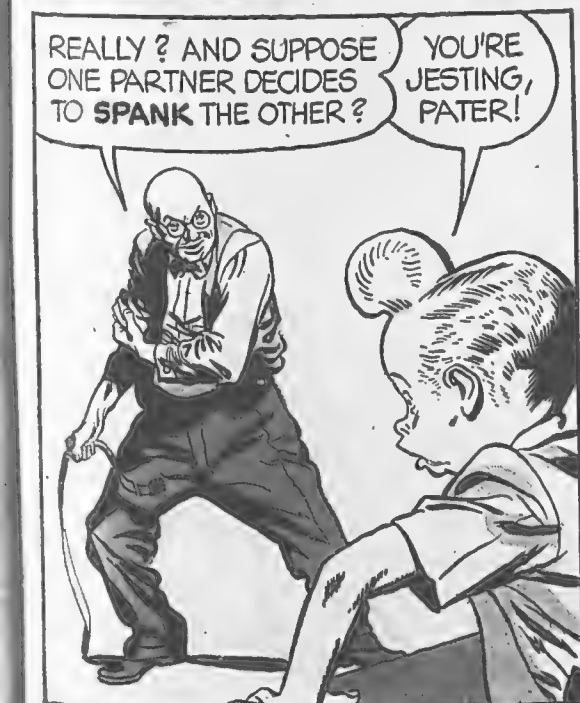
THE THROPP



FAMILY

Written by LAWRENCE LARIAR

Illustrated by DON LOU



Continued next week

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FIVE-STAR FINALS

By Berton Braley

THE Postwar Strategical Board is in action
Refighting the war to its own satisfaction,
And showing—with hindsight on all that occurred—
How Admirals blundered, and Generals erred;
Where Nimitz was timid, MacArthur was blind,
Where Ike Eisenhower showed a second-rate mind,
Where Marshall was lacking in judgment and vision
And Arnold was shy on decisive decision,
And how 'twould have bettered the job, by and large,
Had the Postwar Strategical Board been in charge.

So let's jump en masse on the Brass
With Postwar Hindsighters before us.
Let's yammer and whoop at the gold-braided group
And pan 'em in rancorous chorus:
The Admirals? Phooie!
The Generals? Nerts!
Above Second Looie
They're all padded shirts.
They bossed fighting forces
That none could surpass,
But now the war's over
Let's jump on the Brass.

YET, Somebody planned, builded, fed, and supplied
The Army by Land and the Ships on the Tide.
And Somebody had to direct and command
The planning and fighting as figured and planned.
For wars are not won by unorganized mobs
Of even our valorous G.I.s and Gobs.
So could be the Brass, when debunking's all done,
Had something to do with the war that was won.
(It was won, remember? A fact that's ignored
Or missed by the Postwar Strategical Board.)

BUT, shucks! Use brass knucks on the Brass.
The "experts" are setting the style,
For braid on the shoulders informs all beholders
"This guy has to take it—and smile."
The Admirals? Phooie!
The Generals? Punk!
Their planning was screwy
Their orders were bunk.
True, under their leadership, triumph was scored,
But "Nuts," says the Postwar Strategical Board,
"They won, but in winning
They hadn't no class,
And now the war's over
Let's jump on the Brass!"



I HATE COCKTAIL PARTIES!

Continued from Page 17

the ax wearing a Queen Mary hat, and abandons you forever after.

I suppose that to these hostesses the invitation list is a kind of sport, like fishing—a game in which, once you've got your quarry on the line, you use every bit of your skill to play him, keep him on, and bring him to gaff. The shenanigans of a cocktail-party hostess in lining up a couple of celebrities or big shots for bait to attract the crowd of professional free-loaders, *passé* performers, and on-the-fringe, as well as on-the-cuff, big-town small-townners that forms the bulk of any big New York cocktail party, are worthy of a chapter to themselves, but I have the time and space to elaborate only on the technique of the Double Play.

The hostess has fixed upon Mr. Big Shot and Mr. Slightly Smaller Shot as the over-all lure needed to overcrowd her drawing room to the point where her social prominence and popularity are effectively demonstrated. And so she telephones Mr. Smaller Shot and gurgles, "I was talking to Mr. Big Shot the other day and asked him whom he would most like to meet at a little cocktail party for a few friends that I'm giving. He mentioned you."

She rarely has to jig with a bait like that merely, as a rule, to throw it overboard and set the hook when the sucker strikes. Now, with Mr. Slightly Smaller Shot in the bag, she is prepared to cast for the Big Shot. She gives him almost the identical pitch: "We're giving a little cocktail party, and Mr. S. S. Shot is coming, and he asked whether there was any chance of your being there be-

cause he admires you so much and is simply dying to meet you. Do say that you will come. He'll be so disappointed if you don't. He is one of your greatest admirers. . . ."

It's six-two-and-even that Mr. Big Shot will at least play with the bait even if he isn't feeding. It's such an attractive lure, that Number 30 Spoon Flattery. How it shines! He doesn't want to go to any cocktail party, he hates them, but if Mr. Slightly Smaller Shot really admires and looks up to him, it seems like a shame not to give him a chance to look up. He nibbles, hesitates, and is lost.

Thereafter it's a pipe. Calling up the mob, the hostess casually mentions that the two Messrs. Shot are going to be there and the sheep fall in line. The rest is simple mathematics. The room will comfortably hold twenty people. If she invites seventy, ten per cent can be figured to remain away due to illness, being called out of town, or a sudden and unexpected return to sanity. This will keep the joint stuffed with some thirty or forty unhappy people for two hours, visual and unquestionable testimony to her charm, allure, and popularity.

The deadly danger of the cocktail party lies not in the cocktail but in the canapé. Nobody ever got into greater difficulties from imbibing Martinis, Old-Fashioneds, or Manhattans than to punch his best friend in the nose, attempt to go up the Empire State Building on the outside, or find that he has made a proposal of marriage in front of witnesses; whereas the wear and tear on the digestive system caused by those nasty little concoctions about the size of a half dollar is simply incalculable.

Recently a good friend of mine whose business requires him to attend more cocktail parties than any

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Thanks for the Memory



ETHEL BARRYMORE first appeared on the stage at the Empire Theater, New York, as Julia in *The Rivals*.

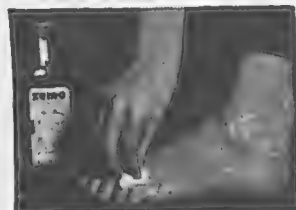
That was in January, 1894. She is the Queen of the theater's Royal Family: Ethel, Lionel, and the late John.

Actress and manager, she has played more than sixty-five roles on the stages of two continents. Lately she has turned her art to the cinema and enriched that medium with two outstanding performances in *None But the Lonely Heart* and *The Spiral Staircase*.

A superb actress, like a superb play, needs no epilogue, so, as Ethel herself would say, "That's all there is; there isn't any more."—Allan H. Witwer.

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The GAUNTLET

BY JAMES STREET



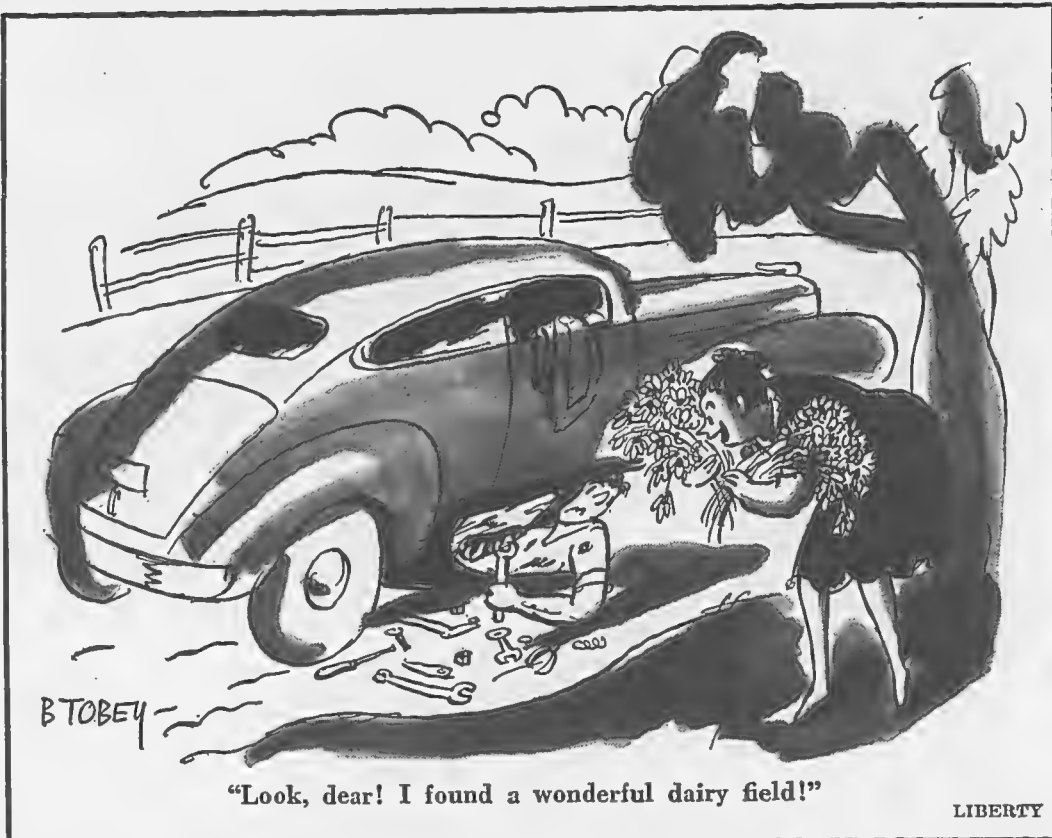
Preacher London Wingo's life was a constant struggle between his creed and the intolerance of his flock. He finally found God through the blazing courage of his young wife, Kathie. This novel of a belief that triumphed over despair has renewed the faith of millions.

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWELL DODD

In the June 29th
Issue of

Liberty

on SALE at all
NEWSSTANDS
on Friday, June 21st



"Look, dear! I found a wonderful dairy field!"

LIBERTY

human constitution can be expected to survive, spent a couple of hours at a large brawl, missed his dinner hour, and decided to make it up on canapés.

Shortly after leaving the premises he was stricken with an internal agony and was rushed to a hospital, where an expensive surgeon slit his weasand without further ado, exposing entire trays of nuts, olives, celery sticks, pimento pastes, roll-mops, sashayed eggs, pickles, wursts, crenelated shrimp, stuffed onions, ham on rye, and affiliated tidbits, any one or two of which would have been deemed sufficient to kill a large family. I have it on the authority of my friend that the operation was held up while the surgeon sent for Mr. Ripley to witness and subscribe to the miracle of what the human body can overcome. My friend lived, but the doctor said he had no business to do so, because it was against the precepts of medical science.

I soon learned to leave canapés severely alone when it became obvious that there are but three major foundations for the various smears, pastes, mucks, or goos that appear on toast, crackers, or small slivers of disconsolate bread, these being cold cream, glue, and hand lotion. These are used either singly or in combination, or laced with bird seed, cadmium green, rose madder, sawdust, or lawn grass.

I have been exposed to the weary bit of salmon turned from pink to deep rouge with fatigue; the disillusioned sardel that has curled itself around its only friend, a lonely caper, and retired from the world; the antique graying slice of hard-boiled egg used as a display platform for three unhappy sardine eggs masquerading as caviar, and the bit of smoked herring aged to the color, consistency, and taste of a piece of harness leather.

All of these more or less revolting items are bedded upon a type of cracker apparently designed especially for cocktail parties and designed to disintegrate at the first bite and scatter the remainder over your lap or onto the floor. The remedy for this is to stuff the whole thing into your mouth at once. And that is the moment which the hostess usually picks to introduce you to the one good number at the party.

Or you can avoid the cracker altogether by confining yourself to the Thing on the End of a Toothpick, a highly popular feature of the cocktail tray and which can be negotiated without courting disaster, except that you then find yourself stuck with the toothpick and out of range of an ash tray—there are *never* enough ash trays about—and there is something frightening and faintly vulgar about standing around holding a couple of nude toothpicks in your fingers as though you had just picked your teeth or were contemplating the act.

THE Thing on the End of the Toothpick varies from a small sausage gone cold and introspective to whatever horror emerges from the febrile mind of the hostess, and ranges from a chocolate cream or a slice of pickle wrapped up in a piece of salami to a large olive stuffed with melted cheese, peanut butter, petroleum jelly, mashed sardine, banana pulp, ski wax, liverwurst, or anything else that happens to be lying around the house, and presented in an overcoat of limp and greasy bacon.

The more outrageous the things that are impaled on the end of the toothpick, the greater the kudos that falls to the hostess and the sicker you will be the next day if you have been sucker enough to go for them. Recipes for these atrocities are ex-

changed by the female members of these five-to-seven brawls and are thus ensured a nation-wide distribution. There is no escape. Some local Borgia will have a nightmare and whip up a cocktail canapé concoction consisting of a piece of herring, an onion, a hunk of tomato, slice of orange, sliver of sturgeon, a salted almond, and a ginger snap all impaled on the inevitable toothpick, doused in sour cream and fried in deep fat and brown sugar. The ladies present will sample one, gag, and then scream "Darling, how perfectly wonderful! You MUST give me the recipe for this!"

A week later it appears in Dallas, leaps to Bangor, Maine, turns up in Forest Park, Illinois, and concludes its journey in a drawing room in Beverly Hills.

I have no particular complaint to make about the drinks that are served, except to point out that the greatest danger you run is from the inconsistent hostess who never mixes the same proportion twice. The first Martini or two that comes up is an obvious sissy, and so you feel safe in tossing it off. But for the next round the hostess has forgotten the recipe and dumped in the entire gin bottle, and, whango! before you know it you are roaring drunk and insulting the guest of honor.

AS a social function the cocktail party is an absolute washout and completely fails of its purpose, which is to promote good feeling and exchange of ideas and telephone numbers, or to enable one to meet new people and decide whether one would care to expand this meeting into an interesting friendship.

For the first thing that happens at a cocktail party is that the people who know each other immediately gravitate toward one another in self-defense and form tight, impenetrable little corporations in corners which present nothing but hostile backs to the outside world.

If there is a main celebrity for whom the jamboree has been cooked up, the hostess will eventually pilot you to him and permit you to enjoy a squeeze of a cold and disinterested flipper and absorb a glare from him. If by some miracle a spark of interest develops and you embark upon conversation that might eventually lead to something of mutual advantage, down sweeps the wary hostess—"You wicked (boy, girl)! I can't let you monopolize Mr. Big Shot. There are ever so many people simply dying to meet him. Now come along. I want to introduce you to Mrs. Oldstuff over here; she wants you to tell her all about your latest book."

She then deftly inserts a hip between you and the celebrity and before you know it you are stuck with some ancient bag on the other side of the room.

There is some kind of legend afoot in our town that a lonesome bachelor or even a married gent anxious to

rest his eyes can sometimes meet up with something young and attractive from which later a beautiful friendship may develop, but this is pure fairy tale and has no foundation whatsoever in fact.

In the first place, most of the females attendant at the average cocktail party are elderly and wives of someone. But when upon rare occasion a real stunner does turn up to catch your eye and you think you are going to be able to talk to HER, or maneuver her off into a corner by yourself, you are crazy. Because, first of all, the wolf pack will be after her in full cry; and secondly, the hostess is no sucker and acts as a kind of blocking back or interference for the Pip, using her as bait to cheer up the celebrity or keep people circulating. You just can't win.

The only refuge at the cocktail party is liquor, as indicated by the bitter remark overheard at one recently when the Martinis were passed for the third time and a slightly fuzzy gentleman remarked, "Yes, thank you, I'll have another. I can still hear what people are saying. . ."

I need not go into penalties that are exacted from this indulgence, except to add that the remorse and hangover that attend a brannigan acquired at the cocktail party are far worse than any other kind, and raise a more particular kind of hell with the system.

They are all alike, these cocktail parties, whether it is the big publicity brawl pitched by the movie company at "21" or the Stork Club to celebrate the arrival in town of some wavy-haired mummer, or the private shindy staged at home to "entertain" Cousin Abby from Milwaukee, or the one organized by Cousin Abby in Milwaukee to welcome Cousin Henry from New York.

WHAT'S that? You're giving a little cocktail party Thursday? Well, now, really, I . . . Well, you see, we're—I mean, I'm trying to finish a—I haven't been at all well in the last week—we're having some people from out of town. . . . I mean, I'd like to, but—My wife isn't home right now and I haven't got my engagement book—I . . . We . . . Oh, all right. We'd just LOVE to come!

THE END

NO DATE
FOR A

SNOW
MAN*



* HE HAS
DANDRUFF

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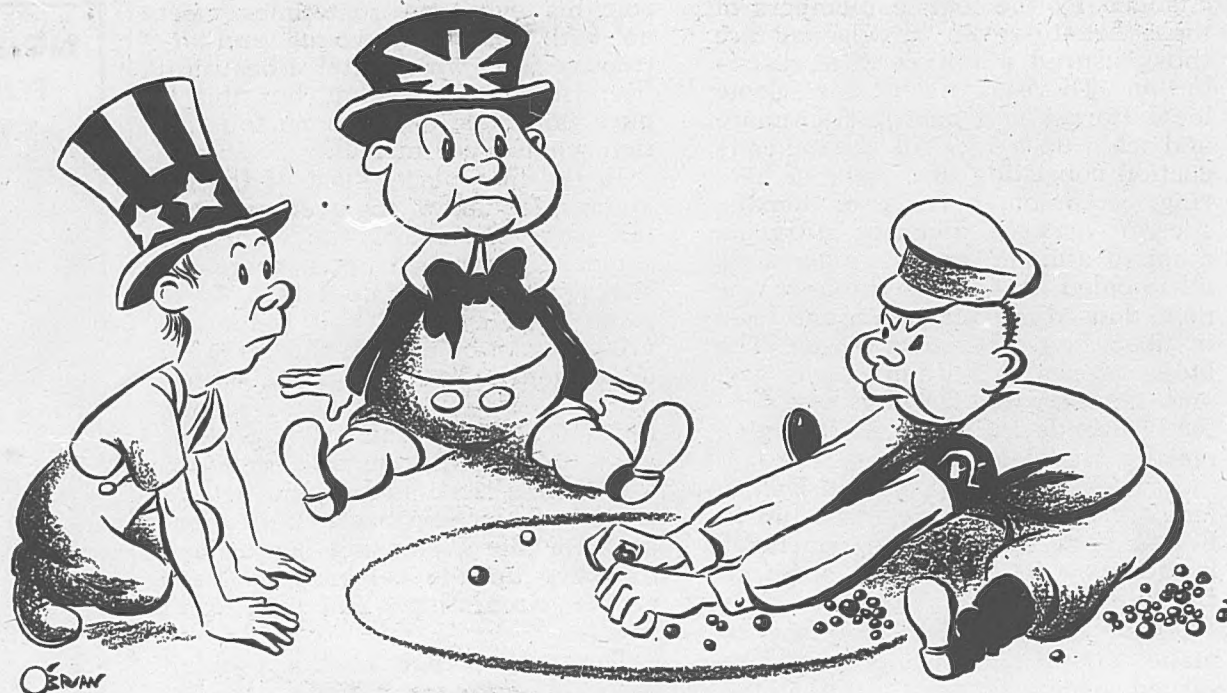
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JUNE 22, 1946

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor



WHY THE RUSSIANS ACT THAT WAY

OUR erstwhile brothers in arms, the Russians, are proving very difficult customers indeed to do business with in peacetime—at least from our point of view.

No doubt they feel the same about us and possibly have equal grounds for their opinion. Nevertheless, as people in both countries have pointed out, we must find means of getting along with each other to ensure peace.

In pursuit of mutual satisfactory relations we must strive continually to understand what makes the Russians tick, and discover, if we can, why they act the way they do. We must strive equally to enable them to understand us and reiterate often for their benefit the objectives and principles which motivate our actions in foreign fields, diplomatic, economic, or military.

The Russians, not unnaturally, seem like the boy who having proved he can spit ten feet, walk the top of a picket fence, and stand on his head, now feels he belongs and is entitled to do anything the other boys do—have a big Army and Navy, satellite states, life lines, strategic bases, oil concessions, or whatever. It is difficult to convince them these are anachronisms, things of the past no longer necessary or desirable in a world united for peace.

Perhaps it is difficult to convince them of this because the other boys in the game not only still have these things but seem to want more of them. Naturally, the Russians want them too. So far, they don't want, or at least haven't said they want, bases or satellite states hard by our shores or island possessions. This is a blessing, as God alone knows what would happen if they suddenly began to demand bases in Greenland or on the shoulder of South America. This, of course, is unthinkable, because obviously the Russians have no

vital interests to be protected on this side of the world. Whether they will have some day is another question. Right now we're too busy arguing with them about our interests in countries close by Russia.

So upon analysis we find some reason for the odd inability of the Russians to see eye to eye with us and the stubbornness with which they continue to kick over the traces. It remains to make the factors which motivate our own policies equally clear to them.

We have said often we stand by the principles of the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms. Maybe we haven't said it often enough, because the Russians don't seem to believe it. However, it's God's own truth, even though our actions sometimes cast doubt on it. We've gone to war twice in this country on behalf of these principles. Any nation which embarks on a program of explosive expansion after the fashion of Germany and Japan will discover that we will do it again.

Meanwhile, we have no real objection to the Russians joining with ourselves and the British in the game of running the world both in and out of the United Nations organization. But they ought to take it a little easier. After all, they've just joined up and we are not going to step aside and let them run things their way.

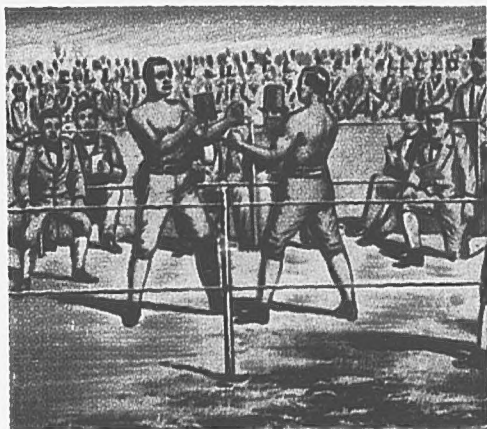
Besides, if they're going to share in running the world, they ought to take some responsibility for its welfare, too. For example, as of this writing they have not offered to share their food resources with the starving nations, as has every other member of the U.N. which has food in surplus. If they love struggling humanity so much, here's their chance to put up or shut up.

Paul Hunter

LIBERTY

Liberty
... FOR ALL

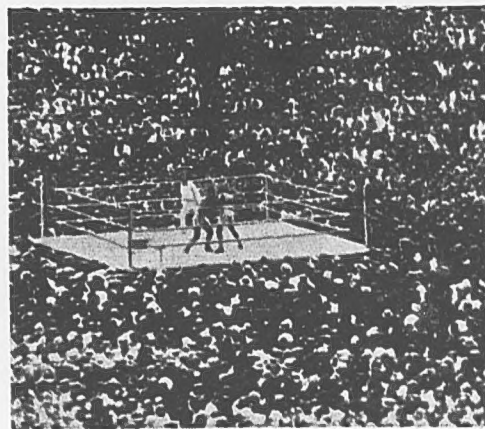
Ten seconds worth 3 million dollars



1865 You may soon be a fight fan again! From the day in 1865 when the Marquis of Queensbury's code succeeded the old London Prize Ring Rules (and when Corby's had been a respected Canadian whiskey name for seven years), boxing has never looked more promising...



1892 Looking back, the first heavy-weight title bout under Queensbury rules was in New Orleans, when Corby's reached its 34th year of Canadian fame. Boxing had begun its advance from 100 round bare-knuckle contests to something like the ring skill we see today...



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1946 The greatest gates are yet to come. With champions earning three million dollars and more, the ring is assured top talent for now and later. When you would like to assure yourself some "top talent" refreshment, try Corby's in your favorite drink. Here is a light, sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name. You can enjoy rare good taste almost anytime you ask for Corby's in your bar or store.

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